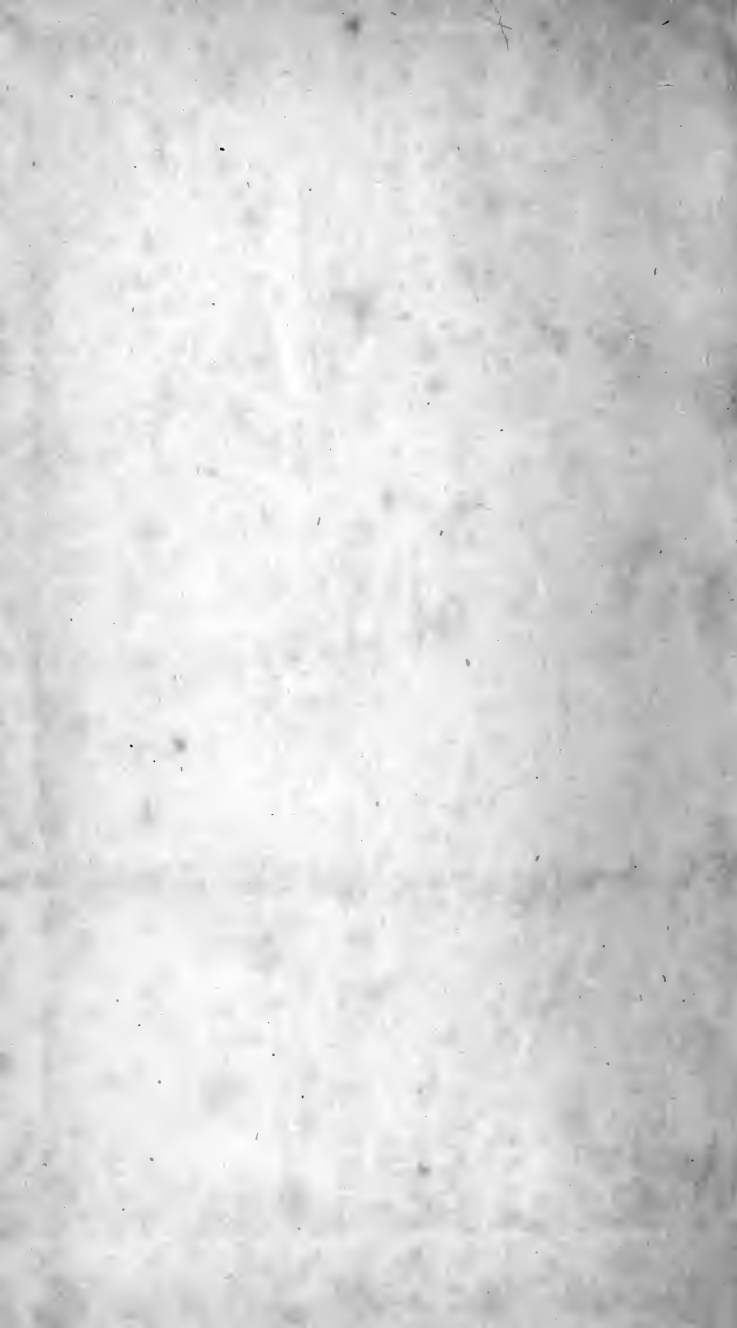






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“When Mr. King had said these words, he began the Church Catechism, and went through it with the children, putting no questions to them except such as were in the book, and the children so far answered very well.”—Page 206.

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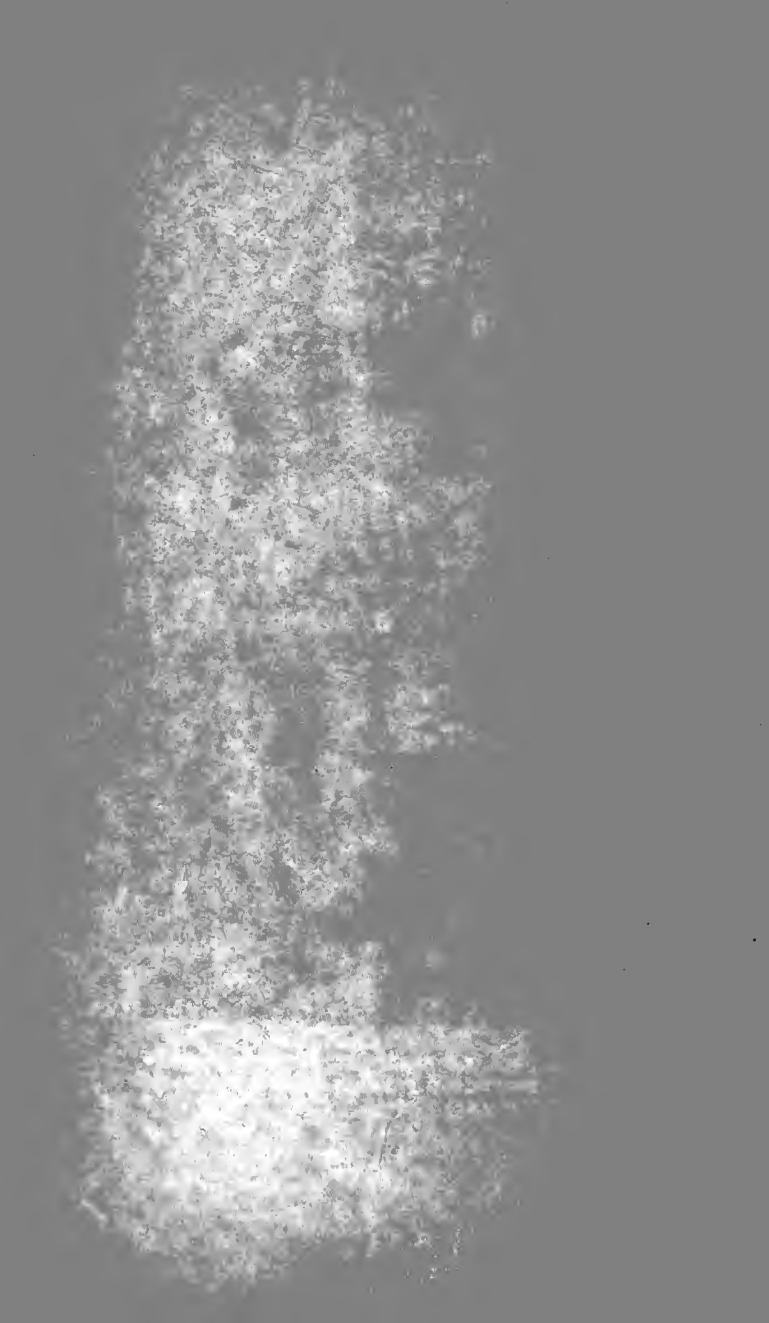
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Sherwood, Mrs. Mary Martin (Butt)

STORIES FOR SUNDAYS

ILLUSTRATING

THE CATECHISM.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER."

REVISED AND EDITED
BY A. CLEVELAND COXE

Bishop of Western New York.



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1869

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PREFACE.

WHILE Mrs. Sherwood lived at Cawnpore, she was so happy as to become acquainted with Henry Martyn, then chaplain at that post. We learn from her biography, lately published, that she was much in his society, and that her views of religion were greatly influenced by him. To this we must attribute, in large measure, the unction and feeling of her earlier writings, and their general orthodoxy. She wrote these "Stories on the Catechism" soon after his departure for England, in 1810. The reader will probably fancy that something of his portrait is seen in the character of the "Mr. King," of the Stories.

More than thirty years ago this work was republished by Bishop Kemp with considerable alterations. A revised edition was published in Baltimore in 1860, under my editorial care. I restored the attractive Indian words, but left the original as little changed as was consistent with a correction of its less cautious doctrinal statements. And now, in sending it forth anew in a stereotype edition, I hope I may be forgiven for saying that I do this, in part, as a tribute to a saintly mother, who now sleeps in Jesus, and in gratitude for the lessons imparted to my early childhood by her sweet voice, as she read these Stories to me

in the nursery, and tenderly illustrated them by her comments. Such were her discrimination and good taste, and such was her faith unfeigned, that I consider her practical approval of this work a sufficient proof of its adaptation to the holy uses of maternal piety.

A. C. C.

SEE HOUSE, BUFFALO,
June, 1869.



STORIES

ILLUSTRATING THE CATECHISM.

STORY I.

“Q. What is your Name?”

NOT long after the English took possession of Cawnpore, in India, a regiment of his Majesty's troops was stationed there. The cantonment was situated on the river Ganges, above eight hundred miles from Calcutta ; and consisted of ten ranges of barracks, separated from each other by distances of fifty yards, or more. Each range had two long apartments, and at each end of these was a smaller room, the whole surrounded by a *verandah*, or open gallery, and covered with a thatch. In the long rooms the private soldiers and corporals, with their wives and families, were ordinarily lodged. The four smaller rooms were allotted to the sergeants and their families ; and these, being attended by native Indian servants, enjoyed a considerable degree of comfort.

One day the wife of Sergeant Mills called her lit-

tle girl to her, and said, "Mary, get on your clean frock and bonnet, and as soon as the sun is down we will go over to the captain's *bungalow*; for the captain's wife has got a little baby, and she has given me leave to bring you to see it."

So little Mary was pleased; and hastening to put on her clean frock, she was ready to go out with her mother as soon as the men went to parade.

Now when Mrs. Mills and little Mary reached the captain's *bungalow*, they saw the lady sitting in the *verandah*, with her baby on her lap. Little Mary instantly ran up to the baby, and kissed him with so much eagerness that she almost made him cry. Then the captain's lady said, "You must not kiss him so roughly, my dear; for he is very young, and you will hurt him."

Little Mary replied, "I would not hurt him for the world; for he is very pretty, and his skin is as soft as velvet. Pray, Ma'am, tell me what his name is."

Then said the captain's lady, "My dear, he has no name yet, excepting his father's name. His father's name is Smith; so this little boy has the surname of Smith, but he has no Christian name. When he is baptized he will receive another name, and that will be his Christian name."

Mary. Baptized! what is that, Ma'am?

Captain's Lady. It would take some time to explain to you what *baptism* means, but I will try to do it as well as I can; and you shall go with my little boy when he is taken to church to be baptized, if you are a good girl.

Mary. I should like, very much, to go and see

the baby baptized. And will you please now tell me, Ma'am, what baptism is?

Captain's Lady. To make you understand this matter, I must go back a long, long time, and explain to you the history of mankind, even from the beginning of the world. But I must first ask you a few questions: Do you know who made the world?

Mary. Yes, Ma'am. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. i. 1.

Captain's Lady. Who made men and women?

Mary. "God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Gen. i. 27.

Captain's Lady. Where did God place Adam and Eve when he made them?

Mary. In a beautiful garden called Paradise; and he gave them leave to eat of all the trees of the garden, excepting the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Concerning this tree God expressly assured them that in the day they ate thereof they should surely die.

Captain's Lady. You have answered well. And did they eat of that tree which God had forbidden them to taste?

Mary. Yes, they did; for the devil came in the shape of the serpent, and tempted them to eat of the forbidden fruit.

Captain's Lady. And did they die that day?

Mary. I don't know.

Captain's Lady. We are led to understand from the Holy Bible, my dear, that Almighty God, foreseeing that mankind would fall by the malice of Satan, provided a Saviour even before the foundation

of the world—which Saviour is Christ, the Son of God. And we believe that when our first parents sinned, they would instantly have died and gone into eternal punishment, had not the power of Christ interfered in their favour. Therefore it is written in St. John's Gospel: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." John i. 4.

Mary replied: "I do not know exactly what you mean, Ma'am."

"You must understand, my dear," said the lady, "that at the very moment in which Adam and Eve sinned, they brought themselves under the sentence of death—temporal death, which is the destruction of the body, and eternal death, which is an everlasting separation from God. And this sentence of death would have been instantly executed upon them—that is, they would immediately have died and gone into a state of hopeless misery after they had sinned—had not the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world come in between them and death, to procure for them and their posterity a delay of the sentence. Thus our Saviour obtains a sufficient season for repentance and reconciliation with God for all the sinful children of Adam; and for those among us who are mercifully led to believe in and love him, everlasting life and glory. But although the execution of this dreadful sentence is put off through the mercy of Christ; yet when Adam sinned, he brought that evil into our nature, which, without divine help, will assuredly separate us for ever from God. Adam and Eve, after their disobedience, became of themselves utterly sinful—and all their children—that is, all the people who now exist, as well as all who ever did or

ever shall exist upon the face of the earth—partake of the same evil nature. Our hearts naturally bring forth all manner of wickedness. As soon as a baby begins to speak or to walk, it follows after that which is evil; so that it is written in 1 John v. 19: ‘We know that the whole world lieth in wickedness;’ and again, in Romans iii. 12: ‘There is none that doeth good, no, not one.’”

Mary. My mother has often talked to me of the Lord Jesus Christ, and told me, that if I did not love him I should never go to heaven. But, Ma’am, you say we are all sinners. Surely that pretty baby in your lap is not a sinner? Sinners are wicked people: that baby is not wicked?

Captain’s Lady. I am a sinner, and his father is a sinner; therefore this poor baby, being born like his father and mother, will, as soon as he is able, show naughty tempers. He is like the little tiger which I saw playing in the *bazar*. Nobody was afraid of him, because he was so young and small, and had no teeth; but give him only a few months, and he will grow up to be as fierce as any tiger in the woods. So it is with my poor baby: if the Lord does not change his nature, and give him a clean and holy heart, he will grow to be as naughty as other children, and become as full of wickedness as other men.

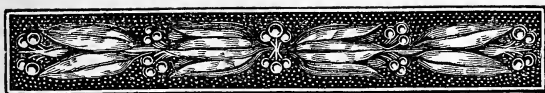
Mary. Oh, alas, alas! And must this baby grow up to be wicked and go to hell?

Captain’s Lady. God forbid that any such thing should be! God forbid that my poor baby should ever be condemned to hell! But I know that unless he becomes the child of God and obtains a clean

heart, he cannot go to heaven. And as he can do nothing for himself now, I, being his mother, must do all I can for him. Therefore, to-morrow morning, which will be Sunday, I shall take him to church, where the clergyman will receive him and pour upon him pure water, as Christ has commanded. This is *baptism*; a token and pledge that the Holy Ghost thus applies to the soul the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin: and I do earnestly pray that God may accept him in that holy sacrament, and make him his own child; when he will receive what we properly term his Christian name.

The captain's wife then gave Mary an orange, telling her to come early in the morning and she should see the little boy baptized. .





STORY II.

“Q. *Who gave you this name?*”

EARLY the next morning, Mrs. Mills and Mary dressed themselves quite clean ; and when they had eaten their breakfast, they took their Prayer-Books in their hands and went over to the captain's *bungalow*.

When they got into the *compound*, they saw all the ladies and gentlemen in the *verandah*, waiting to go to church with the baby. There was the captain and his wife, and the nurse with the little baby ; besides which there were two gentlemen, officers of the same regiment, and one lady. These two gentlemen were to be the little boy's godfathers, and the lady was to be his godmother ; for every little boy that is baptized must have two godfathers and one godmother, and every little girl that is baptized must have one godfather and two godmothers.

Now it was time to go to the church, when all the ladies and gentlemen got into *palanquins*, because the heat was very great ; and one of the gentlemen was so kind as to lend Mrs. Mills and little Mary his *palanquin* to go to church in.

While they were carried along, little Mary said to

her mother, "Why do those two officers and that lady go with us to church?"

Mrs. Mills. Those two officers are to be the little baby's godfathers, and that lady his godmother.

Mary. Oh! I know now. I have a godmother in the barracks. But why do children have godfathers and godmothers?

Mrs. Mills. I will try to make you understand, my dear. What are we going to church for now?

Mary. To offer the baby to God, and to receive him into the Church of God.

Mrs. Mills. When people become members of Christ, what should they do?

Mary. They should be good and love God, and not follow sin any longer.

Mrs. Mills. But does the baby know this? Can we make him understand it?

Mary. No, mother; for he does not know anything that is said to him: he is too young.

Mrs. Mills. True, my dear: therefore, as he cannot himself understand that he ought to be good and to love God, it is necessary to have some grown people to go with him, who will promise in his name what he must perform if he would be saved by Christ; without whom, as the lady told you yesterday, his natural corruption will surely bring about his destruction; and these persons are to take care that he is taught his duty, as he becomes old enough to learn it.

Mary. Oh! now I know what godfathers and godmothers are for. And now I understand the reason why my godmother in the barracks makes

me read to her, and hears me my Catechism so often.

By this time they were come to the church *compound*, where the ladies and gentlemen got out of their *palanquins*, and Mary and Mrs. Mills followed. So they went into the church, carrying the baby with them, which they reverently presented to the clergyman, who was standing near the font, or baptismal vessel, which was filled with pure water.

Then little Mary hearkened so attentively to everything which the clergyman said that she remembered many of his words, and repeated them to her mother when she went home.

The first thing he asked was, "Hath this child been already baptized or no?"

And when they answered, "No," he went on and said, "Dearly beloved, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin, and our Saviour Christ saith (John iii. 5), 'None can enter into the kingdom of God, except he be regenerate and born anew of water and of the Holy Ghost;' I beseech you to call upon God the Father through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his bounteous mercy he will grant to this child that thing which by nature he cannot have, that he may be baptized with water and the Holy Ghost, and received into Christ's holy Church and be made a lively member of the same."

After this they all knelt, and the clergyman prayed for the baby, that the Lord Jesus Christ would receive him and make him holy (1 Cor. vii. 14); and Mary attended to all the words of the prayer.

Then rising up from their knees, the clergyman read a part of the tenth chapter of St. Mark, in

which Mary remembered these words well : " They brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God."

After this, the clergyman repeated many more words, and inquired of the godfathers and the godmother what things they promised in the name of that child, but Mary could not remember everything that was said.

She was, however, very much pleased when the clergyman, having asked what name the baby was to have, took him in his arms, and pouring on his face the pure water, said, " Charles" (for that was the name the child was to have), " I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Here the clergyman, who was a faithful minister of Christ, thanked God that he had begun a good work in the baby's soul, and prayed that it might not be in vain, but that the child might live accordingly, and die unto sin, so as finally to be saved. And when all was over, he kissed little Charles, and said, " Mayest thou, dear child, live by faith, as one of that little flock to whom it is the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom !" Luke xii. 32.

Now, when the baptismal service was completed, the gentlemen and ladies returned to Captain Smith's *bungalow*, and everybody kissed little Charles. Mary and her mother were then invited by the captain's lady to stay and eat some plum-pudding ; so they

stayed, and Mary had her dinner in little Charles' room.

And as the evening drew on, the clergyman joined the company; when the day was appropriately concluded, not in rioting and drunkenness, but in singing a psalm, reading a portion of Scripture, and in prayer. After which, little Mary went home with her mother.





STORY III.

"A member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

WHILE the men were at parade on Monday morning, Mrs. Browne, Sergeant Browne's wife (who was Mary's godmother), came over to Mrs. Mills', to ask leave for Mary to go home with her, to spend the day. Mrs. Mills gave her leave very cordially, well knowing that little Mary never learned any harm at Mrs. Browne's: since both Mrs. Browne and the sergeant were people fearing God. So Mary made haste to get ready, taking her Bible and Catechism-Book in her hand. Neither did she forget to take a bit of cake for her godmother's parrot: for Mrs. Browne had a very fine parrot, which could repeat almost anything it heard, and which used to sing "God save the King."

So little Mary and Mrs. Browne set off, and got to Mrs. Browne's berth before the sergeant returned from parade; and Mary amused herself with talking to the parrot till the sergeant came in and breakfast was ready.

After breakfast, her godmother desired Mary to

repeat the Catechism ; promising that, if she should go through it without missing a word, she would take her some day to the Europe shop in the great *bazar*, and buy her a silver thimble. So Mary endeavoured to repeat her Catechism without making a single mistake ; notwithstanding which, she missed three words. The mistakes, however, being very inconsiderable, her godmother kindly overlooked them, and assured her of the thimble. Mrs. Browne then asked her a few questions, in order to discover whether she understood her Catechism, and whether she remembered the things which she had been taught. And thus she began :

“ Mary, you were yesterday at the baptism of the captain’s little boy : and pray what was his name ? ”

Mary answered, “ Charles.”

Mrs. Browne. Can you, my dear, give me an account of what baptism is, or what is the benefit of it ?

Mary. My Catechism says, that when persons are baptized, they are made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.

Mrs. Browne answered, “ It is written in the Bible, that they who ask shall receive, and they who seek shall find : therefore we may venture to say, that an infant receives the inward and spiritual grace, together with the outward and visible sign, and is thus made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.”

Mary. Godmother, I do not quite understand what you say !

Mrs. Browne was silent for a few minutes, and

then continued, "My dear child, many wiser persons than myself, have found it difficult to express themselves well on these subjects. I therefore speak with fear, lest, while attempting to lead you in the right way, I should prove to be like the blind leader of the blind: but I will try to make this matter clear to you. As the Church Catechism expresses it, baptism is one of those two sacraments which were ordained by Christ himself. Baptism is made up of two parts: an outward part, which is water wherein the baptized person is washed; and an inward part, which is a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness. But there are too many persons, who from custom observe the outward form of baptism, while they entirely disregard the inward and spiritual grace. Of such persons, we cannot say that they are truly members of Christ, neither does our Catechism imply any such thing."

Mary still looking as if she did not understand her godmother, Mrs. Browne proceeded to tell her a story, which she hoped would make her meaning plainer. "When I first came to this country," said Mrs. Browne, "I happened to know a young man, the son of a European, who had a mind to marry a Mussulmaun woman of bad character. The young man's father at first refused his consent; but being at length over-persuaded by his son, he permitted the marriage to take place, on condition that the woman should be made a Christian, as he termed it; that is, should be baptized. Now there happened to be in that place a popish priest, whom the young man readily persuaded to baptize the woman without asking her any questions concerning her belief: for

the popish missionaries in India have always acted as if the outward form alone were necessary. It is very difficult indeed in some cases," added Mrs. Browne, "for human creatures to decide when baptism is rightly administered, or to know when the outward ceremony is accompanied by the inward and spiritual grace; but here was a plain case: here the outward and visible sign was administered, but no inward blessing was sought for. The baptism of this woman was merely outward; nor is it possible to suppose that she was made by it a living member of Christ, or a true child of God." Acts viii. 21.

"Godmother," replied Mary, "I think that I understand this better now."

"Well," said Mrs. Browne, "we will leave this matter for the present; but I shall hope, with God's blessing, very frequently to speak with you on the same subject; and may God give me the wisdom to do it rightly!"

Mrs. Browne then asked Mary, "What are all mankind by nature?"

To which Mary replied, "Children of the wicked one."

Mrs. Browne. You are right, my dear. Every child that was ever born into the world, excepting our Lord Jesus Christ, was born in sin; as it is written in Genesis vi. 5: "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

Mary. You taught me that verse, godmother, when I was here last.

Mrs. Browne. And I taught you another verse

about the wickedness of men. Do you remember it? It is from Ecclesiastes.

Mary. Oh, yes, I do. It is this: "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not." Eccles. vii. 20.

Mrs. Browne. What is the punishment of sin?

Mary. The punishment of sin is death: first the death of our body in the grave; and next, the death of our souls, or eternal death in hell.

Mrs. Browne. All sinners will suffer the first death; so every mortal *body* must go down into the grave and see corruption. But will every sinner go to hell?

Mary. No, godmother, I hope not; for then you and I should surely go to hell, for we are sinners.

Mrs. Browne. What must we do to be saved?

Mary. We must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Browne. You must believe in him, you must abide in him, and become a member of him. Do you know, Mary, what we mean by the words, "A member of Christ," which are used in the Catechism?

"A member of Christ?" said little Mary. "Oh! it means—it means—I don't know what it means."

Mrs. Browne. If you know not what it means, why did you not ask me? That is very silly, Mary, to say words and not to think what they mean. I have a great mind to teach you no more. I might just as well teach my parrot as a little girl that does not think what she is saying, but repeats her words like a foolish bird. Come here, Poll. Sit on my finger, and I will teach you your Catechism. You

will soon say it as well, and know what it means as well, as this little girl does.

Mary was ashamed when Mrs. Browne said the parrot would soon learn as well as she could; and she told Mrs. Browne, that she would not say her Catechism any more like a parrot, but would try to understand it; and if she met with any words that she did not understand, she would ask the meaning of them.

"Then," said Mrs. Browne, "I will endeavour, Mary, to make you understand what is meant by being a member of Christ. You know, my dear, that you have but one body, and that this body is made up of many parts; but although there are in each body a great many members, these members have but one head. In like manner, although there are many individuals in the true Church of Christ, yet they have all only one head: Christ is the head, and they are the members, 'chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love.'" Eph. i. 4.

Mary. Oh! now I understand this. Every Christian is joined to the Lord Jesus Christ, as my hand is to my head; and for that reason we are called members of Christ.

Mrs. Browne. My dear child, be careful to observe this thing: that there are many, calling themselves Christians, who are joined to the Lord Jesus Christ merely in talk, or in some outward form. Let us take care how we fall into this mistake, which may end in everlasting misery.

Then Mrs. Browne explained to little Mary, what is meant by becoming an inheritor of the kingdom

of heaven. "Suppose," she said, "your father and mother were to die, who would have their clothes, and books, and tables, and chairs, and cots, and *rupees*?"

Mary thought a little while. At last she said, "I suppose I should have them; for I am their child, and they have no other."

Mrs. Browne. You have answered right, my dear. You are your father's heir, and you will inherit all his things when he dies. So, my dear, the Lord Jesus Christ, when he died upon the cross, left to those persons who are his children the kingdom of heaven as an inheritance. If you are a child of God, when you die you will have a place in the kingdom of heaven; and I will teach you a verse about it from Romans viii. 17: "If ye are children of God, then are ye heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

Now little Mary wanted to ask Mrs. Browne some more questions; but Mrs. Browne, having some work to do, was obliged to leave off talking for that day; so Mary hemmed her godmother a pocket handkerchief; after which she went to play with the parrot. And Mrs. Browne overheard Mary saying to the parrot, "So my godmother says I am no wiser than you, Poll; and that you might be taught to say the Catechism as well as I do; but I won't be like you any longer, Mrs. Polly; for I will try to understand the words I say, and that's what you cannot do, with all your fine talking."

In the evening Mrs. Mills came over to drink tea with Mrs. Browne, and took little Mary home with her at night.



STORY IV.

“Q. *What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you ?*

A. *They did promise for me, that I should renounce the devil and all his works.”*



ON Saturday evening, it being shady and cool, Mrs. Browne came over to Mrs. Mills' *berth*, to ask if Mary might go with her to the great *bazar* for the thimble which she had promised her. To this Mrs. Mills readily assented, and made haste to get Mary ready ; who, as soon as she was dressed, took hold of her godmother's hand, and set off, so full of joy that she could not walk without skipping and jumping.

Before they had proceeded many steps, Sergeant Mills came running after them. “Here,” said he, “Mrs. Browne, are four *pucker-pice* for Mary to spend in the *bazar* ; but I will thank you, Mrs. Browne, not to let her have any fruit, as my wife says she has not been well these two or three days from eating fruit.” So Mrs. Browne promised she should not ; and they went on.

“Oh, godmother,” said little Mary, as soon as her father was gone, “I love you very much.”

Mrs. Browne. What do you love me for, my dear?

Mary. Because you take me to the *bazar*, to buy me a thimble.

Mrs. Browne. Have you no other reason for loving me?

Mary. Oh yes! I love you for a great many things. I love you for taking so much pains to make me good.

Mrs. Browne. Do you know why I take so much pains to teach you?

Mary. Yes:—because you are my godmother, and you promised for me at my baptism.

Mrs. Browne. What did I promise for you?

Mary. I can tell—it is in the Catechism. You promised “three things in my name: first, that I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; secondly, that I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and thirdly, that I should keep God’s holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.”

“Right,” said Mrs. Browne. “Can you tell me, Mary, what renouncing the devil is? I promised, first, that you should renounce the devil.”

Mary. Renounce the devil, godmother—renounce the devil—why, renouncing the devil is—renouncing the devil.

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, that’s no answer at all. I ask you, what is meant by renouncing the devil?

"Indeed, godmother," said Mary, "I don't know. Please to tell me."

Mrs. Browne. To renounce anything, or any person, is to have nothing more to do with them. Just as if I were to say, that Mary Mills is a silly little girl; I will have nothing more to do with her—I renounce her. So I promised for you to have nothing to do with the devil, or any of his wicked ways—that you should be taught to renounce him.

Mary. Oh! I know what renouncing means now.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me, my dear, who the devil is?

Mary. The chief of the wicked angels, who having sinned against God, were cast down from heaven into hell. I can say a verse about their being cast into hell.

Mrs. Browne. What is it, my dear?

Mary. "God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."
2 Peter ii. 4.

Mrs. Browne. True, my love: these fallen angels are now become devils; and these devils hate God, and all their works are evil. And these are the works which you promised, at your baptism, that you would not do: because "he that committeth sin, is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose, the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."
1 John iii. 8.

Mary. Pray, godmother, teach me that verse: I like it very much.

By this time, Mrs. Browne and Mary were come almost to the corner of the last barrack, just as the road turns toward the *bazar*, and they heard a loud noise of people swearing dreadfully ; at which Mary looked back, and saw two men standing in the *verandah*, who were swearing at each other in a frightful manner. Then Mrs. Browne gave Mary a pull, saying, " Make haste, Mary ; and do not listen to those wicked men. Do you not hear how dreadfully they are swearing ? Those men are doing the works of the devil, and not of God ; for our Lord Jesus Christ hath said, ' Swear not at all : neither by heaven, for it is God's throne ; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool ; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea ; nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.' Matt. v. 34-37. Swearing, my dear, and taking the holy name of God in vain, are some of the wicked works of the devil, which you must renounce."

Mrs. Browne and Mary were now almost out of sight of the barracks, and were come into the high road ; and as they were going along they met two white women dressed in very fine clothes, but very dirty, and covered with dust. Even at a distance they had heard them talking very loud ; and on coming near, they found that they were women of the regiment, both of them very tipsy, and one, in particular, so far gone that she could not walk straight ; and their faces were quite red. Then said little Mary, when they were passed, " I am sure they

have been drinking too much ; they look quite tipsy, and that is very shameful.”

Mrs. Browne. Very shameful, indeed, my dear ! and very wicked ! Poor women ! we must pray to God to show them their sin, for drunkenness is one of the works of the devil, and it is written, “ No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.” 1 Cor. vi. 10.

By this time Mrs. Browne and Mary had come within sight of the great *bazar* ; and just at the entrance of the *bazar*, a great many black people were got together before a small house, or temple, in which was one of the false gods which the black people serve. These people had daubed themselves with red and yellow powder : and they had got *tum-tums* and trumpets, and were dancing and shouting before the wooden god that was in the temple. Then said Mrs. Browne, “ We white people do the works of the devil ; but these black people are not contented to do the devil’s work, but they must make a god of him. ‘ They worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood ; which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk.’ ” Rev. ix. 20.

Now the black people were so thick together before the temple of their idol god, that Mary and Mrs. Browne had much difficulty to get by ; while they were almost deafened by the sound of their *tum-tums* and trumpets, accompanied with the noise of so many discordant voices. With great difficulty, however, they got through the crowd, and went on into the *bazar* ; where, just as they came into the main street, they saw before them, at a shoemaker’s

stall, the wife of one Corporal Price, together with her son, a great lad about twelve years old.

So Mrs. Browne, when she came near to her, spoke, as her manner was to all the women of the regiment, very civilly, saying, "How do you do, Mrs. Price? and how is your husband?"

"Oh!" says Mrs. Price, "we are well enough, thank you, Mrs. Browne; but I am plagued to death with this lad here, Dick Price. I came hither this afternoon to get him a pair of shoes, for the lad is almost barefoot; and here is a pair that fits him to a nicety; and the man would let me have them very cheap; but Dick says, No; he will have a pair of boots."

"And so I will, mother," says Dick.

"I tell you, lad," replies his mother, "they will do you no service: and they are a *rupee* a pair."

"Mother," cries Dick, "don't tell me. I will have the boots, or go barefoot."

"Well," says Mrs. Browne, "and if you were my son, you should go barefoot, till you knew better how to behave to your parents."

"Oh!" answered Mrs. Price, "he is the saddest boy that ever lived, surely, and the daily plague of father and mother."

All this time young Dick was putting on the boots; and as soon as he had got them on, off he ran, saying, "Now, mother, you may pay for them, or let it alone, just as you like;" and away he went, shouting and laughing. Mrs. Browne was so angry with the boy that she could not help saying "Mrs. Price, if you do not chastise that lad soundly, he will, some day or other, make your heart ache. Do

you not know how the Bible directs us to deal with an undutiful child? ‘Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.’” Prov. xxiii. 14.

Mrs. Price made no answer, for it was not her way to correct her children.

So Mrs. Browne took Mary’s hand, and walked away; and as soon as she was out of Mrs. Price’s hearing, “Mary,” said she, “here is another of the devil’s works. Did you mark how disobedient that bad boy was to his mother? I fear he will come to an ill end; for it is written, ‘The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.’” Prov. xxx. 17.

Mary. Godmother, I could not have thought, that in just going from our barracks to the *bazar*, we should have seen so many of the works of the devil.

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, do you not know that the whole world lieth in wickedness? and hence it is hard to step out of one’s own door, or even to look out of the window, without seeing some of the works of the devil. But you, my dear child, will, I hope, renounce the devil and all his works; steadily resolving that you will have nothing to do with him, and praying God to enable you, for his dear Son’s sake, effectually to overcome him; and the Lord assuredly will help you, according as it is written, “Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.” James iv. 7.

Now, by this time, they were got to the door of the

Europe shop; so Mary and Mrs. Browne ceased talking and went in.

As it will take some time to tell you all that happened in the Europe shop, I must put it off to another day, and end my story here.





STORY V.

“The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.”

NOW the Europe shop into which Mrs. Browne and Mary went, was a very large one, and full of all sorts of things. One side was set out with Europe caps and bonnets, ribbons, feathers, sashes, and what not. On another side were all kinds of necklaces, gold ear-rings, bracelets, coloured shoes, and many other things of which I cannot remember the one half. Then there were dolls and toys of all kinds. In short, you cannot think of a thing that was not to be found in that shop. In the *verandah* also were many kinds of gaudy *palanquins*, and fine furniture; and even wheel carriages adorned with gold.

The master of the shop was very busy just then in talking to two white women, belonging to the same regiment with Mrs. Browne and Mary. So Mrs. Browne, not willing to interrupt them, led Mary up to that end of the shop where most of the fine things were set out; and she said, “Mary, these are some of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, which I promised at your baptism that you should

renounce. We are apt to like fine clothes, fine coaches, fine furniture, together with all manner of gold and silver ornaments—and for this reason, because we are all sinful and earthly, and because it is natural to us to love anything better than God; but we do not please God when we desire to adorn ourselves and our houses with expensive finery, especially when it is unsuited to the humble state of life to which he has called us. When princes use such things, they may be proper for such persons as signs of their place and power. Do you remember the verse upon this subject which I taught you once?"

Mary. Oh, yes, godmother, very well. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." 1 Peter iii. 3, 4.

Mrs. Browne. Well remembered, Mary! I hope you will never grow up, my dear child, to love finery and vanity, or to follow after the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." 1 John ii. 15, 17.

Now, by the time Mrs. Browne had repeated these verses, the master of the shop came up to her, and with him the two women; one of whom was Mrs.

Simpson, and the other Mrs. Dawson, both sergeants' wives in the regiment. "Your servant, Mrs. Browne," said Mrs. Simpson; "who would have thought of seeing her here? You are come to buy something smart for your little goddaughter, I hope; and to learn the fashions. Well, and it is time, sure enough; for long as I have known you—six years, I believe—I have never seen you with a bit of anything smart about you. And your friend, Mrs. Mills, is just such another, or she surely would have put something rather smarter upon her little girl than that plain white bonnet."

Mrs. Browne did not answer rudely, as some people are apt to do when others laugh at their clothes; but she said, "Mrs. Simpson, my husband likes to see me plain, and I have no mind to be fine; so we agree very well as to that matter."

"Well," answered Mrs. Simpson, "if folks can please themselves, it is nothing to other folks, to be sure. But come, now, do buy your goddaughter a bonnet. Look, here is a pretty straw one, with red roses; and here is another, with yellow flowers; only four *rupees* a-piece: and what's that to you? You have plenty of money." Then Mrs. Simpson called Mary to her, and pulling off her white bonnet, and putting on the bonnet with yellow flowers, she held Mary up to the glass to look at herself. Mary, who was a silly little girl, admired herself amazingly in the yellow bonnet. She did not speak, to be sure, but she looked very hard at her godmother, as much as to say, Do, godmother, buy me this bonnet.

But Mrs. Browne went up gently to Mary, and taking the fine bonnet off her head, she gave her her

own little white one again, saying, "Come, Mary, we must be looking for the thimble, or we shall be too late at home." So she led Mary away from the caps and bonnets; and when she was out of Mrs. Simpson's hearing, "Mary, my dear," she said, "if I had thought it right, and it had been proper, I would, with pleasure, have bought you that bonnet: but did I not promise at your baptism that you should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? How then could I act so wickedly as to become the first to lead you into them?"

Mrs. Browne then called to the master of the shop, saying, "Pray, Sir, show us some of your best Europe silver thimbles." So Mary chose a thimble, which fitted her very well, and Mrs. Browne paid for it. After which Mary began to think how she should spend the four *pice* which her father had given her.

So, after she had considered a while, she laid out one *pice* in needles, and one *pice* in thread, and one *pice* she paid for a little box to put her needles in, and her thread, and her thimble. Mrs. Browne was very well pleased at the manner in which Mary had spent three of her *pice*; but there was one *pice* still left, and Mary did not know how to spend it.

They now left the shop, and went through the *bazar*, toward home; and as they were going along, Mary saw some very nice *guavas* to be sold. Upon which she said, "Oh, godmother, do let me buy some of those *guavas* with this *pice* which is left."

"What," said Mrs. Browne, "have you forgotten your father's charge not to buy any fruit!"

Mary. Oh! I did not remember it just then; but

I do very much long to have some of those *guavas*.—And she stood still, just before the shop, looking at them.

“Come, come, Mary,” said Mrs. Browne, “that’s very naughty. Have you not read in the Bible, how Eve desired the forbidden fruit, and how she was tempted to take it at last, and how she brought us, her children, to sin and death, by her wicked longing after the forbidden fruit? And now you are doing something like what Eve did. You are wishing for fruit, when your father said you must have none. Come away, and pray to God to forgive you this folly.”

When Mary heard what Mrs. Browne said, she was sorry, and came away immediately; for she had not, at first, considered how wicked it was to stand and look and long for a thing, which her father had forbidden her to have.

Then Mrs. Browne looked at Mary, and saw that she was ready to cry. So she said, “Mary, you have but one *pice* left: give it to the next blind or lame *fakeer* you see, and that will be spending it well; and it will not tempt you any more to be naughty.” So Mary hearkened to what Mrs. Browne said, and gave her *pice* to a poor blind man, whom she met just as she was coming out of the *bazar*.

Now as they were coming home, Mrs. Browne spake thus to Mary: “I have explained to you, my dear, this evening, in some degree, what are those works of the devil which I promised, for you, that you should renounce. You know, also, what the pomps and vanities of this wicked world are, which

you must also renounce. I will now tell you what the sinful lusts of the flesh are, which I also promised that you should have nothing to do with. When we long after anything which God has forbidden, as you did just now for the *guavas* in the *bazar*, we then give way to one of the sinful lusts of the flesh. Suppose I was to desire as much *arrack* or gin as would intoxicate me; then I should come into the same condemnation: and thus every one who longs after that which is forbidden, falls into these sinful lusts."

Then said little Mary, "I was very wicked, god-mother, when I wished for that fruit; and I am very sorry for it."

Mrs. Browne. My dear, we are all, by nature, such poor sinful wretches that there is not a day, nor an hour, nor scarcely a moment, in which some evil thought does not come into our minds; so that we have need always to be watching against them; and we must pray to God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to send his Holy Spirit into our hearts, to make them clean, and holy, and pure, destroying in them every evil thought and every wicked desire.

And as they proceeded, Mrs. Browne taught Mary these verses: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." Gal. v. 16-18.

By the time Mary had learned these verses they

reached home: so Mrs. Browne took Mary to Mrs. Mills', and Mary showed her mother the box, with the thimble and needles and thread in it; nor did she hide from her mother how wicked she had been in wishing for the fruit.

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STORY VI.

"Secondly, that I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith."

QNE day, Sergeant Browne being on guard, Mrs. Browne, as she often did on such occasions when she had sent her husband his dinner, came over to drink tea with Mrs. Mills, and she brought her work in her hand.

Now while Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Browne were sitting at work together, and Mary on a *mora* between them making her doll a frock, on a sudden they heard a man in the barracks, close by Mrs. Mills' window, beginning to swear; and, surely, he swore dreadfully. Mrs. Mills hereupon presently called out to him, saying, "Prithee, John Roberts, do not swear so. Do you not know that God takes account of every bad word that comes out of your mouth?"

John Roberts, however, did not forbear swearing; though upon Mrs. Mills' reproof he moved to such a distance from her door as to be nearly out of hearing.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "You told John Roberts that God heard every word he said. He is afraid of

offending you, I see, because your husband is pay-sergeant; and so he retires from your door. But if he had the fear of God, he would know that God could hear at one end of the barracks as well as another."

Mrs. Mills. Poor wicked man! I imagine he believes not much respecting either God or the devil.

Mrs. Browne. Alas! alas! unhappy creature, then he is a lost man indeed. For though there are too many among us, I fear, who have not a right faith, yet, I hope, there are not many so hardened as to call in question the very being of God. I remember hearing our good parson, Mr. King, preach on this text: "Without faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. xi. 6.

"And do you remember," asked Mrs. Mills, "how he expounded that text?"

Mrs. Browne. My husband was at the pains of putting down some part of that sermon when he came home, and so I had an opportunity of refreshing my memory with what he wrote.

Mrs. Mills. I should be glad to hear what you can recollect on the subject.

"Why," replied Mrs. Browne, "he described faith to be twofold, or of two different kinds; asserting that both were necessary to salvation, as the text expresses it: 'He that comes to God must believe,' first, 'that God is;' and secondly, 'that he is a rewarder of them that seek him.' 'It is not enough,' said Mr. King, 'that a man should believe that there is a God, and then to suppose, as the Hindoos think

of their great god, that he is so full of his own power and goodness, and happiness, that he never troubles himself about men. Such a faith is a dead faith: it has no power to make a man better, because it touches not the heart; whence it ought to spring, and which it ought to influence.' Moreover, Mr. King reminded us, that we read of some who heard the word of God, and received it with joy, and believed it for a while, but having no root, fell away. Luke viii. 13. Thus merely believing that there is a God, will produce no saving effect upon the soul; while that faith which is described in the second part of the text, as believing that God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him, will influence a man to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' (Acts xvi. 30), and cause him gladly to receive the offer of salvation, through the blood of Christ. This second kind of faith is that whereby we are justified—a faith which worketh by love, and which purifieth the heart."

Little Mary had laid down her doll's frock, and had been listening to Mrs. Browne while she was speaking; and when she had done she said, "Godmother, I cannot understand what you have been saying. What is faith?"

Mrs. Browne. My dear, it is not very easy to make you understand what it is, but I will try. I have been saying to your mother, that there are two kinds of faith: one of which is a dead faith, because it has no power to make men better: and the other is a living faith, because it makes the heart clean. Did you ever see the king of England, Mary?

Mary. No, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Do you believe that there is such a person?

Mary. Yes, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. You have faith, then, that there is such a person, but so far your faith is a dead faith, my child. Your believing that there is a king of England makes you neither better nor worse: but suppose you could believe that the king of England knew everything that you did, and would punish you for every fault you committed; how mightily would this belief work upon you!

Mary. Oh! then I should try to please the king.

Mrs. Browne. Then your faith would become a living faith. It would be no longer dead. At any rate, it would make you fear to transgress the king's law. Did you ever see God, Mary?

Mary. Oh no, never. I know a verse about that: "No man hath seen God at any time." John i. 18.

Mrs. Browne. But do you think there is a God?

Mary. Yes, I am sure there is a God; quite sure.

Mrs. Browne. Then you have faith so far as relates to the being of God. This is a dead faith, if you believe no more concerning him.

Mary. But I do believe more. I believe that he sent his Son to die for me, and that if I love him I shall be saved.

Mrs. Browne. Many have known and believed as much as you do, Mary, and yet have not been saved. Many have prophesied and preached in the name of the Lord, who (we are told) will be cast out in the last day. If you wish to be saved by faith,

you must not only believe that God sent his Son to die for you, but you must receive the Saviour with all your heart. You must not trust to any other method of salvation. You must not think that you can save yourself by anything you can do, and you must be willing to be saved by God, in his own way.

Mary. Godmother, how do we know what is true about God, and what is not true?

Mrs. Browne. Everything that is necessary to be known about God is written in the Bible, and we must believe everything that is in the Bible. I promised for you, Mary, at your baptism, that you should believe all the articles of the Christian faith; I will, therefore, try to make you understand what things they are which you ought to believe. You say you believe in God, Mary?

Mary. Yes, godmother, I do. But then I don't know much about him, though I have read the Bible very often.

Mrs. Browne. There is but one God, Mary; yet there are three divine persons—three persons in one God.

Mary. I have heard that before, and I know what these three persons are—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. And I know a verse about them: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore." 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me what these three holy persons are called?

Mary. The Holy Trinity.

Mrs. Browne. I promised for you, at your bap-

tism, to believe in this Holy Trinity. When you were baptized, you could not answer for yourself; but now you are getting older you must attend to these things, and pray to God to give that faith which may preserve you in a state of salvation.

Mary. Please to ask me more questions, god-mother, that you may see what I know, and what I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. What did God the Father do for you?

Mary. He made me and all the world?

Mrs. Browne. How do you know that he made you and all the world! Did you see him make the world?

Mary. No, to be sure; it was made long before I was born.

Mrs. Browne. Then by what means do you know that he made the world?

Mary thought a little while, at last she said, "By faith I know that God made the world."

Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Mills were both pleased with Mary's answer, and Mrs. Browne showed Mary a very pretty verse about it: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God. So that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Heb. xi. 3.

Then Mrs. Browne asked Mary what God the Son had done for her.

Mary. He died for me and all mankind upon the cross.

Mrs. Browne. What was the Son of God called when in this world?

Mary. The Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Browne. Who is the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mary. The Son of God.

Mrs. Browne. Is he as great as God the Father?

Mary. I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. Look, my dear, at Philippians ii. 5-11: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." By these verses, you see, my dear, that Jesus Christ is as great as God the Father. Can you tell me how the Lord Jesus Christ came into this world?

Mary. He was born like a baby.

Mrs. Browne. Who was his mother?

Mary. The Virgin Mary.

Mrs. Browne. Who is his father?

Mary. God, the Father Almighty.

Mrs. Browne. How did he die?

Mary. He was crucified for our sins, upon the cross.

Mrs. Browne. Under whom, that is, by whose order, was he crucified?

Mary. Under Pontius Pilate.

Mrs. Browne. Was the Lord buried?

Mary. Yes: he was buried in the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea.

Mrs. Browne. Where did the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ go when his body was in the grave?

Mary. He went down into hell.

Mrs. Browne. What do you mean by his going into hell?

Mary. I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. We now use the word *Hell*, for the place of torment only; but in old times it answered to the word *Hades*, which is the word in the Greek, used by the Apostles, for the *Place of Departed Spirits*. In that place, there is a blessed portion separated from the wicked, called *Abraham's Bosom*, and *Paradise*. We learn from Acts ii. 27, that our Lord went into the *Place of Departed Spirits*, and from St. Luke xxiii. 43, that he went into that portion of it called *Paradise*. There, also, Lazarus was carried by angels, while the rich man went into the other part of *Hades*, a place of torment. St. Luke xvi. 23. How long was our Lord's body in the grave?

Mary. Three days.

Mrs. Browne. After those three days, what happened?

Mary. The Lord rose from the grave.

Mrs. Browne. Whither then did he go?

Mary. He went up into heaven.

Mrs. Browne. And where is he now?

Mary. Sitting at the right hand of God.

Mrs. Browne. Will he ever again come down from heaven?

Mary. Yes: he will come at the end of the world, to judge all people.

Mrs. Browne. Who is the third person in the Holy Trinity?

Mary. The Holy Ghost.

Mrs. Browne. What does the Holy Ghost do for you?

Mary. He cleanses my heart from sin.

Mrs. Browne. What is the Church of God, or the Holy Catholic Church?

Mary. The Catholic Church is made up of all the Christians who profess the true faith and live in the apostles' fellowship. (Acts ii. 42), and Christ is the head of it.

Mrs. Browne. What is signified by the Communion of Saints?

Mary. I don't know.

Mrs. Browne. It signifies that holy fellowship, or brotherhood, which is maintained between the children of God; by which they all partake of one *Spirit*, and by him of one faith, one baptism, and one atonement for sin, and do all enjoy the same hope of glory. Ephesians iv. 4. What does the Bible teach you about the forgiveness of sins?

Mary. The Bible teaches me, that, if I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, my sins shall be forgiven me.

Mrs. Browne. Is there no way of having our sins forgiven us but through the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mary. I can answer that by a verse which my father taught me: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12.

Mrs. Browne. What will become of your body, after it is dead and reduced to a state of corruption?

Mary. I know some verses about that: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." 1 Cor. xv. 51-53.

Mrs. Browne was pleased with Mary's answers; and she said, "Come, Mary, one or two more questions, and I have done for to-day. What is eternal life?"

Mary. Going to heaven, to live for ever with God.

Mrs. Browne. What is eternal death?

Mary. Going to dwell, for ever in the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

By this time tea being ready, Mrs. Browne left off questioning Mary. And after drinking tea, she went home; promising Mrs. Mills and Mary shortly to come again.





STORY VII.

Thirdly, that I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life."

LITTLE MARY having now been tolerably good for some time, answering her questions well, and needing no punishment, her father, who loved her very much, bought her some cloth to make her a new white frock. Her mother made it, and sent it to the *dobee*; and it came home on Saturday night.

Now Mary was to spend the next day with her godmother Browne; and her mother said she should put on the new frock to go in.

Mary therefore thought of nothing but the new frock till she fell asleep that night; and the new frock was the very first thing that came into her head the next morning.

She wanted her mother to put it on as soon as she was out of bed on Sunday morning; and she was, I am sorry to say, very sulky when her mother said she was not to have it on till after breakfast. But Mrs. Mills, being busy, did not observe Mary's ill temper on the occasion; or else I am sure she

would have chastised her : for she was not of Mrs. Price's mind, who never corrected her child. She had given Mary many and many a good whipping ; and so had the sergeant too, for the matter of that : for they both remembered that it is written : " Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Prov. xxii. 15. But, be it as it would, Mary got no correction that morning, though she wanted it very much. So, after breakfast, her mother washed her, and put on the new frock ; and, giving her her Bible and Prayer-Book, wrapped in a clean pocket-handkerchief, she sent her to her godmother Browne, with whom she was to go to church : for Mrs. Mills was not well enough to go to church that day herself, and the sergeant was on guard.

So Miss Mary set off in her new frock : and so mightily well satisfied was she with herself, that she could not walk like anybody else ; but was looking at herself behind and before, and making quite a simpleton of herself.

When she came to her godmother Browne's, she found Mrs. Browne sitting at the door, ready to go to church as soon as the bell should begin to ring. Mrs. Browne was glad to see Mary, and made her sit down by her on a *mora*.

So Mary sat down, and spread her frock out upon her knees, and pretended to shake the dust off it, with twenty other little tricks, to draw her godmother's attention to her new frock : but Mrs. Browne was thinking of something else, and never perceived any difference in Mary's dress from what she wore every Sunday.

The bell not yet beginning to ring, Mrs. Browne thought she would ask Mary a few questions. So she said to her, "Mary, my dear, what was the third thing I promised for you at your baptism?"

Mary. Oh! I know very well, godmother. It was this: that I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

Mrs. Browne. Very well, my dear: and can you tell me how many commandments there are?

Mary. Oh, yes! There are ten.

Mrs. Browne then made Mary repeat to her the ten commandments; and Mary said them very well.

After which Mrs. Browne asked her, if she thought there ever was a man in the world who had kept all the commandments of God?

Mary thought a while.—At last she said, "No, godmother, I think not, except the Lord Jesus Christ when he was in the world; he kept them all."

Mrs. Browne. True, my dear: the Lord Jesus Christ never broke any of the laws of God; but as to us poor creatures, there is not a day, nor an hour, nor perhaps even a minute, when left to ourselves, in which we do not break some of the commandments.

"Not a day, nor an hour, nor scarcely a minute?" said Mary. "Dear godmother, I could not have thought that we break God's commandments so often. I don't think I have broken any of them lately."

Mrs. Browne was surprised to hear Mary boast in this manner, for she had not heard her boasting of

her goodness for a long, long while. So she turned and looked hard at her, thinking to herself, What's the matter now, that my little goddaughter is so full of herself to-day? and as she looked at her, she spied the new frock, and guessed how things went. However, she said nothing about the frock; but, putting her hand into her pocket, she pulled out a new little book, fresh from Europe, with a gilt cover, saying, "Mary, I met with this little book yesterday, and if you do not break one of the ten commandments before we come from church, I will make you a present of it."

"Oh! godmother, thank you!" said Mary: "and I have got a bit of pink silk, which my mother gave me, and I will make a bag for it, with a button and a string."

"Stop! Stop!" says Mrs. Browne: "stay till you have got the book, before you make the bag."

Mary. Oh! I don't fear, I shall get it. Surely, I shall not break one of the commandments at church, of all places!

Mrs. Browne. Well, do you see to that, Mary. You know that's your business—not mine.

By this time the bell began to ring, and Mary and Mrs. Browne walked toward the church.

Now, as they went along the road, they saw before them, and behind them, and on all sides of them, people going to church also; and Mary looked to see if anybody was admiring her new frock, but nobody took any notice of it, till, just as they came to the church gate, they overtook Mrs. Simpson. Mrs. Simpson found out Mary's new frock in a moment; for she was one of those women

who examine everything that people have on, from head to foot: and she pretended to understand the fashions as well as the finest lady in the place. When she saw Mary, she called out to her, "So, so, you have got a new frock; and very handsome it is, and good cloth, and well made too; and you look very well in it. Who made it for you? It's quite in the fashion: sure, that's not your mother's work?" Mary had no time to answer, for the clergyman was, by this time, got into the church, and all the people hastened in after him. But though she had not time to answer Mrs. Simpson, yet she was mightily pleased with what had been said about her frock; and she became more proud than ever of herself, and of her dress, thinking of nothing but her clothes all church-time. She repeated the prayers in the Prayer-Book after the clergyman, it is true; but she thought no more of their meaning all the time than her godmother's parrot would have done, had it been taught to repeat the same prayers. And in the Litany, at the very time when she was saying, "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," she was thinking, What a nice, pretty little girl I am, and how good;—so far was she from humbling herself before God.

Now Mrs. Browne knew well enough what Mary's thoughts were running upon; for even when the child was kneeling down, she was turning to look at her sleeves, or at the tucks of her frock, or at the muslin bows which fastened her waistband. However, Mrs. Browne said nothing to her in the church, nor when church was over as they walked home, because there were so many people about them; but

when she got into her own *berth*, “Mary,” she said, “do you think I am to give you the book?”

“I hope so, godmother,” said Mary.

“But,” says Mrs. Browne, “have you not broken any of God’s commandments since you left this house to go to church?”

Mary. No, godmother, I have not: I have been very good.

“Good!” says Mrs. Browne; “there is none good, but God. I believe, Mary, if I were to be hard upon you, I could show you that, since you left this house, you have broken several of God’s commandments; but I will only speak of one which, I fear, you have broken twenty and twenty times.”

Mary stared at her godmother, and turned very red: she could not think what she meant.

Mrs. Browne. What is the third commandment, Mary?

Mary. The third commandment?—Oh! it is, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.—Dear godmother, I have not been swearing.

Mrs. Browne. No, my dear, I did not say you had; but there are a great many ways of taking God’s name in vain, besides swearing. Pray how many times did you use the name of the Lord God in your prayers at church to-day?

Mary. Why, godmother, I should be a long time counting the times; that name comes ever so often.

Mrs. Browne. And pray, Mary, to-day at church, what were you thinking of while you were repeating the holy name of your God? Come, my child,

be honest ; and do not add sin to sin by denying the truth.

Mary looked very much vexed, yet would she not tell a lie. "Why, godmother," said she, "I will own the truth, whether I lose the book or not : I thought of nothing at church but my frock."

Mrs. Browne. You have done well to speak the truth, my dear. And now tell me how you broke the third commandment at church.

Mary. By thinking of my clothes, and of foolish things while I was repeating the holy name of God.

Mrs. Browne. True, Mary ; you took the sacred name of God in vain, and that not once or twice, but, as I said before, twenty and twenty times, thereby offending the majesty of God, who knows the most secret thoughts of our hearts.

The tears came into Mary's eyes, to think how wicked she had been ; and Mrs. Browne, seeing her grieved, said, "My dear, pray to God to forgive you what is past ; and I will give you another chance for the book. It is now two hours till dinner-time : if I do not find you breaking one of the commandments before dinner, you shall have the book to take home with you to-night."

Mary was a little comforted with this promise, and resolved to try again for the book ; and she was resolved that she would have the book this time. So, to make herself, as she thought, perfectly sure, she took her Bible and a *mora*, and went and sat in one corner of the room ; thinking to herself, I will not stir till dinner-time, and, surely, I cannot break one of the commandments while I am sitting here with my Bible in my hand. For half an hour, Mary

seemed to do well, and made sure of the book; but, unluckily for her, just as the clock struck twelve, there came into Mrs. Browne's room, one Mrs. James, and her daughter Kitty James, who was just Mary's age. Mrs. James was the sergeant-major's wife, and she called to ask Mrs. Browne how she did. Mrs. James was one that loved finery very much, and always dressed her daughter in the best and smartest of everything: accordingly, Kitty James had on a wrought muslin frock, much finer than Mary's, with a pink sash and pink slippers, and white beads round her neck.

So Mrs. James sat down, and Kitty placed herself upon a *mora* by her, just opposite Mary; and Mrs. James began talking to Mrs. Browne. All this time little Mary's eyes were upon Kitty's sash and fine shoes; and she could not help wishing for them, till she became quite uneasy, so much did she long for them. Mrs. James sat talking till the dinner-drum beat, when she got up and went away; and then Mary, rising from her *mora*, ran up to her godmother, and said, "Oh! godmother, what a beautiful sash! I wish—I wish I had it."

"Mary! Mary!" said Mrs. Browne, "fie! fie! How can you allow yourself to covet and desire what is not your own?"

Soon after this the dinner was brought in, and Mary said, "Now, godmother, for the book. It is dinner-time, and I have not broken any of the commandments since I came in from church."

Mrs. Browne. Stop, stop, Mary: do not be too sure of that.

Mary. Why, godmother, how can I have broken

a commandment since church? I have been sitting in that corner till this very minute.

Mrs. Browne. Yet you have broken a commandment, I assure you.

Mary. Nay, godmother, nay. I ought to have the book. I have been very good.

Mrs. Browne. Indeed, Mary, you have not been very good; for, to my knowledge, you have broken one commandment, at least, since church-time.

Mary looked rather cross, and said, "What commandment, godmother?"

Mrs. Browne. What is the tenth, Mary?

Mary. The tenth commandment?—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.

Mrs. Browne. Pray, my dear, did you not but just now covet and desire Kitty James' sash?

Mary could not deny that she had done so; so she sat down to dinner with Sergeant and Mrs. Browne, without her book; and she could scarcely eat her dinner because she was so vexed. However, Mrs. Browne once more comforted her by saying, "Mary, I will give you another chance for the book. If I do not find you out breaking one of the commandments before the bugle sounds for parade, you shall have the book to take home with you."

Mary thanked her godmother, and determined to try for it again.

Now there was in the same barrack, but at the other end of it, a woman who was very sick, and Mrs. Browne used to go very often to see her; so, after dinner, the sergeant said to his wife, "Do you

go now to see Sally Jones, and I will take care of Mary." Mrs. Browne then gave Mary a hymn-book to read, and went to see Mrs. Jones, leaving Mary and her husband together in the *berth*.

The sergeant took his Bible in his hand, and sat down, bidding Mary also to sit down to her book; and presently, being much engaged with his Bible, the sergeant quite forgot that he had taken charge of Mary.

Mary sat a little while reading very busily; but presently she got tired of reading, and began to count the leaves of her book; and behold, while she was counting the leaves, she heard a monkey chattering in the *verandah*. So up she must get to look at the monkey, and out she must go into the *verandah*. And in the *verandah* were two or three rude children, riding on sticks. Miss Mary presently found a stick too; and when Sergeant Browne bethought himself of Mary, and looked to see where she was, she was coursing up and down the *verandah*, though it was Sunday, upon a stick, with most of the rude boys in the barrack. The sergeant was sadly vexed at her. He soon brought her back, and tied her to the foot of the bed with his pocket handkerchief; bidding her repeat the fourth commandment to herself, and try to keep it better another time. It was a sad tale to tell Mrs. Browne when she came back, how Mary had been romping and rioting on a Sunday evening, with all the rude lads in the barrack. Mary cried, and was very humble, and said, "God-mother, I have done very wrong. I have broken one of God's commandments again. I am a wicked girl."

Mrs. Browne untied her, and took her upon her lap, and kissed her, saying, "Mary, I am glad to see you so humble and sorry for what you have done; and I hope, my dear child, that you will never again boast, and say that you are able to keep God's commandments; for know, my dear, that in us (that is, in our flesh) 'dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with us; but how to perform that which is good we find not. For the good that we would, we do not; but the evil which we would not, that we do.'" Rom. vii. 18, 19.

Then said Mary, "You may put away that pretty little book, godmother, for I shall never gain it, I am sure."

Mrs. Browne. What! won't you try again to-morrow, Mary?

Mary. Oh! no, no, godmother; for I shall never get it by my own goodness. I now know that I am a miserable sinner, though I did not know it this morning at church.

Mrs. Browne. Then, my dear child, you have learned the best lesson you ever learned in your life.

Mary cried and sobbed very much, and said, "Godmother, if I cannot be good half an hour, to gain this little book, how can I be good all my life, to gain heaven?"

Mrs. Browne. If there was no getting to heaven but by our own goodness, my dear child, we should none of us ever get there.

Mary. But will God take me to heaven with all my sins and wickedness? Godmother, I am not fit to go to heaven.

Mrs. Browne. Certainly not. But if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be washed from your sins by his blood ; and the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ will be given you ; for the sake of which you will be taken to heaven ; and your heart will be made clean, and white, and pure, so that you will be enabled even upon earth to love God and keep his commandments.

Mary. Oh ! godmother, I know now why I have been so wicked to-day. I have not loved the Lord Jesus Christ to-day ; but I have loved myself all day, and therefore I could not keep God's commandments, because I did not love him.

Then Mrs. Browne taught Mary these verses : "Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words ; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings ; and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." John xiv. 23, 24.

By the time Mary had learned these verses, it was parade-time, so Mrs. Browne sent her home. But before they parted, she kissed her, and said, "I hope, my child, that you will remember what has happened to-day, and bear in mind continually, that if we all had what we deserved, it would not be heaven and a crown of glory, but hell and the lake which burns with fire and brimstone ; and that we have nothing to trust to but the cross of Christ. "God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world." Gal. vi. 14.

When little Mary got home, she told her mother all that had happened ; and Mrs. Mills felt very much obliged to Mrs. Browne for the pains she had taken with her little girl ; and Mary went to bed more humble, I am glad to say, than she got up.





STORY VIII.

Continuation upon the Commandments.

IT happened the next day, that a lady in the regiment (being taken ill) sent for Mrs. Mills to nurse her; for Mrs. Mills was a nice woman among sick people. And while her mother was out, Mary was sent to Mrs. Browne to stay both day and night.

Mary spent her time very pleasantly with Mrs. Browne. In the morning she used to work, and to spell, and to learn her verses; and after dinner she read aloud, while Mrs. Browne sewed; and in the evening they took a walk, and while they were walking, they used to talk, and Mrs. Browne would ask Mary many questions, and teach her many pretty things.

The first evening that Mary was at Mrs. Browne's, Mrs. Browne took Mary to walk in a very pleasant garden, about half a mile from the barracks. This garden belonged to a black man, who was very civil, and would let Mrs. Browne come in at all times, because she never meddled with anything.

It was a garden full of fine flowers, and set with tall shady trees, in which were doves and nightingales. Now I will relate to you what Mrs. Browne and Mary talked of as they walked in this garden.

And first, Mary said, "Godmother, I have been thinking all day how naughty I was yesterday ; and, not only yesterday, but what a poor miserable sinner I have been all my life, and how many, and many and many times I have broken God's commandments."

Mrs. Browne. The reason, my dear, why we break God's commandments so often is because we do not really love the Lord Jesus Christ. If the love of Christ was always in our hearts, we should not be so continually sinning as we now are. If you were to read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and consider it well, you would find that those people who love the Lord Jesus Christ are enabled to keep his commandments ; and that those who do not love him, do not keep his commandments.

Mary. Oh ! godmother, I can say several verses out of that chapter of St. John : "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me ; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father ; and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." John xiv. 21. And then there is another verse, which you taught me yesterday, when I had been riding on a stick in the *verandah*, which has almost the same meaning.

Mrs. Browne. Now can you tell me, Mary, why you did not keep God's commandments yesterday ?

Mary. Because I did not love the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Browne. Suppose you had loved him a little, do you think you should have kept his commandments better yesterday ?

Mary. Yes ; I think I should.

Mrs. Browne. And suppose that yesterday you had loved the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength, do you think you would have broken any of his commandments at all?

Mary. No, godmother, not if I had loved him with all my might; for then his Holy Spirit would have been in my heart, and I should have done everything right.

Mrs. Browne. True, Mary. It is then because we do not love the Lord Jesus Christ that we fall into sin. If we loved God entirely, we should not require to be held to our duty by strong laws enforced by severe penalties. For, as St. Paul says, "Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same: for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Romans xiii. 3, 4.

By this time Mrs. Browne and Mary were come to a bench, under some sweet-smelling trees. Then said Mrs. Browne, "Let us sit down, Mary, on this bench, and I will tell you a story." So they both sat down, and Mrs. Browne told Mary a story.

THE STORY OF THE GARDEN.

A great many years ago, there lived, in this garden, a certain gardener, who had the care of three little boys; and these little boys used to work

in his garden. These boys' names were Fijou, and Paton, and Juman. Fijou was a good-tempered boy, and loved his master so much that he would not do him an ill turn for the world; but tried to please him in everything: neither would he hurt a tree, nor a flower, nor anything belonging to his master, upon any account. Paton liked his master very well, but loved himself better: accordingly, he did not think of serving his master so much as of pleasing himself. He would be pulling the fruit in the garden, and eating it; running over the flowers, or breaking them; and so doing a great deal of mischief, though he did not intend it. But Juman, the third of these boys, quite hated his master, and sought every way of spiting him, hurting his trees and plants, and killing the birds which his master loved.

Now Paton and Juman did so much mischief that the gardener was forced to make laws for them. The first law was, that they were not to gather fruit, without asking his leave; the second law was, that they were not to throw stones at the birds; the third law was, that they were not to break the heads of the flowers. But the gardener made no laws for Fijou, because Fijou loved his master, and "love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Romans xiii. 10.

Now it happened, once upon a time, that the gardener must needs go to a *bazar*, a great way off, to sell his fruit; and must be out two or three days. So, before he went, he called his boys; and to Fijou he said, "Fijou, love me till I come back." But to Juman and Paton he repeated his laws, to wit: Do

not gather any fruit; do not throw stones at the birds; and do not break the heads of the flowers. "Moreover," he added, "if you do not remember my laws, and keep them, I will punish you on my return with a very sore punishment." So the gardener went his way. Now when he was gone, Fijou, still remembering his master, and loving him as if he were present, tried all in his power to do him service; he watered his flowers, fed his birds, and guarded his fruit. But the wicked Juman said, "Our master is gone, and will not come back for many days, so I will eat the fruit of the garden, and trample the flowers under my feet, and kill the birds for my sport, for I hate my master." Then Paton, when he saw Juman eating the fruit, thought he should like some too, for he loved himself better than his master; so he gathered and ate, and broke the laws also, as Juman did.

After a few days, the gardener came home: and when he had taken account of the boys, he took the faithful Fijou into his house, and made him as his son; but Juman and Paton he cast out of his garden, and they became *coolies* in the *bazar*.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "Which of these boys were you like yesterday?"

Mary. I think I was like Paton; for though I did not hate God so much as Juman did his master, yet I did not love him well enough to keep his laws.

Mrs. Browne. And should you like to be cast out as Paton was, and to have your portion with the wicked?

Mary. No, no, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. But I tell you, Mary, if you do not love God, you will be cast into hell; for "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." 2 Thess. i. 7-9.

"Oh!" said Mary, "I wish I could love the Lord Jesus Christ as Fijou loved his master! then I should indeed be his child, and he would take me to heaven."

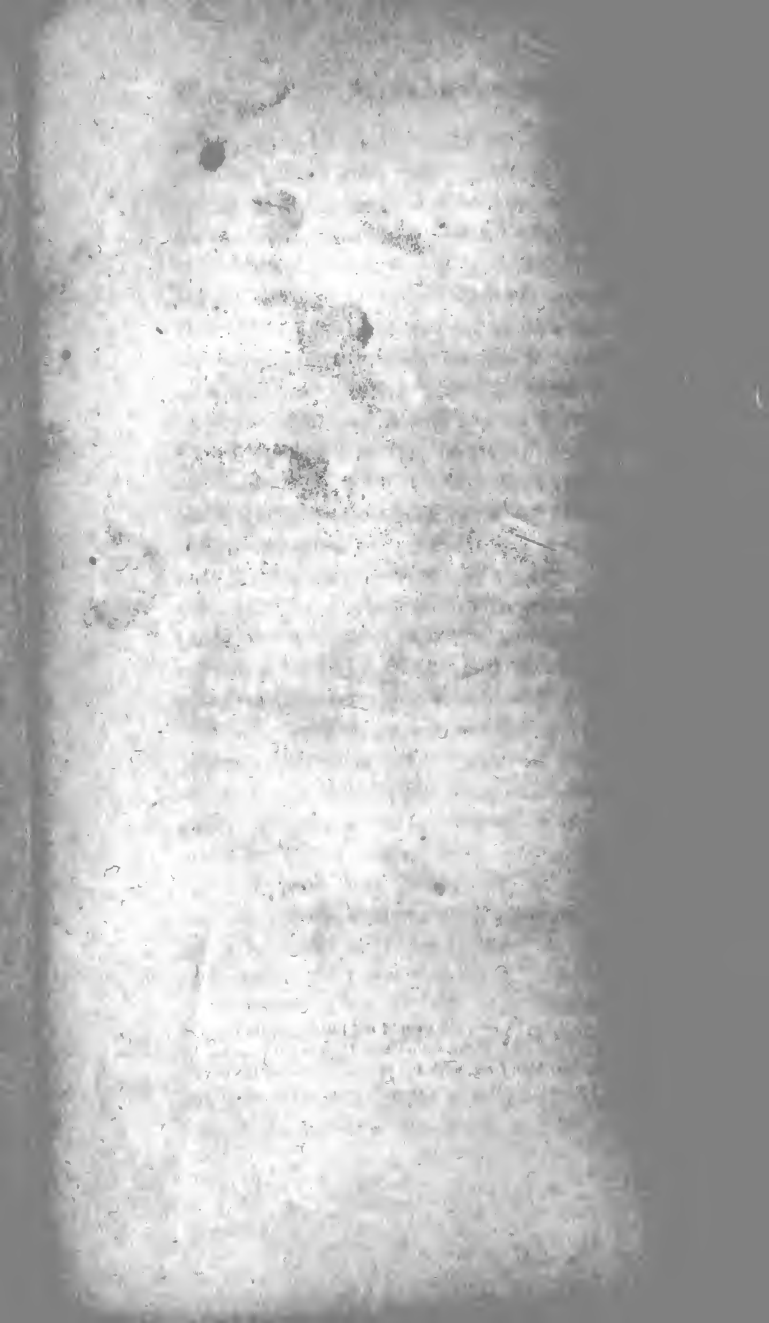
Mrs. Browne. If you really wish, Mary, to love God, you must entreat him to send his Holy Spirit to change your vile and sinful nature, and to excite in you this divine love.

Mary. I will pray, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. And you must read your Bible often. The Bible is God's book, and it speaks of all the great and kind things which the Lord God hath done for us, and how much he hath loved us sinful creatures. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. And you should think about the Lord Jesus when you are lying in your bed at night, and when you are getting up, and when you are sitting at work, and through every part of the day. You should think how much he suffered to save you from going to hell; how he came down from heaven, and became a poor weak baby, and lived thirty-three years in the world, in poverty, and



“As they went back through the garden, Mary could not but notice the beauty of the flowers and trees, the roses and the jessamine, and the orange trees bending under the weight of their golden fruit, with the pleasant sound of the doves and the nightingales, who were beginning their evening song.”—Page 67.



in great hardships; and how at last he was nailed upon the cross, and died a cruel death, to save you from perdition. Surely, you cannot think of all these things, without loving him who endured so much for you?

Then said little Mary, "Ah! godmother, how wicked I am not to love him more!"

Mrs. Browne. Then let that thought, my dear, make you feel very humble; and let it lead you, from the bottom of your heart to say (what indeed we have all cause enough to join in), Lord, Lord, I am a miserable sinner!

It was now time for Mrs. Browne and Mary to return home; so they got up from their seats, and as they went back through the garden, Mary could not but notice the beauty of the flowers and trees—the roses and the jessamine, and the orange trees bending under the weight of their golden fruit, with the pleasant sound of the doves and the nightingales, just then beginning their evening song.

Then said Mrs. Browne: "What is this garden, pretty as it is, compared with that better place which our Redeemer hath prepared for them that love him? We cannot, my dear, unless taught of God, form any notion of the glory and happiness of heaven; as it is written, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' 1 Cor. ii. 9.

Mary. Oh! godmother, what a pretty verse! Tell me another about heaven.

Mrs. Browne. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed

in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more : neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. vii. 13-17.

Now as they walked along, Mrs. Browne taught Mary these verses, and there was scarce time enough to set the tea-things before the sergeant came in from parade. So they drank tea ; and, after they had prayed, and read a chapter or two, they all went to bed.





STORY IX.

The First Commandment—"Thou shalt have no other gods but me."

THE day after Mary and Mrs. Browne had been walking in the garden, Mrs. Browne, wanting some tea and sugar, took Mary with her to the great *bazar*, to buy some. It happened that day that there was no evening parade, and the men, being at liberty, were running here and there up and down the country, and some of them were going the same way with Mrs. Browne and Mary; but they did not join company with them, for Mrs. Browne was not one for much converse with strangers, though she was civil to all who came in her way.

Now, as they were going along, Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "Of what is it said, in the Bible, that Christians should talk, as they walk by the way, Mary?"

Mary. Of God's word, I think, godmother, and his works.

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, you have answered rightly. The command given in the Bible is, that we should speak of the words of God at all times:

“Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.” Deut. xi. 18, 19. And now, Mary, that particular portion of God’s word which I wish to talk of this evening, is the first commandment. Can you say it?

Mary. Yes, godmother, to be sure.—Thou shalt have no other gods but me.

Mrs. Browne. Do you think you have ever broken that commandment, Mary?

Mary thought a little—at last she said, “No, I think not. I never remember saying my prayers to any other god but the one true God.”

Mrs. Browne. My dear, do not be too sure that you never broke this commandment; for I believe there is not a man nor woman alive who has not broken it. There are many ways of breaking it; but I will speak of one way first. To keep this commandment rightly, it is not enough to believe that there is but one God, and to worship that one God; but, as I remember I told you once before, we must have a right notion of that one God whom we worship. Now the Mohammedans, or Mussulmauns, say that there is but one God; and they say their prayers only to one God; but their god is not the God of the Christians; no, nor at all like him. If you were to read their book, which is to them as our Bible is to us, you would be frightened at the account it gives of their god: there is no manner of

likeness between their god and the God of the Christians. And do you think that these people, when they worship the god spoken of in their book, keep the first commandment, which says, Thou shalt have no other gods but me? Now, did you never, like these Mohammedans, say your prayers without having right notions about God, or even without wishing to have them?

Mary. Why, godmother, I can't say I ever thought much about God till very lately; and if I did happen to think a little about him, I thought wrong about him. One thing I used to think, that if I said my prayers, he would, for my own sake, forgive me my faults and take me to heaven. I thought nothing about the Lord Jesus, though I knew there was such a person.

Mrs. Browne. Then, my dear, you did little better than one of these Mohammedans. Your notion of God was quite wrong. You hardly knew more of the true God, the God of Christians, than the poorest and most ignorant Mussulmaun in the *bazar*.

Mary. And when I prayed to God, without knowing or thinking of his pure and holy nature, and without going to him in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, did I break the first commandment?

Mrs. Browne. To be sure, my dear, you did; because God has told us in the Bible what he is, and how he would be served. And if we do not strive to obtain the true knowledge of him from his Holy Book, and to worship him in the way he has appointed, we break his first commandment—we do not worship *him*, but a god of our own fancying.

Mary. What do the Mohammedans say about their god?

Mrs. Browne. Like us, they say, that there is but one God; but they believe that he will pardon sin without an atonement; that is, without a sacrificed Redeemer. Now, we know that the true God cannot do this; because his holy laws cannot be broken with impunity; therefore, sinners must perish, had not Christ died, the just for the unjust, to save us from sin and its punishment. Now, the Mohammedans do not represent their god as a lover of holiness and purity, like the God of the Christians; but they say that he has prepared a place for those that love him, where they may indulge in all manner of carnal delights.

Mary. Please to tell me again, godmother, what are the things most necessary for me to believe about God.

Mrs. Browne. The true God, my dear, is he that "was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." 2. Cor. v. 19. He is called in the Bible, the Lord Jehovah; and although he is but one God, yet he has taught us that in this one God there are three persons.

Mary. I do not understand how there can be three persons, godmother, in only one God.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me, my dear, how you are made up of a soul and body, while you are nevertheless but one little girl?

Mary. No, godmother, I cannot explain this.

Mrs. Browne. Then, my dear, if you cannot tell what you are yourself, is it possible for you to comprehend the nature of the infinite God?

Mary. No, godmother, to be sure.

Mrs. Browne. We must believe the holy doctrine of the Trinity, as we read it in the Bible ; and, till we go into another world, we must be content to understand this, as well as many other mysteries, only in part.

Mary. I do believe that there are three persons in one God ; and I know how these three holy persons are called—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Mrs. Browne. And you ought to know, my dear, that no person must presume to go to God the Father, but in the name of God the Son ; and that if any man dares to pray to God the Father in any other name but the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, he breaks the first commandment.

Just as Mrs. Browne had spoken these words, she heard the steps of some one following her ; and, looking back, she saw one Sergeant Burton, of the next company to her husband's, walking close behind them ; and it seemed that he had been hearkening for some time to their conversation. Now this Sergeant Burton, though not a young man, was a man who had as little of the fear of God as any man in the barracks, never setting his foot within a church door, except when under orders so to do. So the sergeant smiled when Mrs. Browne looked back ; and, stepping forward, he said, "Upon my word, Mrs. Browne, if our parson had been here, he could not have preached a longer sermon to that little lass there than you have done. And so you would make out, that every man who does not worship God after your fashion, is no better than those Mussulmaun fellows in the *bazar*?"

"I meant no offence to you, Sergeant Burton," said Mrs. Browne, civilly. "This little girl is my goddaughter, and I am willing to take all opportunities of instructing her; for God knows, in this country where one hears of so many sudden deaths, how long I may be spared to her."

Sergeant Burton. Well, but, Mrs. Browne, are you not teaching the child a very difficult doctrine? Is everybody who does not serve God after your fashion to go to hell? I say my prayers most nights, and I believe there is but one God; and yet, I suppose, you would make me out to be a breaker of the first commandment, and no better than a Musselmaun, because I go to God in my own name?

"Why, you are not a Christian, sergeant, by your own account," says Mrs. Browne; "for a Christian never goes to God in his own name, but in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; for in John xiv. 6, Christ himself hath declared—'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.'"

"Well, to be sure," says the sergeant, "what a pity it is that you are not a man, Mrs. Browne! You would make a capital parson." Then, laughing at his own wit, he walked on; and Mrs. Browne said, as soon as he was out of hearing, "Mary, my dear, let us pray to-night for that poor man. He now unthinkingly despises his Redeemer; but how will he feel, when he shall see him whom he has set at naught coming in the clouds of heaven, and all his holy angels with him, with power and great glory!" Mark xiii. 26.

Mrs. Browne added, soon afterward, "Poor Ser-

geant Burton affords another instance of breaking the first commandment. He does not worship the true God, the Holy Trinity; for he believes only, you see, in the First person; he will have nothing to do with the Second nor the Third; so he does not worship the true God, but a God of his own fancying."

Then Mrs. Browne informed Mary that there were yet many other ways of breaking this commandment, besides the one she had already pointed out. "Whoever," said she, "loves house, land, husband, wife, son or daughter more than God, makes a god of that thing, and worships the creature instead of the Creator."

Mrs. Browne continued, "Many years ago, Mary, I had one little boy (I never had but one), and he was a very lovely babe. I loved him so much that I thought of nothing but my sweet baby morning, noon and night. I loved him so that I forgot the God who made him and gave him to me; yes, I made a god of my baby. When he was two years old, he fell sick and died; and then, in my grief, I recollected how wicked I had been, in disregarding that divine declaration: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.'" Matt. x. 37.

Mary could not help crying as she heard Mrs. Browne speak of her dear baby; and said, "God-mother, is he gone to heaven?"

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, I believe that he was received into heaven for the sake of his blessed Saviour; for he had been baptized into Christ's death,

that he might be a partaker of his resurrection, and the Lord Jesus loves little children, and has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark x. 14.

Just as Mrs. Browne had repeated this verse, there came a woman straight toward them from the *bazar* way. She was so loaded with all kinds of things, which she had been buying at the *bazar*, that she was ready to drop under the weight of them, it being a very warm evening. When she came near, "I do think," said Mrs. Browne, "that there is Sally Hicks, of the grenadiers; what can she have loaded herself so for, this warm evening? Was there not a *coolie* to be had in the *bazar*?"

When Sally Hicks drew nearer, Mrs. Browne perceived that she was ready to faint with heat; upon which Mrs. Browne called to her, saying, "Mrs. Hicks, you will destroy yourself. Do let me run and call a *coolie* to help you."

Mrs. Hicks set down her basket upon a heap of clay in the road, and stood fanning herself with her bonnet, till Mrs. Browne came up, and again requested her, "Do, Mrs. Hicks, let me run for a *coolie* to assist you."

"Oh, dear!" says Mrs. Hicks, "do you think I am like your fine folks, that cannot carry a bit of a basket?"

Mrs. Browne. Oh! as to that, I see no shame in carrying anything; but the weather is hot, and you will fatigue yourself to death. Next thing I shall hear will be that you are gone to the hospital with the fever.

Sally Hicks. If it were ten times hotter, I could not find in my heart to give a *pice* to a fellow for just carrying a basket. Why, I shall be ruined without that! Do you know, all I could do and say, I could not get as much sugar, by two *chuttack*, for eight *annas*, as I did last twenty-fourth? And then the butter! only two balls for three *pice*! and so small! I'll have no more butter! I'll use *cherbi* for the next *curry* I make. Butter is enough to ruin a body.

Mrs. Browne. Come, come, you should not fret. Think how much better we are off in this country than in England.

Mrs. Hicks. Better! better, I don't see that. I am sure I strive and strive, and yet, last month, I could only lay by eight *rupees* and four *puckers*. And there's my husband, he won't sell his drams; and he will have a white loaf every Sunday for his breakfast.

Mrs. Browne. Well, if he only eats his own, he does very well.

Mrs. Hicks. Very well, Mrs. Browne! Dear! how you talk! You sergeants have no pity for us poor folks. We strive and strive, and pinch and pinch, and yet can save next to nothing. And, then, there's the *rupees* that I have at interest, they do not bring me in so much by twelve *annas* a month as I thought they would.

"Oh! Mrs. Hicks," said Mrs. Browne, "how over-anxious you are about money! Do you expect to live in this world for ever, that you are so anxious to lay up for the morrow? Do you not know what directions our Lord has given us on this subject in

his sermon on the Mount?—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. vi. 19-21.

Mrs. Hicks stared at Mrs. Browne, and did not seem to understand one word of what she said, but, taking up her basket, off she trudged.

When she was out of hearing, "Mary, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "of what is poor Mrs. Hicks in danger of making a god?"

Mary answered, "I think she makes a god of her *rupees*."

Mrs. Browne. What commandment do we break by loving our *rupees* too much?

Mary. The first; for it is worshipping another god besides the Lord Jehovah.

Mrs. Browne. True, my dear, and I can teach you a verse to the very purpose: "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry." Col. iii. 5.

By this time, Mary and Mrs. Browne were come into the entrance of the *bazar*, and they saw, under an old tree, several frightful images, with monstrous faces and many hands, such as the Hindoos worship.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "What commandments do the Hindoos break, when they worship those vile images?"

Mary. They break the first, and I think the second too.

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, and the third also : for, in the first place, they give to another the worship due only to the Lord Jehovah ; secondly, they make a vile image, as the object of worship ; and thirdly, they take the holy name of God in vain, by giving it to their vile images, which are no other than representations of devils. 1 Cor. x. 20.


Mrs. Browne was now come to the shop where the tea and sugar were to be had : so she bought what she wanted, and made haste home, for it was late.





STORY X.

The Second Commandment—"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and show mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments."

HILE the sergeant, and Mrs. Browne, and Mary were sitting at breakfast the next morning, who should come up to the door of their room but Black John, as the soldiers used to call him, with a basket of eggs and some fine fresh radishes. "Oh!" cried little Mary, "if you want any real good eggs, godmother, here is Black John." Now this Black John was an old native, who used to come about with eggs, and fowls, and garden-stuff, to sell; and there was this thing remarkable in him, that he always spoke the truth. If he said his eggs were fresh, fresh they were sure to be; and so

his fowl and his garden-stuff were exactly such as he described them; he never put off anything bad for what should be good, and was content with a moderate price: only he did not like ill words; and those who gave him such never saw him again at their *berths*. Black John was a Christian, though he dressed altogether like a native, excepting that, in the cold season, he was very fond of an old English cloth coat, and beaver hat or cap; and nothing pleased him better than the present of a cast-off scarlet jacket from any of the men. Having mixed much among the white people for many years, Black John could speak English surprisingly well, and he could read it also.

Black John's chief favourite in the barracks at that time was Sergeant Browne: for the sergeant, understanding he could read, had given him several books, and one in particular, which he prized very highly; it was a Common Prayer-Book, in a large handsome print, which the sergeant lighted upon very cheap at a sale. It was a thing which Black John had long desired, but he never could muster the money to buy it; for prayer-books are very dear in the Europe shops.

"Why, John," says the sergeant, while Mrs. Browne was looking out the *pice* for the eggs and radishes, "you have not been our way this long time."

"*Saheb*," answered Black John, "I have had nothing lately to sell. But I shall have plenty, soon, of all kinds of things from the garden, and young chickens too, and pigeons, if you want any. But, *saheb*, you promised me, some time ago, that you

would come to see me at my house, and yet you never come."

Sergeant Browne. I don't know where you live, John.

Black John. Do you know those trees beyond the hospital, by the river's side?

Sergeant Browne. Ay, surely.

Black John. Just at the farther end of those trees is my house and garden.

So the sergeant promised to come and see him the next evening in which there was no parade or other duty; and Black John went away with his basket.

Toward the end of that week, it fell out one evening that there was no parade, and the sergeant was quite at liberty for two or three hours. So he be-thought himself of Black John; and he, and his wife and Mary, set out to visit him.

It was as pleasant an evening as could be for this country. The sun was under clouds, and the wind blew fresh; and, many of the trees being in blossom, the air was perfumed with sweet smells.

They soon found Black John's house. It was, as he said, by the river's side, beyond the hospital, hard by an old clump or grove of trees; and his house and garden might be known from a thousand others by their extraordinary neatness. His garden was full of trees, and was well fenced round with a ditch and *mindy* hedge. His house, indeed, which was built of clay, was but small, having only two rooms within; but in the front there was a pretty bamboo porch, which had a very pleasant appearance. The old man himself was busy in his garden with his son, a lad about twelve years old; and his wife, who

was a native woman, was feeding the fowls and pigeons at the house-door, when the sergeant and Mrs. Browne came up.

At sight of the sergeant, John's wife ran in and hid herself, as the fashion of this country is for women to keep very private; but Black John came forward, and brought his visitors into the porch, where he was, however, hard put to it to provide them with seats; for he had not such a thing as a chair in his house. Nevertheless, he found a *mora* for Mrs. Browne; and the sergeant and Mary made shift to sit on a little mat. So they soon fell into discourse; and the sergeant, after a while, put the question to Black John, How he came to be a Christian? and whether he was born of Christian parents? And so, from one thing to another, they went on till Black John told the sergeant his whole history.

BLACK JOHN'S STORY.

"I was borne at the Upper Buxar," said John, "of the Brahmun caste; but I remember neither father nor mother. They died when I was quite an infant. And I believe I should have died too, of downright want, had not an old Brahmun, or holy man, who lived in a grove, under a large fig tree, where was an idol of *Vishnou*, taken pity on me, and given me my *khauna*; for I neither wanted house nor clothes."

"Brahmun!" said Mrs. Browne; "though I have often heard of Brahmuns, I cannot say that I rightly know what Brahmuns are."

Sergeant Browne. Why, wife, as I take it, the

Brahmuns are the caste of folks in this country from which the priests are chosen.

Mrs. Browne. Somewhat, I suppose, like the Levites among the Jews ; from among whom also their priests were chosen.

“ True,” said the sergeant.

Black John went on with his story : “ The first thing that I can remember, was being in this grove, sitting under this holy tree, as I was taught to think it. At the foot of this tree was a little stone figure of *Vishnou* (that is, one of this country gods), as frightful a figure as you can imagine, not above a foot high, with a face as big as all the rest of his body together. But this ugly image I was taught to reverence as a most powerful god ; and the old man used to tell me long stories of wonderful things that were done by this piece of stone. The country people, too, used to come sometimes from a very great distance to worship this vile image, and to bring presents of rice and sweetmeats to it. The old man would entertain these people, as he did me, with long stories of miracles done by the image, and of what it occasionally said to him, and they believed it all. But, for my part, I never saw it stir from its place, nor so much as open its ugly mouth : and, though I was such a child, I began to suspect my old man of being a great liar.

“ The poor old man, however, behaved kindly to me. We lived on the rice and presents that were brought to our idol ; and I used sometimes to be even entertained with the wild and ridiculous tales which he told. I might be about ten years of age, or somewhat more, when, on getting up one morning in the

midst of the cold season, I found my old man dead ; an event which had most probably been caused by the excessive keenness of the night air. At first, I could not believe that he was dead. I turned his head about and about, and called to him, and shook him ; but when I found he was really dead, I set up such a loud howling that the woods rang again. No answer however was made to my cries, excepting by the pigeons and brahminee kites.

“ Toward midday, the corpse of the poor old man began to change, and to look so frightful, that I could bear to stay with it no longer. So I left the body for the jackals and crows to devour ; and, taking the old man’s brass *lota*, which was all the riches he had, I set off from the wood, and went toward the river, which was not, at high water, above half a *coss* from the wood.

“ When I came down to the river, I saw a boat fastened to the shore ; near which a company of Brahmuns was gathered together on the river bank, who were going from the Hurdwaur, or source of the Ganges, to Calcutta ; some of whom were cooking their victuals, some smoking their *hookas*, and others fast asleep. I went up to them, and told them my history ; informing them that I was the son of a Brahmun, and begging their charity. But they went on with what they were about, and paid little heed to me ; only one threw me a handful of dry rice, which I was glad enough of, I can assure you. While I was gathering up the rice, I heard a rustling in some long grass near me ; whence I soon perceived a serpent, which had been disturbed by some of the company, gliding out of the grass toward an old

Brahmun, who was sleeping hard by. I snatched up a stick, and running up to the old man, killed the serpent, just at the moment it was darting at him. When this old Brahmun had learned my history, and was told what I had done for him, and that but for me he had now been a dead man, he told me I should go with him to Calcutta, and that he would provide for me; and he was as good as his word. I went on board the boat with him that night, and he took me to Calcutta.

“The old man was a priest of one the idol temples, or great pagodas, near Calcutta. He had been visited by a dream, in which he fancied that his idol had ordered him to go on a pilgrimage to Hurdwaur (which is reckoned a very holy place among the Hindoos), from which place he was returning when I lighted upon him in the way I have told you. He was as full of superstitious tales and lies as my old man who died in the woods; but he was, withal, more greedy of gain, intolerably proud, abounding in all manner of wickedness, and filled with the most filthy and abominable conceits; so that a more vile old man could scarcely be; yet he behaved well enough to me, seeing I had saved his life.

“When I came to the great pagoda, of which my master was one of the chief priests, my eyes were at first dazzled with all its gaudy ornaments; and I admired the monstrous idols painted on the walls in gold and scarlet colour. I was perhaps a little more than ten years old when I first arrived at Calcutta, where I served in some of the humblest offices about this pagoda, it might be for four years. And, were I to tell you all the wickedness which I saw practiced



"I soon perceived a serpent, which had been disturbed by some of the company, gliding out of the grass towards an old Brahmin who was sleeping hard by. I snatched up a stick, and running up to the old man, killed the serpent just at the moment it was darting at him."—Page 86.

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before these idols, more especially on the days of the great feasts, when the temples were lighted up, and the horns and drums were sounded, it would make you tremble, and say, that the devil was there indeed, and that hell was opened upon earth. But such things should not be once named among Christians.

“Now, as I said, I had been about four years in the service of my master, the Brahmun, performing some of the meanest services about the great pagoda, when, one day, a very rich native came from Calcutta, to be cured of a severe sickness with which he had been troubled many years; for my master pretended to cure all kinds of sickness. I was standing by my master, while he sat discoursing with this native, and I heard him tell the sick man, that he could do nothing for him, till he had presented the god with a silver ornament of such a certain weight and shape. Accordingly, the sick man went back to his house; whence, a few days after, at the feast of the *Hooley*, he returned again, bringing with him the required present, which was a heavy chain of wrought silver, which was immediately hung round the neck of the idol. From the time that I saw the chain, Satan filled my mind with covetous desires; so that I could think of nothing, night or day, but of stealing it. But how was this to be done? I could not do it by day, without being seen; and my master slept every night in the temple, at the foot of the idol.

“However, my covetousness could not let me rest, and I determined, cost what it would, to make the chain my own. So, one night, when there was no

light from the moon or stars, I resolved to make the trial. My usual sleeping-place was upon a little mat, under a shed, in one corner of the court of the pagoda. When all was quiet, I crept from my corner, having thrown aside all my *copra* but my *cummerbund*, and made my way to the inner door of the pagoda. There was a lamp burning before the great idol, and my master was, as I thought, asleep at the foot of it. I crept round the wall as softly as I could, and, first blowing out the light, I twitched the chain from the neck of the idol, and was making off, as I thought safe enough, when I felt some one seize me by the throat. It was my master. We struggled for some moments; but, he being very old, I proved the stronger; and taking him by his long hair, I dashed him upon the ground. I fear that I killed him (a thought that has been most painful to me ever since), for I heard him groan as I fled from the pagoda, not daring to stay there any longer. I now made my way with all speed through the gates of the court, and ran I knew not which way, imagining that I was pursued all the night.

“At break of day I found myself far enough from Calcutta, in a wild marshy country, without clothes, without home, without friends, and nothing to comfort me but my chain; and all the while I seemed to hear my old master’s frightful groans. Most thankfully would I then have given all I had to recall the circumstances of the preceding day; but what was passed could not be called back.

“I hid my chain in my *cummerbund*, and ran on

all day, as if pursued ; getting more and more among the marshes of the Sunderbunds."

"The Sunderbunds !" said Mrs. Browne ; "what are those?"

Sergeant Browne. Why, my dear, yon river, which is the Ganges, empties itself into the sea, down below, by, at least, a hundred mouths. And the country round about those mouths of the Ganges is all swamp and salt-water marshes—a dismal wild country, full of tigers and other fierce creatures, as I have heard some of our men say who came through it ; so that, except here and there, no human creature can live in it.

Black John. "There are, however, some few villages, thereabouts, though they are poor places. But I was, at that time, so conscience-struck that, for many days, I kept wandering about the woods and marshes, not daring to face a fellow-creature, till I was nearly famished. And what completed my misery was, that, when I came to examine my chain I found it was not silver, but some base metal washed over with silver ; for my old master, it seemed, had been beforehand with me, taking the silver one to himself, and getting this made to put in its stead. So I cast it away in my grief.

"Well, not to make my story too long, while I wandered among the woods I had many thoughts, such as had never come into my mind before ; more especially relating to my own wickedness, and the wickedness of all the world. I began also to suspect that those great blocks of wood and stone, which I had been accustomed to serve, could not be real gods ; otherwise they would not stand quietly, and suffer

us to put the tricks upon them which we did. At last, being ready to perish with hunger, I was compelled, at all ventures, to leave the lonely woods and marshes, and to seek some habitation of man. And it chanced, that in the first village I lighted upon there were several families of white people, as well as many natives ; it was a pretty village enough, but lay very retired.

“ When I came into the village, I looked about for some of whom I might ask relief. At length I came to a little *bungalow*, standing in a garden ; where a white *padre*, it being then the cool of evening, was gathering vegetables in the garden.”

“ A *padre* !” says the sergeant ; “ what, a parson do you mean ? Are there any of our parsons thereabouts ?”

Black John. “ No, not of your sort ; this was a Roman Catholic *padre*, from Europe as well as your *padre*, and a white man. There are many of the Roman *padres* down about Calcutta, and in many other parts of the country.”

Mrs. Browne. Ay, surely. I saw one the other day here. He had a long black gown on down to his heels ; and a cord, or rope round his waist ; with a small black silk cap on his head.

Black John. “ Well, I made up to this white *padre*, for I knew what he was well enough ; and telling him a long story, very little of which was true, I begged a few *cowries* for heaven’s sake.

“ After having asked me several questions, he told me, that, if I was willing to give up my *caste*, and the customs of my father’s house, he would relieve my wants. I had now nothing to lose ; and know-

ing that I must never again show my face among the Brahmuns, I told him that I was ready to perish with hunger ; that I was his slave, and would do anything to serve him.

“ ‘ But,’ said he, ‘ are you willing to give up the gods of your fathers, and to follow the religion which I will teach you? You say you are a Hindoo.—Will you forsake the worship of the Hindoo gods, which are no better than devils, and be taught of me?’

“ I was too hungry to stand arguing with him. I agreed therefore to do whatever he pleased ; whereupon he ordered one of his servants immediately to bring me a dish of boiled rice and salt.

“ The next day he set me to work in his garden for some hours, and afterward gave me some instruction in his religion. He had many followers in the village ; to whom he preached, at least, once every day, besides catechising the younger sort. I soon found out that the way to please my master was, to counterfeit a conviction that his religion was the only true one, and to take so much heed to his instructions as might enable me to repeat the answers in his catechism with tolerable exactness. I wanted neither cunning nor a good memory ; and so speedily becoming a mighty favourite with him, he removed me from his garden to his house ; he baptized me, giving me the name of John ; clothed me well ; took me wherever he went ; and even would set me to teach the children of such as were his followers.

“ Moreover, he taught me to read and write, and to speak the English tongue ; for he was from Ireland, where, as I understand, they speak the same tongue as they do in your country.”

"To be sure they do," says the sergeant; "we are all under one king, and are as one people; only there is a little bit of a sea between us. But there are a number of those Romans in Ireland."

Black John. "Well, now I was a Christian in name, and in outside show, as much as the best of you. But that was all; for, while I lived with my *padre*, I had no more notion of the real Christian religion than yonder crow, and was but a very little farther from idolatry than I had been before; finding no manner of change in my heart, nor indeed perceiving the need of it."

Sergeant Browne. Well, I should like to know what the *padre* taught you. I never rightly understood what those Romans are. They talk of Christ and of the Virgin Mary, and call themselves Christians; but old Sergeant Cooper used to say, that the Roman religion was no more like the true Christian religion than a rotten egg is like a fresh one.

Black John. "Why, in the first place, though my master taught me to read, yet he never put a Bible in my hand. They don't hold it good for the people to read the Bible."

Sergeant Browne. Then, I take it, that's the bottom of all their wrong-doing. Why, if I miss my Bible but one or two days, I find myself, as it were, going back.

Black John. "My *padre* was as full of wild tales about his saints as ever my old man in the woods could be about his gods. I have turned the Bible over and over to find one of the many stories which he used to tell me about the Assumption of St. Mary, and about St. Francis, and St. Bridget,

and fifty more—but I never could meet with anything of the sort in that holy Book.”

Sergeant Browne. Then you may be sure that an acquaintance with these tales is not necessary to salvation, because we know that the Bible contains all things necessary to salvation, as the prophet Isaiah speaks: “To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.” Isaiah viii. 20.

Black John. “Now these saints were no more (as I ever could make out) than men and women like ourselves, and born as we are, in sin; yet my master held that, after baptism, these men not only ceased to sin, but were enabled to do as many good works as were sufficient to save their own souls, besides some to spare for their neighbours in need.”

Sergeant Browne. Why, that was destroying, altogether, the doctrine of Christ’s being the only way to heaven. Where was the need of Christ’s dying for us upon the cross, if men and women have power to save themselves and others by their good works?

Black John. “My master taught me to pray to these saints, and gave me many little images of them, for the very purpose of saying my prayers to them. He gave me, also, the figure of our Lord Jesus Christ, cut in stone, and hanging upon the cross, and an *Agnus Dei*, or Lamb of God; and to these two I was to make my prayers. So, as I said before, I was no further from idolatry with the *padre* than when I was living under the great fig-tree, or in the pagoda. But after I was baptized, my master having taught me that all my past sins

were washed away, and that I might now, by my own good works, like other saints and holy men, make sure of heaven, I became wonderfully proud and self-conceited. And though my heart was never a whit changed, and sin reigned therein I think more than ever (for I felt inclined to commit every kind of crime which might fall in my way), yet I counted myself not far behind the chiefest of their saints, because I habitually repeated long prayers, so many scores in a morning, so many scores at noon, and so many at night; and because, just to please my master, I catechised the children, and attended mass, which is the name the Romans give to the Lord's Supper.

"But," said Black John, "the evening closes in fast, so I must hasten to the end of my story. I lived with my master, the *padre*, till I was twenty-one or twenty-two years of age; at which time he removed to Calcutta, whither I also ventured to accompany him, being then so totally changed, both in person and apparel, as to apprehend no danger of detection from the Brahmuns.

"At Calcutta my master hired two or three rooms in a house belonging to an elderly English gentleman, who seemed to be not much richer than my master; but he was a quiet man, and a good neighbour, and, out of the little he possessed, was ready to give to all who wanted. He had a way of keeping a little bag of *pice* in his writing-box, so that when any poor man came to the door, he had something always ready to give him. My money at that time running short, I began to think that I might as well help myself out of the old gentleman's bag.

Accordingly, I went, at different times, when I thought I had him safe out of the way, and took out one, two, or three *pice*, according to the number in the bag. A drop of holy water, and a score or two of prayers to one of the saints, I imagined would wash away these little sins. One day, however, it happened, when I thought that I had my old gentleman safe, that I went to the box as usual, and was going to help myself; when he came into the room, and caught me with my hand in the bag. I now thought myself a lost man; and, falling at his feet, I humbly besought his mercy. To my utter astonishment, he raised me up kindly, and said, ‘My young man, I forgive you: so may God forgive me.’ And then he spoke to me in such a feeling way concerning the wickedness of stealing, and of God’s hatred to sin, that I was cut to the heart. But I was still more touched when he took his little bag of *pice* and gave it to me, saying, ‘My young man, I know that your master is not rich; and you may, sometimes, be at a loss for a little money; if so, I would rather that you should tell me, and, so far as I am able, I will help you. You bear the Christian name; and I should be sorry that one bearing that name should be lost for a few *annas*.’

“I thanked him for his kindness with tears; for I had never met with such goodness as this before. And I remember that I made him a number of promises that I never would again be guilty of thieving.

“‘My young man,’ said he, ‘you speak very fair; but you seem not to know, that, from the wickedness of your heart, you are not able of your-

self to keep these promises. You cannot do well without help from heaven : it is not in your power.'

" 'I will pray then,' said I, 'to all the saints for their help.' 'Those saints,' said the old gentleman, 'are only men and women, like yourself. They can do nothing for you. You must ask God for assistance, and not apply to creatures who are as weak and sinful as yourself.'

"I then took from my bosom an *Agnus Dei* (which, as I said before, is the figure of a little lamb, signifying the Lamb of God, or Jesus Christ), and said, 'I will pray to this: this is the image of God himself, and he will help me.'

"The old gentleman said, 'My son, know you not the commandments of God?—that there are ten chief or primary commandments, the second of which is, Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and show mercy unto thousands in them that love me, and keep my commandments.'

" 'You see,' continued the old gentleman, 'and you despise the gross idolatry of the Hindoos, and think their religion hateful; but wherein are you better than they? You worship, like them, stocks and stones, men and women; you make images of God (of which you are forbidden to make any likeness), and fall down and worship them. You are as much an idolater as the poor natives in their

pagodas ; and while you continue to follow this vile worship of images, your heart will remain polluted with sin, and the land will groan, as this now does, with murder and robbery, and uncleanness of every kind ; for there is no blessing promised to idolaters or to their children ; but God will show mercy unto thousands in them that love him and keep his commandments.’

“The old gentleman concluded by giving me a Bible, and earnestly begging me to read it. After all his kindness, I could not refuse what he asked : I read it indeed, but always in private ; since I did not dare to let my master see that I had such a thing. I shortly began to take a great interest in my Bible, and used often to go to the gentleman to ask the meaning of such parts as I did not understand.

“When we had been at Calcutta about a twelve-month, my master was taken ill and died ; after which the old gentleman engaged me in his service, and, as he was in trade, I became very useful to him, and lived with him many years. It was he who brought me up the country. I remained with him, in all, twenty years ; for he was very old indeed when he died. And in his service, though not till after some years had passed away, I got that which was better than all the *rupees* I could save—a true and right knowledge of the Christian religion gathered from the Bible itself. He persuaded me to renounce all my Roman doctrines ; to trust no longer in my own good works or deservings, the best of which, he assured me, were but as filthy rags ; and to take fast hold by faith of the Lord

Jesus Christ, in whom alone we can hope for salvation: 'for all the gods of the people, said he, are idols; but the Lord made the heavens.' 1 Chron. xvi. 26. By the knowledge of these truths, I was led not only to lament and abhor the wickedness of my past life; but to discover also the vileness of my heart as the secret cause of all that wickedness. Moreover, I learned where to go (even to the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ) for the pardon of my sins, and for grace to teach me, a poor miserable sinner, how to live, in some degree, to his glory.

"And God has blessed me," said Black John, "most wonderfully since I renounced all my idols. I have this pleasant house and garden, and store of good things of this world; a wife who fears God; and a son, who is exceedingly dutiful—to whom God, I trust, will show mercy, in withholding him from turning back to the idolatries of his forefathers."

"You must pray for him," said the sergeant, "and put the Bible into his hands."

"That I do daily," answered Black John.

"Well," said the sergeant, getting up and giving Black John his hand, "it has done me good to hear this story. Would God that there were more of your sort, John! No matter what the colour of the skin is, if the heart be but cleansed. I hope, John, that you and I may meet in a better world!"

"God grant it!" said Black John.

So the sergeant and his family took leave; and the sergeant was obliged to step forward pretty briskly, to be in barracks by roll-call.



STORY XI.

The Third commandment—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

TWAS on Saturday evening that the sergeant went to see Black John; and, on the Sunday following, there was no service in the church, by reason of the illness of the clergyman. Now it happened, as the sergeant was reading to his family, that three or four men, who sat talking together upon a guard-cot, just out at the door in the *verandah*, began to take the name of God in vain, after the fashion of too many in this country, and, indeed, of the irreligious in all countries. They were not speaking in any heat or anger neither; for they were telling each other tales of what had happened to them in other places, and all, as I say, in good humour.

The sergeant was at that time reading John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, "For," said he to his wife, "Mary will understand it perhaps better than a sermon book." But when the men began with their oaths, the sergeant became restless, and shifted from place to place. At last, down went the book;

"Wife," said he, "if ever poor pilgrims were in Vanity Fair, this is surely our case. Of all the inconveniences of barracks, in my mind, this is the worst—the being forced to hear so much profane discourse." So saying he went out into the *verandah*, and thus accosted the men; "My lads, I wish I could persuade you to let that holy name alone."

"What name?" asked the men.

"What name?" said the sergeant; "why, God's name, to be sure. You have it at every word. It's a bad custom, my lads—a very bad custom."

"Oh!" said one of the young men, whose name was Dick Rowe, "we mean no harm by it, Sergeant Browne. It's just a way of speaking we have. We mean no offence to God; nor to you neither."

Sergeant Browne. But don't you know, Rowe, that there is a direct, downright command against taking that name in our mouths every minute? Didst thou never learn thy Catechism, my lad.

Dick Rowe. Oh! the Church Catechism?—To be sure, I have. What did I go to school for?

Sergeant Browne. Well, and what's the third commandment.

Dick Rowe. The third commandment?—No; I can't say as I rightly know it. It's a good while since I left school.

Sergeant Browne. It is this: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Dick Rowe. So it is, sergeant; so it is. I remember it now.

Sergeant Browne. You see, Dick, by this com-

mandment, that we are not to take God's holy name in our mouths every minute. "Holy and reverend is his name," says King David. Psalm cxi. 9.

Dick Rowe. But, Sergeant Browne, God is not so particular as all that comes to ; he does not notice every word that a man may use in conversation with his fellows. I should be sorry to offend you, sergeant, because you have stood my friend many a time ; and so, when I think of it, I won't say the word again in your hearing. But I cannot imagine that it is such a sin, just to repeat God's name in our common talk, as you would have it.

Sergeant Browne. Why, as to its being a sin, and a very greivous one, there can be no doubt of that, Dick. Think how great God is, and how very holy his name is ; and think again, that he has given us particular orders not to repeat his name in a light way. Why, if there is an order given out from the colonel, though it be about ever so little a matter, a good soldier thinks it his duty to observe it :—how much more, then, is it our duty to obey God's commands ! and he has, as I have shown you, forbidden us, in the plainest words, to use his name lightly ; and, more than that, he has forbidden us to use any kind of oaths. What does our Lord say on this subject ? "I say unto you, Swear not at all : neither by heaven ; for it is God's throne : nor by the earth ; for it is his footstool : neither by Jerusalem ; for it is the city of the Great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black : but let your communication be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay : for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." Matt. v. 34-37. And again,

“But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation.” James v. 12.

Dick Rowe. But this is a fault, sergeant, into which so many fall—God help us, if we are all to be damned who are guilty of it. The world is in a bad way, if all that the good folks say is true.

Sergeant Browne. Who ever doubted that the world is in a bad way? Why did God himself come down from heaven, and take man’s nature on him, and die upon the cross a cruel death, if the world was not in a bad way, by reason of sin? But, as to this matter of taking God’s holy name in vain, I could tell you a story, which happened before my eyes when I was a youngster, *pat* to the purpose. Many a time I have thought of it since. It is now a good many years since I came to this regiment. I might be about seventeen or eighteen at that time, and I was from the very same town as our colonel; and so, being known to him, and to all his family, I was in his favour, and he employed me to take care of his horse, and wait at table, and such things. Our regiment then lay in Yorkshire.

Dick Rowe. Not this same colonel we have now?

Sergeant Browne. No, nor the one before him. It was one Colonel Drummond. He had been as fine a man in his younger days, I am sure, as you could see; but he was then far in years, and was the father of a noble set of children, mostly grown up, and brought up in the fear of God; for both the colonel and his lady were God-fearing people.

“While I served the colonel,” continued the sergeant, “one of his sons, a young gentleman not quite fifteen, came from one of the London schools, and his father had interest enough to get him an ensigncy in this regiment. He was a fine boy; but, like other boys of his age, he was mighty full of himself, and much harder to please than his father.

“It would have made you smile to have seen him swagger about when he got his first uniform coat, and to hear how he blustered before his sisters, and before the men on parade, when the old gentleman was not within hearing. His name was Frederick Drummond; I remember the name well, though I don’t know that ever I heard it either before or since. Well, it happened, one day, when I was waiting at table, that Master Frederick came out with the name of God, as he was speaking to one of his sisters; whereupon his father rebuked him, and that more sharply than I ever heard him before upon any occasion; for Colonel Drummond never allowed any profane word to be used in his presence, nor any sacred thing or person to be spoken of lightly.

“Master Frederick answered, that the young men at school were in the habit of using such language on all occasions.

“‘Be that it may,’ said his father, ‘if you wish for my favour, never let me hear a word of the kind again; and do not think, young man, that you are either the better gentleman, or the better soldier, because you dare to be profane.’”

Dick Rowe. Why, sure, Colonel Drummond was one of a thousand.

“Nay,” said the sergeant, “I hope there are many

like him now ; and God grant that there may be more hereafter. Well, but to go on with my story, I don't know that I ever heard young Mr. Frederick come out with a word of the kind again before his father ; but on parade, before the colonel came on, he would often give the company a spice of what he had learned at school ; for, like most lads of his age, he was a mighty bully where he could be, though he afterward became a very fine officer and a worthy man.

“ Well, it was one king's birth-day, I was standing on parade with the colonel's horse ; there was, hard by, a little copse or grove of trees, and a hay-stack ; and my master, the colonel, was standing just within the trees, talking on some business with the major, and so placed that, without intending it, for he was above being a mean listener, somewhat of what passed at our end of the parade could not but reach his ears.

“ Well, Mr. Frederick came on parade before any of the other officers of his company, and began to call about him in a wonderful manner, taking the sacred name of God in vain at every other word, not once dreaming who was so near ; but his father was, at first, so much busied with what he was saying to the major, that he did not notice what his son was about.

“ Now, there was, at that time, in the same company with Mr. Frederick, a private who had received a wound on the head on the Continent. He was, at most times, a quiet, good fellow as could be ; but one cup of beer more than common, made him quite mad, and then, I believe had the king come before

him, and affronted him, he would not have spared his Majesty. He was found, soon afterward, unfit for service, and discharged. The men used to call him Crazy Will. It so happened, that this day, being the king's birth-day, Will had taken a pint of beer extraordinary, and had an answer ready for any one ; and, unluckily, Mr. Frederick, not knowing his infirmity, rebuked him sharply, as he stood in the ranks.—I forget what for. No sooner had he spoken, than Will broke out, as none but a madman would have done, to be sure ; repeating the name of Mr. Frederick with the utmost contempt, and that so loud, that the whole regiment could not but hear from one end to the other. Now the officers, by this time, being mostly come on parade, Mr. Frederick was ready to burst with rage ; when perceiving his father stepping forward to mount his horse, he went up to him, to ask what he should do with that madman, as he rightly called him ; but the young gentleman, in his passion, forgetting his father's orders, began to use the name of God as freely as Crazy Will had done his own.

“ The colonel—I shall never forget him—hearkened to what his son had to say with the greatest coolness ; but when Mr. Frederick asked him how the man, who had thus publicly insulted his authority was to be punished, without making him an immediate answer, he ordered the bugle to sound for breaking up parade ; when dismounting, and taking his son by the arm, he led him into the copse, bidding me follow with the horse.

“ When the colonel was out of hearing of the regiment, he stopped, and taking his son's hand, ‘ Fred-

erick,' said he, 'I am not willing that you should lose the advantage which this occurrence may afford you, if rightly received. The Almighty God, who is Ruler of all things, the God of gods, the King of kings, the Lord of hosts, has signified his will, that his name should never be lightly used by his creatures. Now if a regiment, which consists, at most, of not above twelve hundred men, cannot exist if insubordination and contempt of orders be permitted in it; how much less can God's kingdom prosper if he allows his creatures to break his commands and despise his holy name? You have felt to-day what it is to have your name disrespectfully used in the front of the whole regiment; and yet, Frederick, what has been your constant habit lately? whose sacred name have you daily profaned? whose commands have you openly despised? You call upon me to punish the poor madman who has offended you; but what would be the case, Frederick, if God should be extreme to mark what you have done amiss?'

"I heard every word of this; I believe the colonel meant I should; and I saw poor Mr. Frederick blush and hold down his head, without being able to speak for some minutes.

"That poor man who offended you, Frederick,' said the colonel, 'is, at times, mad; but, for the sake of example, for the sake of order and military discipline, he must be punished.'

"No, sir, no,' said Mr. Frederick; 'let him be forgiven, and so may God forgive me.'

"The colonel answered, 'His punishment shall be as slight as military discipline will permit, Fred-

erick, I promise you. And, oh ! my son ! my son ! if you love your father, if you love your mother, let this lesson sink deep into your heart ; and as you know the importance of respect to superiors in the military life, pay due honour to your Almighty God and Father, that he may approve and promote you in the armies of heaven.'

"I shall never forget the old gentleman's words and manner while I live," said the sergeant. "From that time, I never heard Mr. Frederick use a profane word ; and, as I said before, he became a very fine officer."

"Well," said Dick Rowe, "I cannot but say that this story is somewhat to the purpose ; and I wish that I could take these matters more to heart ; for, after all, I believe you pious folks have the best of it, even in this life ; and nobody can dispute who is on the right side when the dying hour comes."

So Dick Rowe and his companions got up, and walked off to the other end of the barrack.





STORY XII.

The Fourth Commandment—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it."

THE next morning, while Mrs. Browne and Mary were sitting at work, Mrs. Browne said, "Mary, what is the fourth commandment?"

Mary. Oh! godmother, I know that very well. It was that which Sergeant Browne made me repeat last Sunday, when I was tied to the foot of the bed. It is about keeping Sunday.

Mrs. Browne. Let me hear you say it, Mary.

Mary. "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no

manner of work ; thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day ; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it."

Mrs. Browne. When did God first appoint one day in seven to be kept holy ?

Mary. At the very beginning of the world. In six days God made the world, and on the seventh day he rested from his work, and ordered it to be kept holy.

Mrs. Browne. Why, then, do Christians keep the first day of the week, and not the seventh ?

Mary thought for a moment, and then answered, frankly, " Godmother, I can't tell."

Mrs. Browne. You remember, my dear, that our Saviour himself declared, " The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Matt. xii. 8. He thus announced his right to change, or to abrogate it ; and when he had fulfilled its great design, by resting on that day in the sepulchre, he hallowed another and a greater day, by rising from the dead on the first-day of the week, " making all things new." Thus, the Jewish Sabbath passed away, and the Lord's day was given in its stead, which is still the *seventh* day, counting after the Resurrection. The moral, but not the ceremonial part of the fourth commandment still applies to it, therefore, and this is one of those truly apostolic traditions which the Church of Christ has always observed, as St. Paul enjoins in 2 Thess. ii. 15.

Mary. Now, godmother, I think I remember, Mr. King told us about it, last Easter.

Mrs. Browne. How, then, do you think that Sunday, or the Christian Sabbath, should be kept?

Mary. We should do no work on Sunday; we should read the Bible and go to church.

Mrs. Browne. And what else?

Mary. We ought to talk of God on Sundays, and not to go visiting about, to see people who do not love God.

Mrs. Browne. Very well, my dear. And now, to make you understand this better, I will tell you a story of something that happened when I was young.

MRS. BROWNE'S STORY.

My father and mother died when I was a baby: in consequence of which I and my brother, who was two years older than I, were brought up by my grandmother, a good old woman, who lived in a small house in a little town in England.

My grandmother took great pains to make us fear God; and my brother was as pious a young man as any in the whole country, behaving so prettily to his grandmother, who became blind at last, that it was quite pleasant to see them together. When my brother became a man, he followed the trade of a carpenter, and earned so much money that he, in his turn, maintained his aged grandmother; so that she wanted for nothing in the world. Having reached the age of about twenty-two, he said, one day, to his grandmother, "Grandmother, I am now in a very good way of business, and can earn, thank

God, plenty of money for all purposes. I have been thinking, for some time, that I should like to choose me a wife: but, as you have been so kind to me, I would not choose one that might be disagreeable to you, upon any account; because, as we must all live in one house, it would be very hard for me to bring a woman in here to make you uncomfortable in your old age."

"Grandson," said the old lady, "I cannot but be pleased at your dutifulness in consulting me upon this matter: but, having been blind some years, and seldom going out, I know very few of the young women of our town, and so cannot be supposed capable of judging who is fit, or who is not, to become your wife. However, as you ask my opinion, my advice is, don't be in haste, but look about you, and see what families in the town keep the Lord's day well; and choose a wife from those who keep it best; for the Lord blesses those people who keep his day, as it is written in Isaiah lviii. 13, 14: 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'"

"Grandmother," said my brother, "I fear, if I am to find a wife among those only who keep Sunday well, I shall not have many to choose out of."

“Never mind, son,” said the old lady; “you know you only want one wife, and if you leave this matter to God, and don’t follow your own opinion, God will provide you with a suitable one.” So my brother followed my grandmother’s advice, and began to look about to observe who kept the Lord’s day holy among his neighbours, that he might be directed thereby in his choice of a wife.

Now, the first Sunday after he had held this discourse with his grandmother, my brother went to church, as usual; and in the evening he went to look into some of the neighbours’ houses, which prevented his coming home till we had finished our tea. My grandmother and I were sitting by the fire, when he came in, while I read the Bible to her. So on his entering, she directed me to lay down the Bible, while she questioned him thus: “Why, grandson, where have you been?”

My brother answered, “Grandmother, I have borne in mind what you said to me the other day about choosing me a wife, and have been this evening looking in upon some of our neighbours, to see how they keep their Sunday.”

“Well,” said my grandmother, “let us hear what kind of folks you have met with.” So my brother took a chair by us, and told us where he had been, and what he had seen.

“First,” said he, “as I came out of church this afternoon, I stepped into William Rock’s house, to see how he and his wife and his daughters were spending their Sunday; for they had not been at church. And behold, when I opened the door, I heard a very loud noise of people singing and talk-

ing ; and going in a little farther, I saw neighbour Rock, his wife, and his two daughters, together with two young men whom I had seen once before, all sitting over the fire, with their pots and glasses, drinking away ; at least the men were doing so, and taking God's name in vain almost every other word. I can't say whether the young women were drinking, for I did not stay to see ; but they were laughing very loud, as if they did not disapprove what was going on. So I turned sharp upon my heel, and was out of the house in a minute ; saying to myself, ' Here's no wife for me.'

"The next place I called at was the widow Jones', who keeps the tea and sugar shop. You know she has a well-looking smart girl for her daughter. So I went into a little parlour, where Mrs. Jones and her daughter Betsy were sitting, who were very civil, and made me sit down ; but I scarcely was got into my chair, when there was heard a knocking at the shop-door, and a woman came in for a pound of tea. . ' Oh !' says Mrs. Jones, ' Betsy, do go and serve the woman ; and see that she gives you good money.' So Betsy went, and presently came back ; but she could hardly regain her chair, before there was another knocking, and somebody came for two pounds of white sugar. ' Do run, Betsy,' says Mrs. Jones, ' and serve the sugar.' I then could not help saying, ' Why, Mrs. Jones, do you make a rule of serving your customers on a Sunday ? I thought it was a sin to buy and sell on the Christian Sabbath. I remember my grandmother, when I was quite a lad, showing me these words : ' If the people of the land bring ware or

any victuals on the Sabbath-day to sell, we should not buy it.' Neh. x. 31. And again, 'Bear no burden on the Sabbath-day, neither carry forth any burden out of your houses on the Sabbath-day, neither do ye any work ; but hallow ye the Sabbath-day.' Jer. xvii. 21, 22. Mrs. Jones now looked a little angry at me, and said, 'What, I suppose I am to affront all my customers, because I won't weigh a pound of tea on a Sunday ! That would never do for a poor widow like me, truly, who have nothing to trust to but my shop.' So, when her daughter came back, she repeated to her what I had said, and Betsy answered, 'Bless me, young man, you are mighty particular, to be sure !' To this I made no reply," said my brother, "but, soon after, wishing them a good evening, I came out of the house."

"Well," said my grandmother, "and did you call anywhere else?"

"Yes," said my brother, "the next house I stepped into was neighbour Dickson's, the tailor. I found neighbour Dickson sitting alone, in the kitchen, his two daughters being up stairs. I did not see any Bible or other good book about ; however, being invited, I sat down, and we talked upon the weather, and upon the sermon. 'Well,' says Dickson, after we had sat a while, 'I wish my girls would come down, and we would have some tea. Here, Jenny and Susan, come down ! What are you about there, dressing all day long ? First, in the morning, to go to church ; then again in the evening ; and now, I suppose, there will be something new put on to drink tea in. My girls,' added the old man, laughing, 'think of nothing but fine clothes, and it is all their

Sunday's work to dress and undress.' 'That is a bad way,' said I, 'of spending Sunday.' 'Oh! as to that,' said the old man, 'they might do worse. I don't see much harm in that; young girls always love finery.'

"By this time, Jenny and Susan came down, and truly, they must have spent half the day in dressing themselves. Their hair was curled in a score of little curls, and they were so bedecked with flounces, frills, ribbons, bows, necklaces, and what not, that I was sure they could have thought of nothing else all the day but bedizening themselves. This won't do—these fine ladies will not suit my grandmother, thought I; so I was glad when we had done our tea, and I could get away."

"Well," asked my grandmother, "and have you been anywhere else to night?"

"No," said my brother; "I am come home as I went out. I have met with no one family yet who keep the Lord's day holy."

"Well," said my grandmother, "you must have patience; there are many pious families, even in this little town, who serve God and delight in his Sabbaths; and God will, in his good time, provide you a wife from among some of them."

The next Sunday, when my brother was coming from church in the evening, he met with one Farmer Thomson, a decent-looking man, who was going home a little way into the country to drink tea with the family. This man had a wife, and many daughters, who bore good characters, and were constant at church; and he invited my brother to bear him company home and drink tea with him. My brother was willing to go, because he thought he should

have a good opportunity of seeing how this family observed the day; and perhaps, thought he, I may find a wife among the farmer's daughters. When they reached Mr. Thomson's house, the family were all sitting round the fire, in a very clean kitchen. They were just come in from church; but the daughters had no finery on, being very neatly and prettily dressed. My brother was, at first, much pleased with them, and sat down to his tea quite contented. But before they had sat long, he began to be a little less pleased; for the farmer, his wife, and his daughter, instead of talking of God and his words, as we are commanded to do especially on the day of the Lord, conversed of nothing but the business of the ensuing week. "Wife," says the farmer, "we shall kill the pig to-morrow morning at sunrise; see that you get the water hot to scald it." "Husband," says the wife, "I wish you had told me sooner, for we have no salt in the house. Molly," that was her eldest daughter, "mind you go to the shop to-morrow and fetch us a peck: and if you have any thing else to bring, take the boy with you to help you."

"Yes, mother," says Molly, "for I shall go at the same time to the shop for my bonnet; it's done by now, I dare say."

"Oh!" said another of the daughters, "if you go for your bonnet, fetch me a dozen needles, for I broke the last in stitching father's shirt."

"Shirt!" says the mother, "what, is not that shirt finished yet, you idle young creature? I have a good mind, for that, not to give you the new ribbon which I promised. See that it's finished to-morrow,

Kate, or I'll be as good as my word, and you shall not have the ribbon."

"Dear! mother," said Kate, "have not I been knitting brother's stockings all the week? How could I knit and sew too?"

"Sister," said the brother, "that last stocking is too little."

Thus they went on talking of their affairs all the evening; so that my brother was quite vexed, and could not help saying to himself, "These people might as well be killing their pigs, and knitting their stockings, as to be talking and thinking of nothing else all the Sunday. This is not keeping the Lord's day holy, and pleasing that God who knows the most hidden thoughts of our hearts." So my brother came home that Sunday just as he had done the Sunday before, without seeing anybody likely to suit him for a wife.

Mary. And did he ever find a family who kept the day as it should be kept?

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear, he did, at last, by the blessing of God; and I will tell you how it was. There was in our town a very poor widow, who had been lame many years, and who lived by keeping a little shop. She had one daughter; but nobody knew much about them, as they never went out, except to church; and they were so poor that nobody cared much to keep company with them. It happened, one Sunday, as I and my brother were walking by their house, that a smartish-looking woman went up to their door and knocked. The old widow came and opened it. The smart woman said, "I want an ounce of snuff."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Williams," said the widow, "but I cannot give it to you to-day."

"What, have you got none?" said Mrs. Williams.

"Yes," said the widow; "but to-day is Sunday."

"Sunday!" said Mrs. Williams: "well, what of that?"

"We must not buy and sell on a Sunday," replied the widow.

"Oh! very fine, truly!" said Mrs. Williams; "give me the snuff, and let us hear none of that nonsense."

"I have made a law to myself, for many years, that I will not sell on a Sunday," said the widow, "unless it is in case of any person being sick, and wanting somewhat out of my shop."

"Pho! pho!" said Mrs. Williams; "very fine indeed for such folks as you to have your whims and fancies! I want the snuff, and if you don't give it me, I will never come to your shop again."

The widow answered, "God had commanded us to keep his day holy, and on it to rest from all our work. I must not break his commandments. 'How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?'" Gen. xxxix. 9.

Mrs. Williams was very angry; and, calling her a canting "Methodist," she left the house, declaring that she would never, as long as she lived, use her shop again.

We were so pleased with this poor widow, that we contrived to get acquainted with her; and as our intimacy with her increased, we found that, in all things, she endeavoured to keep the commandments of God, whom she loved in sincerity and truth.

The daughter was no less pious than her mother ; in addition to which, she was modest, industrious, and gentle. The more my brother saw of her, the more he liked her ; till at length she became the object of his tenderest regard. Their attachment was mutual ; and in due time they were united, with the glad consent of all their friends. She made him a truly excellent wife ; and she could not have been kinder to my grandmother if she had been her own child. To this connexion my brother owed the greatest part of his earthly happiness ; and God was pleased so to bless his family, that he would often say to his grandmother, “The best piece of advice you ever gave me, grandmother, was to choose a wife from a family fearing God and reverencing his holy day.”

“Oh !” said little Mary, “that is a pretty story, godmother. I shall tell it to my mother when she comes back.”

And now, the dinner being come in, Mary and Mrs. Browne were obliged to leave off talking.





STORY XIII.

The Fifth Commandment—"Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

UST as Mrs. Browne had finished telling Mary the story of her brother, they heard a loud noise on the parade, and, going to the door of their room, to mark the cause of it, they saw a crowd of black people coming from the *bazar* way; and they were carrying something in the midst of them, which looked like a sick or dead person, stretched upon such a bed as the natives use. Mr. Williams, a merchant in the place, was leading these people on, and they came directly for the barracks. On hearing the noise, the men came running out of the barrack-rooms; so that presently all the place was in an uproar. It was some time, however, before Mrs. Browne could learn the cause of this confusion; but when she perceived the crowd making toward the second company's barrack, and conveying the bed thither, she expressed her apprehensions that some fatal accident had happened to one of their men. Soon after, Mrs. Browne and Mary saw several of their men running over to the doctor's *bunga*-

low; and, scarcely a minute after, one came into Mrs. Browne's *berth*, saying, "Do, pray, Mrs. Browne, run over to poor Mrs. Price; she is in dreadful fits; and bring your smelling-bottle, if you have such a thing."

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Browne, while she hurried to look for her smelling-bottle.

"Did you not hear," said the man, "that poor Dick Price was found dead in the way from the big *bazar*? and the body is just now brought into the barrack by *soudagur* Williams."

Mrs. Browne made no answer, but ran off, without her hat, to the second company's barrack; little Mary following her, frightened out of her wits. Before they were half across the way, they heard poor Mrs. Price's screams, and very dreadful they were. And, oh! what a sight was there to be seen when they got into the barrack. Poor Mrs. Price was in shocking fits, so that two men could not hold her; and, as fast as she came out of one fit she fell into another. The body of poor Dick lay upon the bed. It was covered with dust and dirt, the eyes were staring open, and the jaws fallen; for the people had not time to do anything to the corpse, so much were they busied about the miserable mother. On the legs of the poor corpse were those very boots which the unhappy boy had got in such an undutiful manner.

Poor Corporal Price was leaning against the head of the cot, his face covered with his hands, and groaning in a piteous manner; and Nelly Price, their daughter, stood crying and sobbing violently, sometimes looking at her father, sometimes at her mother,

and then at the corpse of her poor brother. Mrs. Browne went up to Mrs. Price, with an earnest desire to assist and comfort her; but the poor distracted woman would receive no comfort from any one, still continuing her screams in a most dreadful way.

Mrs. Browne then perceiving that while so many were about, she could be of no service, but was rather in the way, she took Mary by the hand, and went home. But neither she nor Mary could speak for some time, so shocked were they at what they had seen; neither could they eat any dinner. Sergeant Browne, too, seemed very low.

About three o'clock they were warned to attend poor Dick's funeral, which was to be at sunset, for the weather was so exceedingly hot that the corpse could not be kept till morning. So Mrs. Browne made haste to prepare herself and Mary.

Mrs. Browne was not one of those who take the opportunity of a funeral to show their best bonnet and cloak—a shocking custom, which, I am sorry to say, too many women fall into. She always used to keep a suit of black, neatly wrapped up in a handkerchief, that in case any accident should happen, she might have a proper and decent dress to appear in. So, at five o'clock, she put on her black clothes, and, tying a black ribbon round Mary's waist, she went to the second company's barrack. Poor Mrs. Price was not present, the doctor having ordered her to the hospital; and Nelly was gone with her mother. But the corporal was in the *berth*, and very sad, indeed, he appeared to be; but he said, "I will see the last of my poor lad—I will see him to his grave."

There were many women in the *berth* and about

it, and everybody was asked to see the corpse before the coffin was nailed up. Mrs. Browne therefore and Mary went up among the rest. The poor corpse was much changed since Mrs. Browne had seen it in the forenoon; for it was now quite yellow, and the eyes were sunk in the head. When Mary looked into the coffin, she could not help crying; and she said, in her grief, "Poor Dick! Oh, poor Dick! I hope your soul is with the Lord Jesus Christ—I hope it is."

Mrs. Browne put her hand upon Mary's mouth, to check her, for she had just touched upon the worst part of the whole affair, poor Dick having been brought up in wickedness, and lived in it to his dying day; and it is written, "The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God" (1 Cor. vi. 9); therefore, in the death of this poor lad, there was little hope.

The coffin was then nailed up, and the corpse was borne to the burying-ground by the men of the company, the women following two and two, and poor Corporal Price walking next to the coffin. Little Mary had never been at a funeral before, and she could not help weeping all the way she went; thinking what a little time it was since she had seen poor Dick in the *bazar*, mocking and making a jest of his mother. And now he was carried a poor corpse to the grave; but where was his soul?—that was the dreadful thought!

When Mary and Mrs. Browne came back from the funeral, it was quite dark, and Sergeant Browne was come in from parade; so they sat down to tea. They were all very grave, and the sergeant sat some

time without speaking ; at last, looking at Mary, "My lass," said he, "you have been crying sorely, I see."

Mary. Indeed, godfather (for she always called Sergeant Browne her godfather, although he was not really so), I am very sorry for poor Dick Price.

Mrs. Browne then said, "I don't know when I have been so grieved with anything as this affair of Dick's. Poor lad ! to be cut off so shortly. And I cannot learn what was the cause of his death ; at the funeral one said one thing, one another ; and I did not like to ask any questions before the poor father."

Sergeant Browne. The affair was a very dreadful one, and the whole history of poor Dick, from first to last, should be a warning to all parents who are so unkind and so impious as to withhold the rod from their children.

"Come hither, Mary," continued the sergeant, "I would have a little serious talk with you ; mayhap you may learn a lesson to-day which may do you good, with God's blessing, to your dying day, and for ever after. What are children by nature, my lass ? Are they holy and innocent ? or are they grievously prone to sin and wickedness ?

Mary. Children are all sinful.

Sergeant Browne. What, *all*, Mary ?

Mary. Yes, every one.

Sergeant Browne. You have answered right. Even little children are by nature exceedingly wicked ; and if they continue unchanged until their death, if they receive not a new nature, and a clean heart, on this side the grave, they cannot go to heaven. And now, Mary, tell me, can fathers and

mothers change their children's hearts?—Could your mother, for example, give you a clean heart?

Mary. No, to be sure, she could not. God only can give us new hearts: the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ only can wash us from our sins.

Sergeant Browne. True, my dear; your mother cannot make your heart clean: that, after all, must be God's work. 'Tis the work of God the Holy Ghost to change the heart: but still, a father or mother must do all that is in their power toward the good of their children. There are two means which God hath, in his book, pointed out as necessary to be used with children for their improvement. Do you know what these are?

Mary. No, godfather, I don't.

Sergeant Browne. These two means are, first, Teaching them the word of God, and secondly, Correcting them for their faults. And, first, what is correction?

Mary. Oh! I know. It is chastising and punishing people when they are naughty.

Sergeant Browne. Are fathers and mothers, do you think, ordered in the Bible to correct their children when they are naughty?

Mary. Yes, I know they are. For almost the first verses I learned, were these: "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Prov. xxii. 15. And then there is: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Prov. xix. 18. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Prov. xiii. 24.

Sergeant Browne. Then you see, my dear, that we are commanded in the Bible to correct our children, and that it is even wicked not to do it. But is correcting them the only method we ought to take, in order to the cleansing of their hearts?

Mary. We should teach them God's words.

Sergeant Browne. When should we teach them the words of God?

Mary thought for a short time, and then said: "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates." Deut. xi. 18-20.

The sergeant was well satisfied with Mary's answer, for he stroked her head with his hand, which he always did when he was pleased with her. "But, my lass," said he, "to return to poor Dick Price and his father. I have now been twelve years in the same regiment with Corporal Price and his wife. The first six years I was in the same company and in the same room with them. Poor Dick and Nell were then little ones. Many and many a sore argument have I had with Price and his wife about those children. Do what they would, he could never be induced to chastise them: neither he nor his wife would lift a hand against them: no, nor give them any other correction. Then, as to teaching them

God's word ; the children were so unruly, that had the parents been so minded, they could not have made them learn without frequent correction ; and, as I said, Price and his wife always set their faces against that.

“ Poor Mrs. Price ! she would often say, ‘ I never beat my children, not I.’ And, to be sure, those children were the plague of the whole barrack-room : there was not a bad word nor a bad trick which was not common with them.

“ Price, I remember, once had a great many words with me about the boy ; and I had hard work to prevent a downright quarrel with him on the occasion. One afternoon, having just received some arrack to use on a march, I put a little of it into my flask, and set it by. The boy, Dick, saw where I had put it ; and, when my back was turned, creeping into the *berth*, he whipt up the flask, and had the dram at his mouth in a moment. Just then I happened to turn ; and, seeing what he was about, I gave the child two or three smart raps with my hand. His father saw it, and came running toward me in a violent passion ; when, instead of correcting the child, he took him in his arms, and was so angry with me for having touched him, that, as I said before, I had difficulty to avoid a dreadful quarrel : and for more than a year after his wife would not speak to mine, on account of this matter. And thus this foolish father and mother encouraged their poor child in his wickedness ; and all out of pretended love, forgetting that which is written : ‘ Withhold not correction from the child ; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat

him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.' Prov. xxiii. 13, 14.

"And thus," continued Sergeant Browne, "they went on indulging Dick more and more, till he became quite above their hands. And this morning—only this morning—he asked his father for a *rupee*, to buy some liquor. His father refused him; upon which, dreadful to tell, he struck his father. The father then, being enraged, gave the boy a severe thrashing, saying, 'You young dog, I wish I had given you this ten years ago.' Dick ran out of the barracks, and took off into the great *bazar*, although his mother called to him, and entreated him to come back. This was about seven in the morning; and at about eight o'clock he was seen by one of our men bartering a gold breast-pin of his mother's for some *arrack*.

"The man asked him what he was doing there, and how he came by the pin; and would have had him return with him to the barracks; but he refused, at the same time cursing his father for having struck him.

"The man was forced to leave him, it being near roll-call: so it is supposed that he procured and drank such a quantity of spirits as, in addition to the uncommon heat of the sun, caused his death; for it has been, you know, an exceeding hot day.

"Mr. Williams, who keeps the great Europe shop, passing by about twelve o'clock, found the body of the poor unhappy boy on the great road, just opposite the old tree, as you come out of the *bazar*. He was then quite dead, and had been so (Mr. Williams

thought) some time; for the crows and *adjutants* were come to the body."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Browne, "this is, indeed, a most shocking story. Poor unhappy Dick! this should be a warning to all parents."

Sergeant Browne. Yea, and to all children, to take care how they disobey their parents. You know the fifth commandment—"Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Mrs. Browne. Poor Dick! his days, indeed, were very short. "Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness." Prov. xx. 20.

When Mary was put to bed, she could not sleep; so entirely were her thoughts taken up with the sad end of poor Dick, and his disobedience to his parents. And as she lay awake in the night, she began to look into herself, and to ask herself how she had behaved to her parents. And now she remembered how often she had neglected to obey her father's and her mother's commands, and how she had despised many things which they had said to her; and she thanked God that she had not been cut off in the midst of her wickedness, like poor Dick Price, before she knew the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose name only forgiveness of sins can be obtained.

Let the readers of this relation now go and consider how they have behaved to their fathers and mothers, their masters and teachers; and wherein they have been taught to conduct themselves better than poor Dick Price.



STORY XIV.

The Sixth Commandment—"Thou shalt do no murder."

THE next morning Mrs. Browne meant to have gone to see Mrs. Price ; but it was so hot that she was afraid to venture till evening. So she and Mary, after breakfast, sat down to work ; and, while they were sitting, they heard two women, wives of the soldiers, beginning to quarrel in the barrack-room. These two women had come out together in the same ship, and once were great friends, professing an extraordinary attachment to each other. But their love was not of the right sort ; and being women of no religion, the first cause of offence that happened between them proved the occasion of their falling out ; and from that time they became bitter enemies.

The names of these two women were Kitty Spence and Fanny Bell. Their husbands were both private soldiers, and quiet men enough ; but they were much to blame in not compelling their wives to be quiet too ; for in such matters as these it is the duty of a man to rule his wife. Fanny Bell's *berth* was in one corner of the barracks, close to Mrs. Browne's room ; and Kitty Spence's was in the other corner over against it, so that these great enemies, unfortunately,

lived too near each other. Hence it was no uncommon thing for them to set the whole place in an uproar; for when they were enraged, they minded nothing that they said—there was no name too bad for them to give each other; thus most unhappily verifying those words of St. James: “The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature: and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.” James iii. 5, 8.

Now there happened to be, at that time, in this place, a *soudagur*, called Dawson, who had a wife, a flashy kind of light woman, who used to keep company with all the worst women in the barracks. She always had one or other with her of this description; and, while they were in her favour, which, perhaps, might be for two or three months, more or less, just as they pleased her, she would load them with presents—case-bottles of liquor, new gowns, both white and coloured, Europe ribbons, gloves, habit-skirts, silver spoons, bugles, brooches, and everything you can think of. When the regiment first came to this place, Kitty Spence was the favourite of Mrs. Dawson; and she used to come home from the *soudagur's* in an evening loaded with all manner of presents, to the envy of most in the barrack, but more especially of Fanny Bell, who,

when she saw these fine things spread out in Kitty's *berth*, would be ready to die of spite, and would say all kinds of malicious and provoking things of Kitty.

But, after a while, Mrs. Dawson got tired of Kitty, and then Fanny Bell contrived to get into her favour ; and now she, in her turn, came home with her bundles of new clothes, and her case-bottles of liquor, and her dishes of cold meat. Then was Kitty ready to die of envy ; and the brawls and quarrels between these women became every day more and more bitter, so that poor Mrs. Browne was often disturbed by their contentions both night and day ; and many and many a time did she strive to make peace between them. Mrs. Browne was one who always kept these words of our Lord in mind : "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Matt. v. 9. But all that Mrs. Browne could do was to no purpose, there was no peace to be made.

The next morning after poor Dick Price's funeral, as Mrs. Browne and Mary were sitting at work in their room, the door being opened toward the large barrack-room, on account of the heat, it happened that Fanny Bell came in from Mrs. Dawson's with a large bundle of things, which she began to unfold and spread upon her cot. Kitty Spence was in her *berth*, playing at cards with her husband and two other men ; and, it seems, she had taken a dram extraordinary that morning, for the men had just got their pay.

As soon as Fanny came in, Kitty's eye was off the cards in a minute ; and she began muttering.

“What a bundle that creature there has brought with her! She did not come honestly by all those things, I am sure. Mrs. Dawson is not quite such a fool neither, as to bestow all those things on so good-for-nothing a hussy.”

All this time, Fanny Bell went on taking the things out of the bundle, and spreading them upon the cot, on purpose to spite her neighbour. First, she pulled out a Barcelona handkerchief, not a bit the worse for wear; then a handsome Europe cotton gown, as good as new; and, lastly, a black silk cloak, trimmed with excellent lace. At sight of the cloak, Kitty Spence could refrain no longer; but down went the cards, and up she got, beginning to abuse Fanny Bell in a voice so loud that she made the whole barrack-room ring again, using such language as I would not repeat for the whole world.

Fanny Bell replied in the same manner; when all the men were soon gathered round them, some calling, shame upon them! and others encouraging them for their own entertainment. The sergeants came forward, and tried to silence them, fearing lest they should get blamed by the captain for the disturbance; but all in vain. Mrs. Browne came out, and, in a kind way, endeavoured to persuade them to be quiet; but she might as well have tried to quiet the wind when it is blowing a storm. They went on scolding and raging like two furies; their faces became as red as a piece of scarlet cloth, their eyes flashed fire at each other, and every wicked and provoking word which they could think of, they applied to each other.

At length, Fanny Bell, trying to force her way

toward Kitty Spence, would have struck her ; but some of the men kept her back, while others held Kitty Spence ; whereupon, Kitty Spence, finding she could not get at her enemy, took up, in her rage, a three-legged wooden stool, upon which she had been sitting to play at cards, and threw it, with all her force, at poor Fanny Bell. The corner of the stool, which was sharp, struck the side of Fanny's head, near the eye ; and it was her death-blow—down she dropped, and never spoke after.

When Fanny fell, the people were frightened, and so was Kitty Spence ; though nobody, at first, thought she was dead. But when they began to suspect that Fanny was more hurt than at first appeared, the noise in the barrack was hushed in a moment, so that one might have heard a pin fall.

"You have done her business," said one of the men, who tried to lift up the body. "I fear, you wicked hussy, that you have killed her."

Kitty turned deadly pale. The people lifted the body upon the bed, and ran over for the doctor ; but, before he could reach the place, she had ceased to breathe. They that stood by knew the moment of death, by a dreadful groan which she uttered just as she breathed her last ; and she had been dead some minutes when the doctor came in and tried to bleed the body.

As soon as Kitty Spence found that Fanny was really dead, she was like a mad woman. "Oh ! what shall I do ? what shall I do ?" said she, "I shall be hanged, and then I shall go to hell. I am a murderer." Then turning to one of the sergeants, she said, "But I did not mean to murder her—I did not,

God is my witness ; God knows that I had not a thought of the kind !”

“ You wicked woman,” said one of the men, whose *berth* was next to hers, “ have I not heard you say, twenty and twenty times, that you hated poor Fanny Bell ? And did I not tell you, many and many a time from the Bible ‘ that he who hateth his brother is a murderer ? ’ ” 1 John iii. 15.

“ Well, well,” says the sergeant, “ this matter must be talked of in another place.” So saying, he ordered a file of men to carry Kitty Spence to the guard-house.

In the mean time, the surgeon, having tried everything he could think of to restore poor Fanny Bell to life, but all in vain, left the body to Mrs. Browne and the other women, who laid it out as decently and respectably as they could.

Mrs. Browne, and two other women, with poor Fanny Bell’s husband, who was on guard when the accident happened, watched the corpse that night ; and, early in the morning, they attended the body to the grave, which was hard by that of poor Dick Price.

When Mrs. Browne came back from the funeral, what with her distress concerning Dick Price, together with her fright and fatigue about Fanny Bell, she became quite ill ; and the doctor ordered her to the hospital, perceiving that she had a great deal of fever. She sent immediately to Sergeant Mills to know what was to be done with Mary, as Mrs. Mills was not come home ; when the sergeant himself came over, saying, “ Do, Mrs. Browne, take Mary with you, if she can afford you any comfort. May-

hap, now you are sick, the child may be pretty company for you ; and the doctor says that your fever is not catching." Mrs. Browne was very glad of Mary's company, and Mary was quite pleased to go with her, for she loved her godmother with all her heart. So Mary and Mrs. Browne were put in a *doolie*, and carried to the hospital.

When they got to the hospital, they were placed in the same ward where there were three other women. Poor Mrs. Price was one of them ; another was one Mrs. Thompson, a dressy kind of woman, and not of the best character, who had come to the hospital with a sick husband ; and the third was a Mrs. Francis, who also had accompanied her husband thither.

Mrs. Francis' *berth* in the hospital was the very next to Mrs. Browne's, a circumstance which afforded Mrs. Browne peculiar comfort ; for in all the barracks, or perhaps in all this country, there was not a more holy woman, high or low, rich or poor, than Mrs. Francis. As soon as she saw Mrs. Browne, she ran up to her, helped her to her bed, and brought her a nice dish of tea in less time than some women would have taken to talk about it ; and when she had seen her husband served with everything he wanted for the night, she left her little boy Thomas to take care of his father, and came to Mrs. Browne's bedside. "I am sorry, my friend, to see you here," said she ; "but I am glad that you are so near me, that I may be able to do any little thing for you that may be necessary."

Mrs. Browne thanked her, and said, "I believe a few days' quiet will set me up ; for the sad accidents

which have lately happened in the barracks are, I believe, the sole cause of my sickness."

Mrs. Browne then told Mrs. Francis the whole story of poor Fanny Bell's death; upon which Mrs. Francis answered, "How dreadful a thing is it to indulge malice and envy in the heart! Ill-will begins with an angry word, and ends in murder."

Mrs. Browne. Do you remember that verse in Proverbs xvii. 14?—"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with."

Mrs. Francis. I am sure, Mrs. Browne, when I have looked into my own heart, and considered the malice, and envy, and ill-will which occasionally lodge in it, I have been led to think my heart more like a diabolical than a human heart.

Mrs. Browne. Indeed, Mrs. Francis, we poor human creatures are by nature little better than devils; "being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents," etc. Rom. i. 29, etc. But there is One who, if we apply to him aright, will cleanse us from all our uncleannesses.

"Ah!" says Mrs. Francis, "that is true, Mrs. Browne; there is One who can, and will, give us new and holy hearts, if we diligently ask him." Then, turning to Mary, she said, "My little girl, who is it that can wash us from our sins, making us holy and lovely, even as he is himself?"

Little Mary answered, "I know who it is. It is

the Lord Jesus Christ, who washes us from our sins in his blood.

Mrs. Browne then asked Mary, "What was that new commandment which the Lord Jesus Christ has left with us?"

Mary. Is it not in St. John's gospel, god-mother?—"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John xiii. 34, 35.

Then said Mrs. Browne, "You saw yesterday, my dear child, the dreadful consequences of giving way to hatred; you saw the angry words of those poor women end in murder. Let us pray, my dear child, that God will, for his dear Son's sake, take all malice out of our hearts; and that, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit of God, we may be enabled to love each other, even as God loved us. 'For herein was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.'" 1 John iv. 9.

By this time it was late; so Mrs. Francis knelt down by Mrs. Browne's bed, and prayed with her; after which she retired.





STORY XV.

The Seventh Commandment—"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

THE next morning, Mrs. Browne found herself so much better that she was able to sit up in her bed; and, it being Sunday, she spent the morning, after she had breakfasted, in hearing Mary read and in catechising her. She asked her a great many questions about the commandments, which Mary answered very prettily. But when they came to the seventh commandment—which is, "Thou shalt not commit adultery"—Mary said, "Godmother, what does that commandment mean?"

Mrs. Browne answered, "My dear, it is not altogether necessary, at your age, that you should know all the unclean and shameful sorts of sin which it forbids; yet I believe I can make you understand a little of this matter. Do you not know that when the first man, Adam, was made, there was no fit companion found for him, and that the Lord said it was not good for man to be alone; and that then God caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep, and while he was asleep the Lord God took out one of the man's ribs, that is, one of the bones out of his

side, and of that he made a woman, and brought her to the man to be his wife?"

"Oh!" said Mary, "I remember that very well; and also what Adam said when he saw the woman: 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.'" Gen. ii. 23, 24.

Mrs. Browne. Right, my dear: and our Lord Jesus Christ, when speaking of marriage, said: "Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning, made them male and female; wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh? What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Matt. xix. 4-7. And now, my dear, you understand, that if a man leaves his wife, and goes to live with another woman, he breaks the seventh commandment; and if a woman leaves her husband, and goes to live with another man, she breaks the seventh commandment: and it is a very great and dreadful wickedness, and one which, unless repented of, and washed away by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, will surely bring those who are guilty of it to hell-fire.

Mary. But, suppose a woman does not love her husband, and suppose he should use her ill, must she stay with him? Is not that hard?

Mrs. Browne. Whether it is hard or not, my dear, we shall not be any happier for seeking the remedy in sin. We must obey God's commandments: and, sooner or later, we shall find the good of it.

Just as Mrs. Browne spoke these last words, John Francis, the husband of Mrs. Francis, who could not help hearing Mrs. Browne's discourse, as he was sitting on the side of his cot, which was the next to hers, called Mary to him, and said, "Come here, my little girl: my wife and Thomas are gone up to the barracks, and, as you are talking on this subject, I will make use of the occasion to show you what a good wife can, with God's blessing, do for a bad husband."

JOHN FRANCIS' STORY.

"When I married my wife, we were both young; and she was as well-looking a woman as any you could see. Just after our marriage, we came out to this country. On board ship, I don't know how it was, I took a vast inclination for liquor; and, when I came first into this country, I was so fond of spirits that I was drunk twice a day. Every *pice* that I could lay hold of went for liquor. I was ever in the guard-house, and near being flogged more than once.

"My poor wife in the mean time was in want of everything, and often, shame to tell! wanted a meal: while she got from me many a hard word and blow, wicked wretch that I was! But the way in which she behaved under these hard trials proved that the Holy Spirit of God was with her: since no woman, without God's grace, could have behaved as she did.

"With the poor rags she had, she used to keep herself as tight and clean as possible. We had not much in our *berth*; but the little we had she always

kept in its place, and rubbed quite bright. No person in the barrack ever heard her complain of me; nor did she ever, while I was in liquor, say anything to aggravate or provoke me. Yet she would often take occasion to talk to me of my wicked ways, when she saw me a little sober, and likely, as she thought, to take it well; telling me, that my evil habits would not only disgrace and ruin me as a soldier, but would, if not repented of, bring me to everlasting punishment in hell.

“But, in all these discourses, I never once heard her complain of what she herself suffered by my disorderly conduct. When she talked to me in this manner, I used to be, for the most part, sulky; but sometimes, as I before said, I was so wicked as to beat her, and that, once or twice, sorely; but still her patience never failed her; for the grace of God was with her. I have often found her, when I came home at night, crying very bitterly; which used to provoke me to use her more and more cruelly: and being vexed with myself for my base behaviour to such a good woman, I longed even to discover some fault in her, thinking that any blemish in her would plead an excuse for me.

“One night, I had been drinking in another man’s *berth*, with a set of young men of my own wicked sort. I came home in very ill humour; and finding her reading the Bible, by a little bit of candle, I went to bed, not saying one word to her, and, being drunk, was asleep in a minute. It might be about an hour after, I awoke, something soberer, and she was not come to bed. I just looked through the curtain, prepared to assail her with a volley of

wicked oaths and curses, when I saw her kneeling at her box, and heard her praying : and being earnest in her prayers, she spoke louder than she was aware of. She was praying for me ; beseeching God, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, to turn the heart of her dear husband, (for so she termed me, little as I deserved it), and to make us as happy together as we once had been ; giving me timely repentance, that I might not die in my sins, and be eternally miserable. I was ashamed of myself ; but my heart was not changed by this. I composed myself again in my bed, and lay quite sullen and out of humour, till I once more fell asleep. I could not bear to think that my wife should be so much better than myself ; and, the very next day, got drunk again. Now many women, even good women, would have lost all patience with such a husband, and have ceased to pray for him ; but this was not my wife's case.

“About six months after this, God was pleased to give us a little son ; not this that we have at present, but another, who is now, I trust, with God. All the time this poor boy lived, which was only a year, I behaved very ill to my wife ; and, even after the dear child died, I still continued to get drunk, frequently beating and abusing my poor wife.

“There were several people who would have tempted her to leave me after the child died : one rich gentleman, in particular, who promised her all manner of riches and finery, if she would but come and live with him ; for, as I before said, she was then a very comely woman : but she always answered, ‘No, having given myself to my husband,

I will remain with him until death. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

"This was her answer to every one (as I afterward was told) who would have persuaded her to leave me. And, through all my ill use of her, she remained a faithful, patient and obedient wife, trusting in God, that he would deliver her, in his good time, out of her trouble. Our poor little boy died at Dinapore, and was buried there. We put a monument over him; and my wife used often, more especially when I treated her ill, to go and weep over the grave of her poor innocent babe.

"It happened, one New Year's afternoon, that there was no parade, and I got drunk in another man's *berth*; yet not so drunk as not to know what I was doing. About four in the afternoon, I had occasion to come to my own *berth*, for something I wanted, where I found my wife sitting with her Bible in her hand. I was in a very ill temper, and soon found something to quarrel with her about. I called her several bad names. She made no answer. 'What!' said I, 'are you sulky?' She still did not speak. I lifted up my hand and gave her a blow; and, from one blow, I went on to another, till I beat her so sorely that she was constrained to run out of the *berth*, and out of the barracks. I did not care much for this, just at the time, for my heart was quite hardened, but returned to my companions, as if nothing had happened.

"Well, it was dusk when I went back to my *berth*; and my wife was not returned. I always loved a cup of tea in the afternoon; but there was now no one to get it ready—there was no one to light the

candle or put the cot to rights. I sat myself down, tried to whistle, and put off my uneasiness; but, somehow, I could not. I went to the door, to see if she was coming; but could not see her. I went back to my *berth*, and sat down again.

“Somehow or other, though I tried to put it off, I could not help being very uneasy. I thought of my dead child, and of my wife, and how ill I had used my poor woman, and what a loss it would be to me if anything should happen to her; and, all I could do, I could not shake off these thoughts, they came upon me with such force. After about half an hour, the darkness coming on apace, I went again into the *verandah*, to look for her, and just at the door I met Mrs. Simpson coming in. ‘Mrs. Simpson,’ said I, ‘have you seen my wife anywhere?’

“‘No,’ said she; ‘what, have you lost her? Well, you deserve it. She is a hundred times too good for you; and, if I had been in her place, I would have left you long and long ago, and gone to those who would have used me better.’

“This was all the answer I could get from her. Neither did I obtain more satisfaction from others whom I asked concerning my wife; for one said, ‘If you have lost your wife, it is no more than you deserve.’ And another said, ‘What, you want to give her another beating, do you?’

“It was now night, and would have been quite dark, had it not been for the moon; and I began to think that my poor wife had, perhaps, been driven by my hard usage to go and live with some gentleman, who would carry her away, and I should never see her more. I was almost mad at the thought of this; but

I might have been easy enough, for my wife was too good a woman, ever to think of going to live with another man.

“So, as I said, it was evening, and there was no light but from the moon. I went out of the barrack, and, not knowing which way to look, turned toward the burying-ground, for I knew that she often went there. I found the gate of the burying-ground locked, but there was a place where the wall had been broken down in the late rains, and which had not yet been repaired. I made toward that place, and went in. I made my way among the tombs toward the grave of my poor boy; and what do you think I should see but my poor wife praying there!

“I went softly up toward her, and heard her pray aloud for me, that God would be pleased to soften and turn my heart, and to deliver me from the power of sin and the devil; that, in the world to come, she and I, with our departed infant, might, for his dear Son’s sake, be raised into everlasting joy. Her prayers were often interrupted by her sobs. It pleased the Almighty God, as I heard this, to break my stubborn heart, by the power, no doubt, of his Holy Spirit. All my vile carriage toward my dear wife in a moment came before me. I ran to her, and, falling on my knees, I begged her pardon for all my wicked behaviour; praying to God, very earnestly, that he would, for his dear Son’s sake, give me a new heart, and make me especially to abhor the sin of drunkenness, which had been the occasion of all my other grievous offences.

“I cannot tell you how transported my poor wife

was when she saw me kneeling and praying to God for a new heart, in the name of his dear Son. She put her arms round my neck, and her tears fell upon my face. ‘Oh! my dear, dear husband!’ said she, ‘God has now heard my prayers for you. I knew he would, sooner or later. I was sure he would.’

“When we returned home, our neighbours were surprised to see us coming in so lovingly; observing me to sit down quietly in my *berth*, and hearing me speak gently to my wife.

“From that time, God be praised, I found a great change in myself. Not that I altogether left off my sinful customs at once; but, by the grace of God, I dropped them one by one, taking up better in their stead; my dear wife, all the while, leading me on from one good habit to another, and making all good things so pleasant to me that, I believe I may say, for the last eight years, that is, ever since the birth of our little lad Thomas, there has scarcely been such another happy pair in all India, ay, or in the world besides. And thus, my little girl, you see what a good wife, with the grace of God, may do for a bad husband; and I hope, should you ever live to be married, that you will remember this story.”

Mary had scarcely time to thank Francis for the story which he had told her, before they were disturbed, and almost deafened by a dreadful noise in the same ward, the occasion of which I will tell you.

In the *berth* nearly over against Mrs. Browne’s, was one John Thomson, lying very ill of a fever. His wife, Peggy Thomson, was, as I said before,

none of the best of women. Early that morning she had got up from her poor sick husband, and, putting on one of her smartest gowns, and her best bonnet, not forgetting, like the wicked Queen Jezebel, to paint her face, she took herself off, nobody knows where, but I fear it was not to any proper place, leaving poor Thomson to the care of the *coolies*. And truly the poor fellow would have been ill taken care of, had it not been for one James Law, a godly man, in the same company with Thomson, who, hearing how ill he was, came down from the barracks to see him, with his Bible in his hand.

James Law was sitting by poor Thomson, endeavouring to prepare him for death, should it be God's will for him to die, and to bring him, by God's grace, to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom he had ever, poor man, remained in gross and wilful ignorance, when the doctor came round. The doctor felt poor Thomson's pulse, and said, "Why, Thomson, you are better to-day. Don't you feel yourself so?"

"Doctor," said Thomson, "I think I am; and I think I should be still better if you would allow me a little wine."

"Not for the whole world!" said the doctor. "When your fever is gone, you shall have wine; but one glass now might cost you your life."

The doctor being gone, James Law went on reading, and poor Thomson seemed to give heed; and thus they were employed till about twelve o'clock, when Peggy Thomson came in. She had no need of paint then, for her face was as red as fire, I suppose from what she had been drinking. Coming

up into the *berth*, and first looking that the doctor was not near, she pulled out a bottle from under her sleeves, and pouring some of its contents into a tin pint, she gave it to her husband to drink, before James Law perceived what she was doing.

Now Peggy Thomson was afraid that she should get a scolding from her husband for going out; and she knew that there was but one way of stopping his tongue, and that was, by giving him a draught of what he loved best—strong liquor; and whether it killed him or not, she was utterly careless.

“What’s that you are giving your husband?” said James Law.

“Toast and water,” answered Peggy; for she knew, well enough, that the doctor had forbid her husband anything strong.

“Let me see,” said James Law, taking the empty pint, and smelling it; upon which he instantly cried out, “Oh, you wicked woman, it is brandy! and you have killed your husband.”

“Brandy!” said she, “and if it is, what’s that to you? Mind your own affairs!”

“Where have you put the bottle!” said James Law; for she had slipped the bottle under the bed-clothes.

“Mind your own affairs, you Methodist,” said she; “who sent for you, you canting fellow?” using many other words still more violent and abusive, and in so loud a tone as to make the ward ring again; whereby all the sick people were disturbed, and some of them roused from their sleep. In the mean while poor Thomson began to feel the effects of the brandy he had taken; his fever returning upon him, raging

and burning ; and his head becoming so disordered as to make him rave and storm even louder than his wife.

The whole hospital was presently in an uproar. The sergeant came running in ; but for some time, it was impossible to make out, clearly, what was the matter ; for Peggy said one thing, and James Law another ; while poor Thomson, who but a short time before was lying at ease on his bed, listening calmly to the word of God, and showing many signs of doing well both in body and soul, was raving like a madman, and in danger of losing both—all through the wickedness of his wife ; who, as I have said, gave him the liquor, as she had often done before, to prevent his inquiring into her vicious courses.

The uproar and disturbance were so great that they were forced to send for the doctor ; who soon discovered, by the symptoms which poor Thomson exhibited, that James Law's story was true. Moreover, the brandy bottle was found under the bed-clothes ; and, indeed, if it had not been found, James Law's word would, any day, have been taken against Peggy Thomson's. So Peggy was ordered out of the hospital, and forbidden ever to come into it again. But she had done for her poor husband. His fever came on him again through drinking the brandy, and it was his death ; although he lingered longer than was expected, for he lived till that day fortnight ; but he suffered very much.

James Law, Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Browne, when she got a little better, did all they could for him. James Law read and prayed continually with him, when he was off duty ; but whether he was able to

profit by it or not, God only, who can look into man's heart, can tell.

The day poor Thomson was buried, Mrs. Browne, being still in the hospital, for her illness was a tedious one, made Mary learn these verses, from the last chapter of Solomon's Proverbs: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. But the adulteress will hunt for the precious life." Prov. vi. 26.





STORY XVI.

The Eighth Commandment—"Thou shalt not steal."

A DAY or two after Thomson's funeral, Mrs. Mills came down from the lady she was attending to see Mrs. Browne and Mary; and she brought with her, from the lady, a pot of sweetmeat for Mrs. Browne.

The next evening, Mrs. Browne, finding herself a little better than usual, took a turn with Mrs. Francis in the air, leaving the pot of sweetmeat on the table, and a spoon by it. Now Mary was not a child that loved sweet things; for having once, when she was sick, taken her medicine in sweetmeat, her mother could never after prevail with her to take anything of that kind; Mrs. Browne, therefore, never thought of telling her not to touch the sweetmeat, though she left her in her *berth*. On her return, however, she found the cover taken off the pot, and the spoon, which she had left clean upon the table, all smeared with the sweetmeat.

Mrs. Browne was surprised, and said, "Mary, have you been at the sweetmeat?"

Mary answered, "No, godmother."

"Tell the truth, if you have," says Mrs. Browne,

“and I shall not be angry with you ; only, another time, I had rather that you would ask me for anything, and not take it slyly.”

“Godmother,” says Mary, “I tell you the truth. I have not taken it, for I don’t like it. If I had liked it, and seen it on the table, I hope that I should not have taken it. But I don’t like it, and therefore it was no mark of good in me that I did not take it.”

Mrs. Browne could not help smiling at Mary’s way of speaking ; but she said, “If you have not touched it, somebody has. Who is it?”

Mary coloured, but did not answer. Mrs. Browne said, “Come, Mary, be honest, and tell me. Have you been out of the *berth*?”

Mary. No, indeed, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Then you can tell who took the sweetmeat ; for somebody has, you know.

Mary. Yes, godmother, I can tell ; but I do not like to tell tales of my neighbours. Pray don’t ask me. Only have patience with me, and I will try if I can persuade the person who did it to confess his fault to you ; and then he won’t be punished.

“No,” said Mrs. Browne, “not if he comes and tells the truth.” She now guessed who the thief was ; for little Thomas Francis, who was in his mother’s *berth*, looked very red, when he heard what they were talking about.

So Mary waited a little ; and when she thought Mrs. Browne did not observe her, she slipped away to little Thomas, and begged in a whisper that he would come and own that he had taken the sweetmeat. For Mary was right ; she had not touched it. The little boy was the thief.

But Thomas being that day in a very naughty fit, he would not come to own what he had done and to beg pardon. So Mary returned to her godmother, and said, "Godmother, I cannot get the person who took the sweetmeat to own it; I shall, therefore, be forced to tell of him, though I did not wish it."

Now Mrs. Francis heard all that passed; so she called Thomas to her, and examining his hands and mouth, and finding that they were daubed with the sweetmeat, "Now, Thomas," said she, "I am sure that you have been the thief, and if you had confessed when Mary begged you, I would have forgiven you; but since you would not confess, I shall take the rod and correct you, that I may save your soul from destruction."

So, without another word, she took up a little switch, and, carrying the boy out of hearing, she temperately chastised him. After which she brought him and tied him to the foot of the bed, saying, "There, Thomas, I have not done this because I do not love you, but because I do; and because I would use all the means appointed by God for saving my child from hell."

Poor Thomas was very humble, confessing how naughty he had been, and praying God to forgive him for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. So Mrs. Browne, seeing how humble he was, entreated that he might be forgiven. Being therefore untied, he went and kissed his father, and mother, and Mary, and Mrs. Browne, and all were friends again.

Then says Mrs. Browne, "I think I have a little story written upon a matter very like that which has

just given us so much pain, I mean upon stealing; and Mary shall read it, as we sit here all together."

Mrs. Browne then directed Mary to look in the table drawer for a little book with a gilt cover. Mary did as she was directed, and found that it was the very same book which she had tried to obtain by keeping God's commandments, on that memorable Sunday when she was tied to the foot of the bed for riding on a stick. So she brought it to Mrs. Browne, who immediately turning to the story, desired Mary to read it aloud :

THE STORY OF TWO POOR WIDOWS WHO LIVED AT CALCUTTA.

There lived once at Calcutta two poor old white women, who were widows. I know not how they came to this country, nor how it happened that they were so poor; but so it was. Now there was in Calcutta, at that time, a rich *soudagur*, who had in his house all manner of Europe things, both clothes and furniture, with preserved fruits, sweetmeats, toys, ornaments, and the like to sell.

This man had a wife, who was very charitable. So when she was told of these two poor women, she appointed them a small house near to her own, in which were two pleasant rooms, with a little *verandah* round them; she gave also to each of them a few *rupees* a month—enough to keep them above want, but not enough to buy them any of the luxuries or vanities of this world.

The youngest of these widows, whose name was

Judith had a little son, who lived with her ; and the oldest, whose name was Sarah, had a grandson, nearly of the age of Judith's son. Now the condition of these two women being very equal, as far as this world goes, it might naturally be supposed that both were equally satisfied. But this was far from being the case ; for whereas Sarah and her little grandson were exceedingly well contented, Judith and her son were very miserable.

Sarah was contented with the coarsest gown which could be had, if it were but clean and tight ; and she could thankfully make her dinner on a little fish-curry and rice. But Judith was ever coveting the fine clothes and dainty dishes of her neighbours, and striving to purchase them as cheap as she could ; hence she was ever restless, and constantly craving something beyond her reach, not remembering those words of Scripture : " Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. vi. 8-10.

If you wish to know what it was that made these two women so different, the one from the other, it was nothing more nor less than this—that Sarah loved God, and had faith in him, hoping, after death, for a better country than this, even a heavenly country ; but Judith loved the present world, and cared not for God. So, as I said before, Judith was ever

restless and discontented ; while Sarah was as happy as anybody can be in this life.

Now Judith's son and Sarah's grandson were nearly of the same age ; the name of Judith's son was Philip, and the other little lad's name was Ralph. These boys used to be playmates, while they were little ; but the manner of their training was so different that, when they became older, they could no longer find any satisfaction in the company of each other.

Old Sarah used to teach her little grandson that he would live upon earth only a very few years ; but that the life to come would last for ever and ever, without end ; and that it was of very little consequence whether he was rich and great, or poor and despised, in this world, provided he could find the right way to be happy in the next world. Then she would tell him that the only way to be happy in the world to come, was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and steadily to follow the directions of his holy word.

Poor old Sarah did not read very well, but she could read a little ; and she tried to teach her little boy to read also, saying, "Ralph, my child, you must learn to read, that you may acquaint yourself with the Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation."

So, when he had learned to read a chapter tolerably well in her old Bible, she sold the best gown she had (it was the only Europe gown she had left), and bought him a new Bible with the money ; after which, she and little Ralph used to read every day together, verse by verse ; he in his Bible, and she in

hers. And it was pleasant to see them sitting together; the old woman with her spectacles on, in an elbow-chair, and little Ralph on a mat on the floor, alternately reading and listening to each other. So Ralph early learned the word of God; and though the little lad had his faults like other children, yet the fear of God was with him, and he was not hardened in his sins; on the contrary, he was always sorry when he had done wrong, and knew the way to Him who alone was able to pardon and cleanse him from his sins.

But Philip was brought up quite in a different manner. His mother used to tell him that he must try to become a great and rich man in the world; inasmuch as the poverty they lived in was shameful and despised by all men. For this reason therefore she taught him to read; not that he might thereby be enabled to understand God's word, but because, she said, without learning, he would never become great in the world. She told him also, that she hoped, some time or other, to see him riding in his coach, and attended by many servants.

Moreover, she taught him to bow, and scrape, and fawn to his betters; not because it was right to give all men the honour due unto them, but that he might, by pleasing the great, advance himself in the world.

And thus were these two boys brought up—Philip all for this world, and Ralph especially for the next. And now we shall see which way, in the end, was most profitable—old Sarah's godliness, or Judith's love of the world.

When these two boys were about eight years of age, Mrs. Hawkins, the *soudagur's* wife, invited

them both, one New Year's day, to dine at her house. Accordingly, they had their best clothes put on, and went. She gave them a good *tiffing* about one o'clock, and told them to amuse themselves as they liked best till tea-time, in playing about the house; only to be sure that they kept out of mischief. So she sat still in her parlour, and the children went to play.

Now, as I said before, in this house there were all manner of things for sale. So the children, in their play, found their way into the shop, or warehouse, where many of the goods were stowed; and there they began, as children will do, to look about them, to see what all these things were. And first, they found a jar of fine raisins, of which they ate their fill without scruple; then they lighted upon some Europe playthings, with which they amused themselves till Philip broke off the head of one of the horses, and Ralph broke a whip all to pieces. Next Philip found a drawer full of knives and scissors; "Oh! what numbers of knives and scissors!" said Philip. "What would I give for a pair of these scissors!"

"Oh, what would I give for one of these knives!" cried Ralph. "My grandmother wanted a little knife yesterday to unrip her work, and could not get one."

Says Philip, "Well, do you take a knife, and I'll take a pair of scissors; out of all these great many, nobody will miss them."

"But won't it be wicked?" said Ralph. "God will know it."

"Never mind," says Philip; "I'll take a pair of

scissors, and you may do as you like. I don't think God will see it." So Philip took a pair of scissors, and hid them in his hat crown; and Ralph, being over-persuaded, took a knife, and put it in his pocket.

Soon after, they were called to tea; and when they had taken as much as they wished, they were sent home, Mrs. Hawkins having kindly given to each of them a *rupee*.

While Ralph's grandmother was undressing him for bed, the knife fell out of his pocket. The old woman picked it up, and holding it close to her eyes, for her eyes were very dim, "Oh! what a pretty knife!" said she. "It will be very useful; for we have but one, and that will hardly cut. Did Mrs. Hawkins give it you, my dear?"

Ralph made no answer. "Did Mrs. Hawkins give it you, child?" says the old woman again.

Ralph looked red, and could not speak. "I hope you have not stolen it out of the shop—I hope not," said the old woman. Ralph still was silent. "Speak this moment," says old Sarah. "Do not try to hide the truth from me; for I will go over to Mrs. Hawkins myself, and find it out: so you had best tell me."

When Ralph found that his grandmother was resolved to know the truth, he owned that he had stolen the knife. The poor old woman was sadly grieved when she found that her boy had been guilty of this great wickedness; and with a sad heart she gave him the severest chastisement that he had ever received. The next morning, before he was allowed to take one mouthful of breakfast, she made him go over to Mrs. Hawkins, with the knife in his hand;

and this was a worse punishment than even the whipping had been. Moreover, she made him learn this verse, before she would forgive him: "Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Eph. iv. 28. So Ralph got nothing by his thieving but a good whipping and much shame: and from that time, through the grace of God, he was never again guilty of the like sin.

And now I will tell you how Judith behaved about the scissors. When she was putting by Philip's best hat, at night, she found the scissors in the crown of it. "Where did you get these pretty scissors? Did Mrs. Hawkins give them to you?" said she to the child.

"No, no," says the boy, "I took them out of a drawer in the shop."

"Did anybody see you?" said Judith.

"No: nobody knows but Ralph, and I am sure he won't tell of me," replied Philip.

"But the scissors will be missed," said she.

"No," said Philip: "I dare say there were an hundred in the drawer; and nobody will know that one pair is gone."

So Judith put the scissors in her pocket, and said no more.

Now, after this, the lads continued to grow in years: and Ralph, through reading God's word, became every day a better boy. He had not much learning as to the things of this world, to be sure; for his grandmother could neither give it him herself, nor pay for his schooling; but he was taught of

God to fear and love his holy name, and the law of God was written upon his heart, which is far better than all the learning in the world besides.

When Ralph was fourteen, his grandmother got him a place in a merchant's house. In this situation he received only a few *rupees* a month; for, not being able to write and cast accounts, he could be but of little service. However, with part of these *rupees* she hired a man to come every evening to teach Ralph to write and cipher, and to improve him in reading. And Ralph was so diligent that, by the time he was sixteen, he could write a pretty hand, and had made some tolerable progress in arithmetic. So his master, finding what a diligent and honest boy he was, and that he could now keep an account, gave him as much as fifty *rupees* a month, a sum quite sufficient for the comfortable support both of himself and his grandmother.

In the mean time, Judith's son went on improving himself in reading and writing, for Judith could do both herself very well, till he was about fifteen; when she began to think of putting him out to some business. But before he obtained any situation abroad, he committed a very great crime at home; and I am sorry to say that his mother was a partaker with him in it.

There was, in the same *compound* in which Judith and Sarah lived, a little mud house, with one door, which you could not go through without stooping. In this mud house a *fakcer* had lived many years; he was now getting an old man, and had subsisted all his life by begging.

Now Philip one day said to his mother, "Mother,

I wish I could tell where that old *fakeer* keeps his *rupees*; for I'll be bound he has, during his long life, gathered a pretty hoard of them."

"Do you think so?" says Judith. "I wish we had some of his hoard. It would do us more good, I am sure, than it does him."

From that time Philip could think of nothing but the *fakeer's* hoard of *rupees*; and he watched him so closely as, at last, to discover the place in which he hid his treasure. It was buried in one corner of the mud house, just under the wall; and Philip found this out by peeping through a hole in the door at night, and seeing the old man groping in that corner. So, one dark night, Philip made a hole on the outside, and, grubbing underneath the house-wall with his hands, found two bags of money, which he carried to his mother, and which she hid in the thatch at the top of her room, while he went and filled up the hole he had made. And behold, all this was done and everything in order again before sunrise.

Now the *fakeer* knew nothing of his loss till the next night; when coming home, and finding his *rupees* taken out of the hole, he made so loud a crying and lamentation that the people came running from all sides, to see if anybody was murdering the old man. But the poor fellow could get no comfort from his neighbours; for some would not believe that he had any *rupees* to lose; and others said, "The old rogue! if he was so rich as he says, why did he go about begging money from us?"

The poor plundered medicant was so grieved at his loss that he laid himself down in his hut, and

would take no food: and some imagined that he swallowed poison, as he died shortly after.

Philip and his mother rejoiced greatly at his death, persuading themselves that the robbery of which they had been guilty would now never be discovered. But God knew it, though man did not.

Shortly afterward Judith made friends with Mrs. Hawkins, and she got Philip a place in a rich merchant's house. And Judith, when she sent him to his place, fitted him out with the best of clothes, which she bought with the poor *fakeer's* money: by which means Philip made a handsome appearance in his new place; and having been taught to fawn and bow to his betters, he became so great a favourite with his master that, after a while, he trusted him even with his money. Judith then left the little house she had lived in so long with Sarah, and took another near the merchant's residence, hiring several servants, buying many fine clothes, and hardly deigning to speak to old Sarah when she chanced to meet her in the street.

And thus they went on, for a time, very prosperously; but we must not think it strange if, sometimes, we see the wicked in great prosperity, and exalted above their fellows; for it is written in the Bible: "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity; for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily shalt thou be fed." Psalm xxxvii. 1-3.

Accordingly, for a season, Judith and her son went on prosperously. He rode about on his horse

as smart as any gentleman ; and she walked through the streets in her silk gown. But, ere long, the young man became discontented with the hundred *rupees* a month which he received from the merchant, and began to rob his master of little sums : for his master, as I said before, trusted him with his money.

At first, he took only very small sums, such as one or two *rupees* at a time ; but he became bolder and bolder in his thefts, till, at length, he took so large a sum, that his master found it out, took him up, and cast him into Calcutta jail.

When Ralph heard where poor Philip was, he went to see him, and tried to comfort him, by telling him that, even now, if he would turn to God with sincerity of heart, all his sins would be forgiven him ; and he might yet be happy, if not in this world, in the world to come ; “For we are all grievous offenders,” continued Ralph, “and must be content, yea, thankful to be received into heaven as pardoned sinners, and not as if we had obtained it by our merits.”

But Philip had been brought up in great pride, and could not bear to be spoken to in this manner. He was quite sulky to Ralph, and as much as said he did not want his company. But Ralph went again and again to see him, and tried every way to bring him to his right mind.

Now the time drew near when Philip was to be brought before the judge, in order to his trial ; but, on the preceding night, he was found dead in the gaol ; and it is thought that he, like the poor *fakeer*, had taken something to end his days. So he died

without repentance toward God, and without faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and in his death there was no hope.

His mother died, shortly after, of grief, seeing that all her proud-schemes were at an end, and that she had ruined herself and the son she loved. Old Sarah nursed her in her last illness, and read and prayed *with* her and *for* her to the last. On her deathbed she confessed how she and her son had robbed the old *fakeer*.

Honest Ralph went on contented and at ease with the little he possessed, to his dying day. He married a virtuous wife, and had many children, whom he brought up in the fear of God: having always a sufficiency of food and raiment, together with a comfortable abode for his family; so that in him were strikingly verified the words of the Psalmist: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Psalm xxxvii. 25.

"Oh!" said little Mary, when she had done reading, "what a pretty story!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Browne, "it is a pretty one; and as you behaved well about little Thomas, not being in haste to tell of him and to get him punished, I will now give you this book."

Mary kissed Mrs. Browne, and said, "How good you are!"

And now the *coolies* came in with the tea; so Francis and his wife, and Mrs. Browne and the children, all drank tea together. After which, Mrs. Francis read a chapter; and, when they had prayed, they went to bed.



STORY XVII.

The Ninth Commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

EARLY the next morning, Sergeant Browne, having got leave, came down to the hospital, to stay with his wife till she should come out; for he was quite tired of being without her.

Mary was very glad to see her godfather, as she always called the sergeant; and she began chattering to him as fast as her little tongue would go, telling him everything that had happened, good and bad, since their removal into the hospital. All the time they were at breakfast she went on, "Godfather, I'll tell you this;" and, "Godfather, do but hear that;" till the sergeant, at last, said, "Why, Mary, my lass, thou hast a tongue! It will be well for thee, when grown to woman's estate, if this tongue of thine does not get thee into some trouble."

Mrs. Browne said, "Why, that's what I have often told Mary—that her tongue will, some day or other, cause her some sorrow. It is a bad custom for any one to give into, that of talking too much. What does the Scripture say on that subject?—'In the multitude of words, there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise.'" Prov. x. 19.

"Godmother," said Mary, "I will govern my tongue. I won't talk so much another time."

"My lass," said the sergeant, "don't say, '*I will* govern my tongue. *I will not* talk so much another time.' Don't you know, that no man has power over his tongue? 'The tongue can no man tame.'"

Mary. What must I do then, godfather?

Sergeant Browne. Why, you must make it a matter of prayer to God, that he will tame your tongue, and fill your mouth with wisdom.

Scarcely had the sergeant spoken these words, when Mrs. Price, whose *berth* was not far from theirs, came over to the foot of Mrs. Browne's bed, for she was now so much better as to be able to go about. "So, Sergeant Browne," says she, "you are come down this morning; perhaps you can tell us what's to be done to Sally Hicks. Will she be hanged, think you?"

"Sally Hicks!" says the sergeant, "no, sure! What of her?"

"What," says Mrs. Price, "have not you heard what she has done?"

"No," said the sergeant and Mrs. Browne, in a breath: "we hope no harm."

"No harm, indeed!" says Mrs. Price. "Nothing less than stealing, if there's no harm in that."

"Dear! I hope not," says Mrs. Browne, "I knew she always loved money too well; but I never took her for a thief, neither. No, nor can I believe it scarcely now."

"But what's the story?" says the sergeant.

"The story!" replied Mrs. Price: "why, she was over at work at Captain Smith's yesterday,

and she watches her opportunity, and breaks open a box in which she had seen Mrs. Smith put her money, and takes out ten golden guineas, which the captain's lady brought with her from England, and a beautiful shawl worth a hundred *rupees* at least; making off with them as sly as you please. I suppose she would have Mrs. Smith to believe that some of the black folks had stolen them. However, Mrs. Smith suspected who the thief was; and this morning, as I heard, a complaint was made to the adjutant; for he sent for her over to his *bungalow*, and put her in confinement—safe enough, no doubt.”

“Why, this is a strange story, Mrs. Price,” said the sergeant: “at any rate, she was not a very cunning thief.”

Mrs. Price. Oh! I'll be bound this is not the first time madam has tried her hand at thieving; for she would not have committed so bold a theft at first starting.

“Where did you hear this tale?” says the sergeant.

“Oh! if you doubt my word,” says Mrs. Price, “go and ask Dick Jones, who is now sitting at the foot of the cot which was Thomson's; he told me. You'll believe him, perhaps, though you will not believe me.”

Sergeant Browne. I have no reason to doubt your word; but, for my own satisfaction, I should like to know the truth of this business; for I have a very good-will to poor Hicks; and, as to his wife, I wish her no ill, poor body!

“Do,” says Mrs. Browne, “do, my dear, go and inquire of Dick Jones where he had the tale.”

The sergeant went to the place where Dick Jones

was sitting, and little Thomas Francis ran after him. "My lad," says he to Dick Jones, "what's this story about Hicks' wife? What has she been about?"

Dick took a *cheroot* from his mouth, which he was smoking, and answered, "Why, Hicks' wife has been robbing the captain's lady of nine golden guineas and a shawl."

Sergeant Browne. Nine guineas! Why, Mrs. Price said ten.

Dick Jones. Oh! that's her mistake. I only said nine, I am sure; and I had it from John Roberts.

Sergeant Browne. Is he in the hospital?

Dick Jones. Yes; but he will soon be out; he is almost well again. He stands there by that door. You may go and ask him, if you have any doubts about the matter.

The sergeant stepped over to John Roberts, and put the same question to him which he had done to Dick Jones. Now John Roberts was a man who never could tell you the least thing in the world without swearing to it; so, when the sergeant asked him if he knew what Sally Hicks had been doing, he answered, with a half a dozen curses, that she had stolen eight golden guineas of the captain's lady, and a shawl.

"Well, but, my lad," says the sergeant, "I only asked you a plain question, and wanted only a plain answer; what need of so many oaths in such a case?"

"Oh! that's my way," said Roberts, with another oath.

"Then your way is a very bad way," says Ser-

geant Browne. "But you say eight guineas, do you? From whom had you the story?"

"I had it from the cook-boy of our mess," answered John Roberts.

"Why, Thomas, my boy," said the sergeant, smiling, and speaking to the child, "we shall have but a poor story to carry back to my wife and Mary. We lose a guinea every step we go."

The little boy was much entertained, and pulled the sergeant's coat, saying, "Ask the cook-boy who told him."

"Nay, nay, my child," says the sergeant, "we will go no further; having got down from ten guineas to eight, we are now come to a poor cook-boy; and such people's words, as we well know, are not always to be depended upon. We shall find that this story has no truth at all in it, like many other tales that are made out about nothing."

The sergeant turned to go back to his *berth*, when, just at that moment, whom should he see but James Law, with his Bible in his hand, and a few oranges which he was bringing to some of the sick men. "Oh!" said the sergeant, "there is James Law. He lives in the very next *berth* to Sally Hicks, and we shall have the truth from him." So the sergeant stood still till James Law came up.

The sergeant then told James Law what he had heard of Sally Hicks, and how the guineas had come down from ten to eight, and that the story had been traced up to the cook-boy.

James Law heard him out, for he was not a man of many words. Then, smiling, he said, "I believe I can give you the rights of this wonderful tale, as I

know all about it. Salley Hicks, poor body, is too fond of money, that we all know; and I have told her, many and many a time, the evil of this. But as to her being a thief, I don't know that she is one; and in this matter, which you say there has been such a stir about this morning, she is as innocent as that little lad there by your side; for the thing is neither more nor less than this: Yesterday Sally Hicks was all day at the captain's; and in the evening she came home with something tied up in the corner of an old shawl. 'What's that you have got there, Sally?' says her husband.

"'A half guinea,' says she, 'which Mrs. Smith asked me to carry over for her to the adjutant's lady.'

"'What does the adjutant's lady want with it?' says her husband.

"'Why,' says Sally, 'I believe she wanted a bit of Europe gold to make a ring of, and Mrs. Smith promised her this half guinea; but that's no business of mine. I'll run over with it as soon as I have righted my *berth*.'

"Accordingly, she went over; but the adjutant's lady being out, she brought it back, and locked it in her box till this morning, when the adjutant's lady sent a sergeant over to her to inquire what she wanted with her; and the sergeant took her over with him. This, I imagine, is the bottom of the matter. And I reckon," added James Law, "that the cook-boy, telling the story in his broken tongue, used the word *adah*, which, you know, in their language means half; and John Roberts, who never looks into the bottom of any matter, perhaps mistook

the word for *auth*, which, we all know, means eight ; and so the story grew. And in like manner has many a foolish story grown, through the incorrectness of speakers or hearers."

The sergeant smiled, to think what an uproar had been made about nothing at all, and said, "I'll go back to my *berth*, and set my wife's mind at ease about this matter." So he wished James Law a good day, and went back to his wife.

After Sergeant Browne had related to his wife the true story of Mrs. Hicks, he called Mary to him, and said, "My lass, do you remember what we were talking about when Mrs. Price came in with the tale of the ten guineas and the Indian shawl?"

Mary. Yes, godfather. You were talking to me about the government of the tongue, and telling me that I must pray to God to guide my tongue ; for that no man could tame his own tongue—it must be done by the power God.

Sergeant Browne. True, my dear. And now, my child, I would take occasion to point out to you, by what has happened to-day, the mischief which people may do by talking at random. Mrs. Hicks' character might have been taken away by the foolish talk of her neighbours, and about a matter, too, in which she was innocent as a babe unborn. There are five or six people who have, this day, in this room, in the case of Mrs. Hicks, been guilty of breaking the ninth commandment. They bore witness against her, that she was a thief, and John Roberts swore to it. Their testimony was false ; for the woman had not taken the things which they asserted she had taken. Thus, you see, that their

tongues led them to break one of the commandments of God; and no one can tell the mischief that great talkers do in the world, both to themselves and others. For this reason, my little lass, I am always telling you to hold your tongue—not to talk so fast, and such kind of things; for it is written in the Bible, “Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few.” Eccles. v. 2.

“And now, my lass,” added the sergeant, “there are five rules or laws I would have you to lay down to yourself about the management of the tongue; and, as I advised you before, make it a matter of prayer to God, that he will, through his dear Son, give you power to keep these rules.

“(1.) The first is, that you never speak of God, or of his book, or of his house, or of his servants, or of anything belonging to him, but in words of praise; giving honour to God, and to all that belongs to him.

“(2.) The second rule I give you is, that you be very particular in telling the truth—keep close to the truth in every matter, whether it seems, at the time, of any consequence or not, for God hateth liars: ‘All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.’ Rev. xxi. 8. There are many folks in the world who show so little regard to truth, that you can never believe anything they tell you. If they have seen a tall man, they will tell you, ‘I have just met the tallest man I ever saw in my life. He is quite a giant!’ If they have seen a little man, they will describe him to be

no bigger than a child. When they make a report of anything pretty, they tell you that it is the most beautiful thing that ever was beheld ; and when they speak of a person who is not altogether well-looking, they make him out to be hideous enough to frighten a horse ; and thus they deal with every subject they touch upon ; so that you cannot give any credit to one word they say. Now this is a very bad custom. Hold fast to the truth, my dear, in all things, even if the question should be about the size of a pin.

“(3.) The third rule I would give you is, never be over-forward to talk of yourself, or of your own concerns. There are people in the world who talk of no one but themselves—‘I do this,’ ‘I do that,’ ‘That’s my way,’ ‘That’s my custom,’ they say. This is a disgusting custom to other people, and it is contrary to the directions of the Bible ; for the Bible says, ‘Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth ; a stranger, and not thine own lips.’ Prov. xxvii. 2. And if we consider that we are but miserable sinners, and should now be dwelling in outer darkness if we had but our deserts, we shall not be over-forward to talk of ourselves. And now, how many rules have I given you, my lass?”

“Three,” answered Mary.

“Well then,” says the sergeant, “I have two more to give you.

“(4.) My fourth rule is, that you speak not ill of your neighbour. He must be a bad neighbour, indeed, of whom nothing good can be said. But suppose a person should be so bad, that we can say no good of him, without uttering a falsehood ; why

then the next best thing is not to speak of him at all. Let us see what is said about this in James iv. 11 : 'Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, speaketh evil of the law.'

"(5.) And now for my last rule, which is of vast consequence to such as live, as we do, in barracks; and that is, my lass, never to use any vulgar or filthy language. We are often obliged to hear this kind of language, to the great sorrow of those among us who wish to do better. But when we have heard an offensive expression, it is by no means necessary that we should report or speak it over again. If ever therefore you hear a vulgar, bad word, or saying, turn away your ear, and never repeat it."

The sergeant then set Mary these verses: "But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds." Col. iii. 8, 9.

Little Mary came to say these verses just before the dinner was ready, and she said them without missing a word. So the sergeant, his wife, and Mary, sat down to some fried eggs and bacon, and a country cheese; and just as they were sitting down, James Law passing by, the sergeant invited him to come in and partake with them of what they had; for both the sergeant and Mrs. Browne liked James Law very much, knowing him to be a godly man, and from whose mouth there never proceeded any evil communication.



STORY XVIII.

The Tenth Commandment—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his."

THE next morning the sergeant called Mary to him, to read a chapter in the Bible. Mary asked him what chapters she should read. "Why," says the sergeant, "read me the twenty-first chapter of the first of Kings."

So Mary looked out the chapter ; and it contained the account of Ahab, king of Israel, coveting the vineyard of Naboth ; and of his wife Jezebel causing Naboth to be put to death, that her husband might take possession of his vineyard ; and of the punishment which God declared, by the mouth of his prophet, should be inflicted on them both for this sin.

Now when Mary had finished reading this memorable story, the sergeant said, "What commandment of God did King Ahab break?"

"The tenth," answered Mary.

Sergeant Browne. What is the tenth?

Mary. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thou neighbour's wife,

nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his."

Sergeant Browne. What did King Ahab's covetousness lead to?

Mary. It led to the murder of Naboth.

"By this you see," said the sergeant, "what a wicked thing it is to covet or desire the things of other people. It begins only with an evil thought, but ends very often in deadly hatred and murder, with the ruin of families, and all manner of mischief."

Mrs. Browne, who was sitting at work by her husband, and was hearkening to all he said to Mary, observed, "What you are speaking of, my dear, reminds me of the sad history of poor Sergeant Rose and his wife."

"True," says Sergeant Browne; "do, my dear, repeat to Mary the history of Sergeant Rose, while you are sitting at your work; I must be running up to the barracks, and shall be back again, I reckon, by the time you have done."

So the sergeant set off, and Mary came and stood close to Mrs. Browne while she told her the story.

"Mary, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "as my husband wishes it, I will tell you this story, hoping that it may be a warning and example to you; not that I take any pleasure, I trust, in speaking of the faults of my neighbours. These poor people I am going to tell you of are now dead and gone. They are gone before God, to give an account of all they did in the body; and we ought only to remember their faults as a warning to avoid that sin which proved their ruin."

THE STORY OF SERGEANT ROSE.

“Some time after we came to this country, my husband was made a sergeant. It was at Dinapore, and we had a nice corner *berth*, screened off from the rest of the barracks; so that we were very comfortable. Right opposite to us, and so near that we could not but hear most of what they said to each other, was one Sergeant Rose and his wife. He had been sergeant some years, and was then pay-sergeant of the company.

“There was not much of the fear of God in this couple, as any one might discern in five minutes’ discourse with them. But still they appeared, for a while, as decent and orderly as most of those in the barracks; for the sergeant, at that time, was neither a drunkard nor a swearer; nor was she a woman that lived in the practice of any scandalous vice. But these people were lovers of the world, more than lovers of God; and all they aimed at was to make a show and a figure in the world. Sergeant Rose was a man that could not see his neighbours have anything good but he would covet it; and if he could not get the thing itself, he would have something like it, or still better, if it was to be bad.

“I remember my husband chanced to light upon a very pretty *chopper* cot, with curtains, and everything quite complete; and so cheap that, though it was almost too handsome for me, yet he was tempted to buy it, and it was brought home and put in the *berth*. As soon as Sergeant Rose saw it carried in, he was ready, poor man, to die of vexation; and he set off forthwith to the *mistry’s*, and ordered one to

be made for him and his wife, still larger and handsomer than ours, for which he had to pay twice as much as my husband paid for ours.

“Again, I remember a man of our company had bought a chest, clamped with brass: a very handsome piece of goods it was. Sergeant Rose fixed his eye on it; and he could not be easy, poor man, till he had it. He many times offered the young man who possessed it, as much, or more money than it was worth. But the lad did not seem inclined to part with it. The sergeant, however, could not rest in peace without it: so what did he do, but one evening, getting the young man into his *berth*, he gave him a good supper and three or four drams; and when he saw that the liquor was in his head, he got a promise from him that he would let him have his chest the next day for half its real worth; and he and his wife held the young man so close to his bargain that he was forced, the next day, to let the sergeant have the chest.

“Poor Mrs. Rose was, in her turn, so over-covetous of fine clothes that she was never easy. She could not see a gown, or a bonnet, or a single article of dress that was more than commonly handsome belonging to any of our women, but she coveted it; and that with so much eagerness that she would be altogether miserable till she got the thing itself, or something handsomer of the same kind; and it is painful to think into what sinful actions these covetous desires would sometimes lead her. About this time, there arrived from Europe a detachment of men for our regiment, and with it were several women: among these there was one Susan Barker,

a private's wife, whose husband was attached to our company. This poor body had a little girl about five years old. Now it would appear that Barker had spent all his bounty in buying clothes for his wife: for there was not then a woman in the regiment who had such a box of clothes as Susan Barker—beautiful Europe print gowns, a handsome black silk cloak, a velvet bonnet, and everything suitable to them. Poor woman! they were never of much use to her; for I think, after she came to Dinapore, she never was out but once, and that was to church. In a very short time she was taken ill; and, after a few weeks' sickness, she was carried to her grave.

“The day that poor Susan was at church I happened to come out of the church in company with Sergeant Rose's wife. She remarked to me, as we were coming along, that she had observed Susan's cloak and bonnet, as well as her gown, how exceedingly handsome they were: and that very evening I saw her sitting in Susan's *berth*, talking familiarly to her, and hugging and dandling her little girl, just as if she had been as dear to her as her life. I remember my husband saying to me, ‘Look ye there. Rose's wife will get some of that poor body's good clothes from her, mind if she does not.’

“‘My dear,’ said I to my husband, ‘how can you think of such things?’

“‘Mind my words,’ said he.

“The very next day poor Susan was taken with that bowel complaint which ended in her death three weeks after. Mrs. Rose went to the hospital to see her every day while she was there, and

would not, if she could help it, let anybody else come near her: and she pretended so great a regard for her that the last desire poor Susan expressed, just before her death, was, that Mrs. Rose would take charge of her little Peggy.

“So Mrs. Rose had the child, although Mrs. Francis, who was a townswoman of Susan’s, would have taken it from the moment of its mother’s death. I was cut to the heart when I saw Mrs. Rose come into her *berth*, just after Susan Barker’s funeral, with little Peggy in her arms. Soon after which she brought her to my *berth*, and began telling me all about the mother’s death and funeral.

“‘So,’ said I, ‘have you got the child, Mrs. Rose? Do you mean to keep it, or will you let Mrs. Francis have it?’

“‘Sweet little darling!’ said Mrs. Rose, kissing the child, ‘I would not part with it for all the world, little precious creature! I am sure, if I had a child of my own, I could not feel more for it than I do for this little love.’ Then she kissed it again.

“As soon as she was gone out of the *berth*, my husband whispered to me, ‘You’ll see that her love for the child will last just till she has wheedled poor Barker out of all the mother’s clothes; and then it will be no more a precious darling.’ And my husband’s words came true enough. She pretended great love to the child till she got from Barker, one by one, the best of his wife’s clothes: first, one gown, then another, then a petticoat, then the velvet bonnet, then a pair of ear-rings, then stockings, then an apron, and, last of all, the lace cloak.

“Several people took the liberty to warn Barker

not to be in too great haste to part with these things : but Barker was an honest, unsuspecting kind of man ; and he used to say, ‘Mrs. Rose is so good to my little Peggy, that if it would do her any service, I would cut my hand off and give it to her.’

“But poor Barker shortly began to observe a difference in Mrs. Rose’s behaviour. The very next day after he had given her his wife’s cloak, and had nothing left but a few of her old every-day things, he called, as his custom was, to see little Peggy ; and he found Mrs. Rose full of complaints against the child. ‘Peggy has not been a good girl to-day,’ says Mrs. Rose. ‘She has broken me a china cup worth eight *annas*. Besides that, she is a very dirty child. I cannot keep her clean if you’d give me the world. I don’t think there is such another dirty child in all the barracks.’

“Barker was surprised to hear such complaints against the child ; though he then said nothing. But from that time the poor little one could not do anything to please her. She found fault with it on all occasions. Neither did she feed it in a proper manner, but provided for it the worst of victuals, and allowed the men to give it as much liquor as they would.

“About that time, the regiment was ordered away in a hurry, on some duty, I forget what ; and the women were left in Dinapore barracks. Then, indeed, Mrs. Rose began to use the poor child sadly, so that it fell away from day to day ; but no one had authority to take it from her, till the father came back.

“When poor Barker came home, we told him

how his little one had been used, considering it our duty so to do; and he removed it immediately to Mrs. Francis, where the poor little girl was very tenderly treated. But the ill usage and bad living to which the child had been accustomed at Mrs. Rose's had brought on it the same complaint of which its mother died, the bowel complaint; from the fatal effects of which neither the doctor's skill nor Mrs. Francis' care could preserve her: for, after lingering a while, she died, just a year and half after her mother, and was buried in the same grave.

"After this sad affair, instead of getting less greedy of other folks' things, and less under the influence of strife and covetousness, Mrs. Rose became, I think, more than ever addicted to these evil habits. About that time, we moved from Dinapore to Berhampore, and just then Sergeant James was made sergeant-major. Mrs. James after this, to be sure, could afford many things which Mrs. Rose could not—the one being sergeant-major's wife, and the other pay-sergeant's only. But Mrs. Rose had such an envious spirit, that she must have the same as Mrs. James had, cost what it would; and her husband encouraged her in this temper, so that if Mrs. James bought herself a new bonnet or gown, next week you would be sure to see Mrs. Rose in one of the same, if not a handsomer. And to support all this expense, what was to be done but to take all possible advantage of the poor men in the company, more especially when they were drunk, cheating and overreaching them in all manner of ways.

"My husband warned Rose many times, telling him, that if his overbearing and cheating ways were

ever to reach the captain's ears he would certainly be broke. Moreover, he told him that, supposing his unjust actions should never be made known to the officers, yet that God knew all his most secret actions; and would bring him to account for them, if not in this world, yet surely in the next: for thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, 'Execute true judgment, and show mercy, and compassion every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.' Zech. vii. 9, 10.

"My husband also showed Sergeant Rose these words of our blessed Lord: 'And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' Luke xii. 15.

"But my husband's words had no manner of effect on Rose or his wife. They went on gathering together money, and fine clothes, and goods, till at length some of the unjust dealings of Rose toward the men were reported to the captain, and the thing being proved against him, he was broke.

"Poor Rose was so much hurt and grieved at being reduced to a private from a sergeant, that he never looked up after. From that time he took to drinking, so that he became good for nothing in the world; he and his wife leading a most miserable life together—he blaming her for his ruin, and she blaming him. 'It was your covetousness that brought me to ruin,' he would say; and she would answer in the same manner; so that they became the most unhappy couple in all the barracks, he constantly

drunk, and she was very little better. Now all the fine clothes and handsome things they had got together did them no manner of service ; and their end was exceedingly distressing, the death of each of them being brought on by drinking ; for they used to drink, as I said before, to drive care away. She died first, and in a very frightful manner, all her complaint lying in her head, so that she raved like a mad woman ; and all her talk on her deathbed was about poor little Peggy Barker, often crying out, ‘ God doth execute the judgment of the fatherless—God doth execute the judgment of the fatherless,’ which is part of a verse in the Bible, Deut. x. 18. After her death, he drank harder than ever ; selling, little by little all his wife’s clothes, to keep himself in liquor. He even parted with the handsome cloak which his wife had got from Susan Barker, to a black man, for two case-bottles of brandy ; so that his costly stores never did him or any of his any good ; and he died, poor fellow, not worth a *pice* beyond what would serve to put him in the ground.

“ Thus you see, my dear, the folly, the misery, and the wickedness of coveting and desiring other people’s things, and letting one’s eyes go a roving after fine clothes and furniture ; for when we go out of the world we can carry nothing with us, but must go out naked as we came in.”

Then Mrs. Browne made Mary learn these verses : “ Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal ; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor

steal ; for where treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. vi. 19-21.

When Mary had learned these verses, Mrs. Browne asked her a few questions, to know if she understood what she had learned.

Mrs. Browne. What is signified by a treasure, Mary?

Mary. A treasure signifies a great many rich and good things put together.

Mrs. Browne. Where must we gather our good things together?

Mary. In heaven.

Mrs. Browne. Why not in this world?

Mary. Because moth or rust may consume our good things, or thieves may take them away.

Mrs. Browne. And are there no thieves in heaven?

Mary. No.

Mrs. Browne. But how can we go up to heaven, to lay up good things for ourselves there?

Mary. We cannot go up to heaven till after we die ; but if we trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and love him, he will prepare good things for us against we die.

Mrs. Browne. What will he prepare for you if you love him?

Mary. A beautiful mansion in his Father's house.

Mrs. Browne. And what else?

Mary. A crown of glory and a robe of righteousness.

Mrs. Browne. And what besides?

Mary. The fruit of the tree of life to eat, and living water to drink.

Mrs. Browne. And will he never take those things from us again?

Mary. No, never, never.

Mrs. Browne. Then pray to God, my dear child, that he will, for his dear Son's sake, take covetousness out of your heart, and so entirely change your nature that you may desire a treasure in heaven, rather than in this world.

By this time, the sergeant being returned from the barracks, dinner was brought in.





STORY XIX.

Showing that, at the hour of death, we must have something else to trust to than our own obedience to the Commandments.

A FEW days before Mrs. Browne was able to leave the hospital, one Robert Berry, a private of the grenadier company, was brought in, in a *doolie*, and put into the *berth* which Mrs. Price had occupied, who went out the day after Sergeant Browne came down from the barracks. Robert Berry had been in a poor way for some years ; his disease was what the country-people in England call a waste ; though he had a good appetite, yet his victuals seemed to do him no good. Sometimes he would get a little better, and then become worse again ; one week he was able to do his duty, and the next, perhaps, he was in the hospital ; and so he lingered on, from time to time. His disease, however, had now gained such ground upon him that it was plain enough to all about him that he never would go out of the hospital again, but as a corpse ; yet the poor man himself, having been so long ill, had no more thought of death now than at any other period of his sickness.

The character which Robert Berry bore in the company was that of a good sort of man, although he did not deserve it, for his goodness was all outside show. He had always been clean, and, when able, regular in his duty; he was a man of few words, and so never found in broils and uproars; and when he got drunk, which he often did, he took care that it should not be at times when he was liable to be seen by his officers, or when he was for any duty; but he would take a cup, and that a pretty large one, just as he was going to bed, or when he was well assured that the effect of the liquor would be gone off before he was called for; so that all the time he was a soldier, which was ten years or more, he never got into a scrape about drinking. When he did speak, he would mix oaths and curses with his discourse, like other men; but, as I said before, being no great talker, he kept out of many troubles which others fell into. As to religion, he never thought about it; he went to church when his company went, but never at any other time; and he used to glory in saying, that, for his part, he was no Methodist, though, he doubted not, he was, at bottom, as good as any of them.

This was the character of poor Robert Berry; and I fear there are many men in every regiment like him, who, while they keep fair with their officers, care little about pleasing God.

The day he came into hospital, Mrs. Browne said to her husband, "Robert Berry looks very ill. I think he cannot last many days. Do you imagine that he has any thought of preparing for death?—I

wish, my dear, you would talk to him upon the subject."

Sergeant Browne answered, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will go up to the barracks, and fetch James Law, and get him to open the matter to Berry; James Law has been more used to deal with sick and dying folks than I have."

Sergeant Browne was as good as his word. He brought James Law down from the barracks that evening; and, after taking a cup of tea with Mrs. Browne, they went over together, Sergeant Browne and James Law, to Berry's *berth*. The poor man was lying on his bed, unable to speak from pain and restlessness—weary of his own thoughts, and glad of any company to pass away the time. So he was pleased to see them, and asked them to sit down by him. "Well, my friend," says James Law, "how do you find yourself?"

Robert Berry. Full of pain, full of pain—weary of my life, quite weary of my life.

"Well," says James Law, "we have one great comfort when we are weary of this life—we have a better life to look to. The way to heaven is, thank God, open to all; we have only to knock, and the door to everlasting happiness will not be held shut against us."

Robert Berry stared, not knowing what James Law meant by knocking at the door to everlasting happiness; and though he said he was weary of his life, he did not mean that he wished to die, for he had no manner of wish to leave this world.

James Law then spoke more plainly, and said, "My friend, this weariness of life, and these pains

of a sick bed, are sent to us by our heavenly Father, in kindness, to warn us of our approaching departure. While we are in health, and things go well with us, we are too apt to forget that this world is not our home; and so we neglect to make preparations for our march to the next."

Robert Berry, hearing James Law speak in this manner, raised himself up in his bed, his poor yellow face becoming red with passion, "Why," said he, "you don't think I am likely to die this bout, do you?"

"I do," says James Law, gravely, "and so does every one else."

Robert Berry swore at him, saying, "So you came here just to tell me I am a dead man, did you? I wish you had lost the use of your tongue before you came hither on such an errand." The poor man used several other shocking expressions in his anger against James Law; after which, being overcome with weakness, he fell back on his pillow and was silent.

Then Sergeant Browne put in a word or two of kindness, saying that they did not come to frighten him, but as friends, to warn him of his danger. "My lad," says the sergeant, "you will not die the sooner for our telling you that you are in some danger; a soldier should be ready to march at all times, whether the route be come or not. All we would persuade you to is, to look a little into your affairs, and to see that all is in order for the expedition which you may, perhaps, be shortly called upon to undertake. Now, my lad, you know that there are but two countries to which a man can be ordered to

march, in the life to come ; the one is a most exceedingly beautiful and desirable country, where we shall be under the command of a Captain who scrupled not to lay down his life for his followers ; and the other is an abode of unutterable sorrow, a lake of everlasting fire, where Satan will be our captain, and his cursed angels our comrades. Now the matter which we would have you to consider is this : suppose that God should this night require your soul of you, to which of these places do you think you would be sent by the great Judge ?”

“To which?” replied Berry, “to which? Why, I hope I should go to heaven.”

“And we hope so, too,” said James Law ; “but as this is a matter of much consequence—as your eternal happiness or eternal misery depends upon your not being mistaken in this point, we come to advise you, while God, in mercy, spares your life, to consider your ways ; and, if you have not done it already, to turn to him who alone can save you. You say you hope that you shall go to heaven ; upon what ground do you rest your hope ?”

“Upon what do I rest my hope, say you? I don’t rightly understand you,” answered Robert Berry.

James Law. Why, we wish to know, if you have ever considered for what reason God should give you the kingdom of heaven? Have you deserved such an exceeding great reward by any of your own works ; or do you think that God will give you eternal happiness for the sake of any other person?

Robert Berry. Oh! now I understand you. You want to know whether I think myself good enough to go to heaven. Why, as to that, I believe

I am as deserving as most other men ; and, perhaps, am better than some who pretend to be very religious.

“ But,” said James Law, “ you will not be asked at the day of judgment, whether you were better than such a man, or such a man—every man will be judged according to his own works, as St. John says : ‘ And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is the book of life ; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them ; and they were judged every man according to their works.’ Rev. xx. 12, 13. Now the question is, not whether you are better than I am, or whether I am better than you are ; but whether your works, the things which are written concerning you in those books, are such as will stand the trial ? ”

Robert Berry. I don’t know why they should not—I have neither been a thief nor a murderer.

James Law. Well, suppose you have not broken those two particular commandments relating to murder and stealing (which, I am sure, is more than I can say), yet are there no other commandments of God which you have broken ? Have you lived all your life without sin ? Is there nothing written against you in the book of remembrance ?

Robert Berry. Why, it would be much to say that I never have committed any sin ; but I am sure I have led a very regular life ; I was never seen drunk by any of our officers ; I was always clean on

parade and exact in my duty, and paid every man his due ; and what more would you have ? I'll tell you what ; I think, if I am sent to hell, there won't be many of our company saved.

James Law. That is no concern of yours, my lad ; let every one look to himself. The question is, are your works such as will stand the trial ?—have you kept God's commandments, or broken them ? God is a just Judge, strictly just ; his law is pure ; he never suffers it to be broken, even in the smallest point, without demanding satisfaction. From the beginning of the world, from the time of Abel, till the time when the Lord made satisfaction for the sins of the world upon the cross, it has been acknowledged by all believers that sin cannot be forgiven “without shedding of blood.” Heb. ix. 22.

Robert Berry. I have had my little faults like other men, to be sure ; but as to having been much in the practice of breaking God's commandments, I don't know that I have.

Then said Sergeant Browne, “Just run over the ten commandments in your mind, and question yourself, as you go along, how you have kept each of them in particular. I remember, when I was a youngster, I began a custom, when on sentry at night, of repeating the ten commandments, and examining myself by them. I was taught this by Sergeant Cowper, a good old man, who is now, I trust, with God.”

Sergeant Browne and James Law were silent for some minutes, as if to give Berry time for self-recollection. At length James Law said, “Well, Berry,

in examining yourself by God's law, how do you come off?"

Robert Berry. Come off! Why, I'll tell you what, I think you have a mind to put me quite out of conceit with myself. What if I have broken one or two of God's laws, in the course of nine and twenty years; is that a reason why I am to be sent to hell for ever?

James Law. Supposing, as you say, that you have broken the laws of God only a few times in your life, yet you will be condemned even for those few offences; for the law of God, as I said before, is so holy and so just that it must not be broken with impunity. It is written, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For he that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law." James ii. 10, 11.

Sergeant Browne. But what man can say he has broken God's law only a few times in his life? Take only the third commandment, which forbids us to take the name of God in vain—can any man recount how often he has broken that commandment? Can any man say that he has not uttered the holy name of God in a vain and thoughtless manner a thousand and a thousand times in his life? Then there is the fourth commandment; how often and often do we transgress that? And I verily believe that there is scarcely a man on earth—ay, and pick from the very best—who does not continually break the ninth and tenth.

James Law. You may, in this manner, mention

every commandment. But, instead of inquiring how often the commandments of God are broken; we should rather inquire, who is able to keep any of them?

Robert Berry. At this rate, you are going on to damn all mankind.

Then said James Law, "No man ever can be saved by his own good works. There is not a man on earth that can stand the trial. The best man that ever breathed, if tried by the pure law of God, must be condemned to hell; for there is none good, no, not one. We are all filthy, all abominable, all unclean, all fit for hell-fire."

Robert Berry. And is this what you are come to tell me? If this is all the comfort you Methodists have to give, I am sure you had best keep away.

James Law. What we have been striving at is to convince you, Berry, that you, and we, and all men, are sinners, having no power of ourselves to save ourselves; and thus to lead you to one who can save you, even the Lord Jesus Christ.

James Law then went on to tell Robert Berry how God the Son came down from heaven, took upon him the nature of man, and died for us upon the cross; that we, through faith in his name, might be washed from our sins in his blood, and being clothed with the garment of his righteousness, might be received into everlasting habitations. And he finished by entreating Berry not to trust to his own works, but to fly to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

Berry made no answer to all this; but when Law

ceased speaking, he said, "Well, now you had best be going; for I want to sleep."

So the sergeant went back to his *berth*, and James Law to the barracks: and the sergeant told his wife that he greatly feared they should lose their labour, poor Berry appearing to be obstinately sullen.

"Never fear," said Mrs. Browne: "it will be a good work if you should be enabled, by God's grace, to say a word in season to the poor dying man. Remember, that 'he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.'" James v. 20.

"The work must be of God," said the sergeant.

"True," said Mrs. Browne; "but sometimes God condescends to employ very humble instruments in the performance of great works." So she encouraged him to go on; and accordingly he and James Law went again the next day to Berry's *berth*.

But Berry was determined, for that time, to have no more of their preaching, as he called it; and for the purpose of silencing them, should they visit him again, he got John Roberts to come and sit in his *berth*. As soon, therefore, as James Law began to speak upon religion, John Roberts also began to banter, and laugh, and talk in such a manner, that James Law and Sergeant Browne thought it best to retire, and let Berry alone for a while.

For a day or two Berry's health remained much in the same state; and, finding that he was not getting worse, he began to flatter himself that what James Law had said to him about his being likely soon to die had no truth in it. And now, imagining death at a distance, he put off all uneasy thoughts

about the day of judgment, saying to himself, "I am as good as other men—I shall do as well as they, in spite of what those canting Methodists say." So he went on, for three days after he came into the hospital, putting off all thought about the world to come; talking with one idle body or another, who chanced to come into his *berth*; and crying, Peace, peace, to his soul, when there was no peace. Jer. vi. 14.

But it happened the third night, just about midnight, when all was quiet in the hospital, that poor Robert Berry was taken with a convulsive fit, in which he might have died, had not Sergeant Browne, hearing him groan, got up to his help. He, and the hospital-sergeant, and Mrs. Francis, who was a nice woman about the sick as could be, did all they could for him; so that, toward sunrise, the fit left him, and he began to revive: but, poor man, had you seen him, you would have taken him for a corpse. "Oh, Sergeant Browne! Sergeant Browne!" said he, when he was able to speak, "are you come to me again? Oh! that I had minded your words before: but now, I am afraid, there is no hope for me. I thought, just now, I was already dead, and standing before the Judge, loaded with my sins, which were ready to sink me into hell. Oh, Sergeant Browne, I know now that I have been a sinner—that I have broken God's commandments a thousand and a thousand times. I have lived in the contempt of God all my life—I have mocked at his servants, and called them names—I have despised his blessed book, his holy name and his laws. Now death is come near to me, I see things in quite

a different light from that in which they appeared to me even three days ago. Oh! what shall I do to be saved? What shall I do to be saved?" Then the poor man broke out into crying like a young child.

"Are you willing, my friend," says Sergeant Browne, "to give up all trust in yourself, and to throw yourself as a poor miserable condemned sinner, at the foot of the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Indeed, indeed, I am!" said poor Berry, "very ready, and very willing. I have no hope, but from the mercy of God. I dare not stand a trial."

"What do you mean by the mercy of God?" said the sergeant.

"Mean!" replied Berry; "why, that I hope he will forgive me, if I own my sins to him, and am very sorry, and not proud and self-presuming, as I was the other day."

"Take care," says Sergeant Browne, "that you do not take this matter by the wrong handle. God, I tell you plainly, will not forgive you for your repentance and humility, be they ever so great. They who have studied the Bible know this thing better than you do your A, B, C, that God the Father never does, and never can forgive sins, without a sufficient satisfaction; and this satisfaction consists in nothing less than the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who is one with God, and equal with the Father. God the Son descended from heaven, took upon him the body of a man, and in that body fulfilled all the laws of his Father. He was sacrificed for us upon the cross, that we, through faith in him, might receive pardon for our sins.

“We have no righteousness in ourselves; but if we love our Saviour, we shall receive the reward of his righteousness. It is said in the Bible, that his righteousness will be put upon us as a garment, to hide our sinfulness, according as it is written: ‘I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God: for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.’ Isaiah lxi. 10. This righteousness of Christ is the uniform of the saints: a man might as well come on parade without his accoutrements, as a sinner to appear before God without this garment of salvation.

“Now, my poor lad,” added the sergeant, seeing Berry much troubled, “you have nothing to do, but to apply unto the Lord after this manner—confessing that you are nothing in yourself but a poor miserable wretch, your very repentance requiring to be repented of; and beseeching him to pardon you for his dear Son’s sake, and to give you his righteousness, even the righteousness of Christ.”

Berry begged the sergeant to put these words into the form of a prayer for him. So the sergeant knelt down by the side of Berry’s cot; and Berry joined heartily in the prayer, which he well remembered, for every word of it is to be found in the dear old Prayer-Book. By this time, Mrs. Francis had got a little sago and wine ready for the poor man, after taking which, he fell asleep; and James Law coming down, the sergeant left him with Berry, while he went up to fetch the Reverend Mr. King, who was at that time the clergyman of this station, and as worthy a man as ever lived.

Berry in the mean time, had a comfortable sleep, and was pretty easy on Mr. King's arrival ; so that he was able to pay much attention to what he said. It would take more time than I have to spare, to repeat all that Mr. King said to Robert Berry on this occasion ; but he went to work much after the same manner with him as James Law and the sergeant had done ; for true Christians, whether they be high or low, learned or unlearned, have all one faith, and one way of thinking concerning matters of salvation ; only, being a man of more knowledge and experience than they possessed, he put the matter in a clearer light than they could possibly do. The first thing Mr. King did was to bring Berry to confess that he was a poor miserable sinner ; which he was now, poor man, ready enough to do ; and from that Mr. King led him on to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to save "them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25.

Robert Berry, by the mercy of God, lived nearly a week, during which time Mr. King visited him every day ; and Sergeant Browne and James Law, first one and then the other, were with him night and day, reading, talking and praying with him, as often as he could bear it. Mr. King finally gave him the Holy Communion, these good men partaking with him of that comfortable sacrament. As to John Roberts, though he had been an old comrade of Berry's, he never came near him for six days before he died ; "For," said he, with an oath, "those Methodists have got hold of Robert Berry, so he

must be content to do without my company, for I'll never set foot where they are, if I can help it." And it was a great blessing to poor Berry that John Roberts was of this mind, since it allowed him to die in peace, disturbed no more with the oaths and curses of so hardened a sinner.

Now there was much hope in the death of poor Berry; for although he did not die rejoicing, as some holy men have done after serving God for many years; yet he died very humbly, calling himself a miserable sinner, and saying, again and again, that he had no hope but in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sergeant Browne and James Law were with him at the hour of his death. He thanked them, just before he became speechless, for their great kindness to him in bringing him to the knowledge of his Redeemer; and once he said, "I hope to meet you in heaven, and thank you there better than I can here."

He begged that a certain hymn might be sung at his funeral, and his request was granted. The hymn was this:

A HYMN BY THE POET COWPER.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.





STORY XX.

"Q. What dost thou learn by these commandments ?

"A. I learn two things : my duty toward God, and my duty toward my neighbour."

A FEW days after the death of Robert Berry, Mrs. Browne came out of the hospital, and Mrs. Mills being come home, Mary returned to sleep at her mother's; but scarcely a day passed in which she did not come over to see her godmother.

On the Sunday following the return of Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Mills to the barracks, Mr. King gave notice that he should publicly catechise all the children in the place on the next Friday evening. What a bustle was there upon this occasion among the children in the barracks, from the Sunday to the Friday, conning over the Catechism! and as to Mary, she scarcely ever had her Bible and Catechism out of her hand. Well, at last, Friday evening came: the children were all neatly dressed, to go up to the church; and many of their fathers and mothers went too, as the catechising did not begin till after parade.

The church was lighted up, and Mr. King was standing at a small table, with two wax lights and

three most beautiful Bibles upon the table before him: one of these Bibles was bound in purple morocco leather, richly gilt; another in red leather, gilt in the same manner; and the third equally ornamented, in green. He ordered that the children should be placed in a half circle before him, and the parents stood behind the children. Before Mr. King began to catechise the children, he spoke to them after this manner: "My little children, you see these three beautiful Bibles: it is my intention to give one of these to each of those three children who may answer best the questions which I shall now put to you relative to the Catechism—not to those who merely repeat the words of the Catechism best, but to those who shall prove, by their answers, that they best know the meaning of it; for if we learn words without knowing or thinking what those words mean, we may as well learn words in an unknown tongue; and those people who read the Bible, or any other godly book, without endeavouring to understand the things written therein, might just as well not read at all."

When Mr. King had said these words, he began the Church Catechism, and went through it with the children, putting no question to them except such as were in the book; and the children, so far, answered very well. Nelly Price was, I think, the only one belonging to the barracks that made any mistake; and, I am sorry to say, she made several.

But now the hardest part was to come. Mr. King was to examine whether they had merely learned to repeat the answers which they had then delivered;

or whether they had any acquaintance with the real import of those answers. That part of the Church Catechism in which Mr. King thought proper to examine them was: Our duty toward God, and our duty toward our neighbour.

And first, he asked the little girl who stood at his right hand (Sally Smith, I think it was, one Corporal Smith's daughter) what she had learned from the ten commandments.

She thought a moment; at last she said, "I learn two things—my duty toward God, and my duty toward my neighbour."

The next question fell to Mary: "Who is the true God?"

Mary answered, "He who sent his Son into the world to die for sinners."

Mr. King was pleased, and thought to himself, "Come, we shall do very well; I must be looking out for some more Bibles, I believe." The next question was, "And who is your neighbour?"

This question fell to Private Jones' son, little Dicky Jones: "My neighbour?" says the boy—"one John Willis." That was the man who had the next *berth* to his father's.

Mr. King looked grave, and the children were ready to laugh. So the question was passed on. But although the children were so ready to laugh at Dicky Jones, the question was put to five more before it was answered; at last, little Thomas Francis said, "All men are my neighbours." So Thomas Francis was put between Mary and Dicky.

The next question fell to one of the James'. James as I said before, was sergeant-major of that regiment,

and had three children living—Charlotte, who was nearly fifteen years of age ; William, who was eleven ; and Kitty, who was just the age of Mary Mills. These three children were ranged together ; and Charlotte, standing first, Mr. King asked her, “How many Gods are there?”

She answered, “One God ; but in the Godhead there are three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”

Not to make my story too long, I must tell you that Sally Smith lost her place the next time the question went round ; and from that time till the catechising was over, not one child answered a question but Mary Mills, the sergeant-major’s three children, and little Thomas Francis. And now I will repeat Mr. King’s questions, together with the answers of these children, that every youthful reader of this relation may be able to judge whether, if he had been there, he would have stood any chance of obtaining one of those beautiful Bibles.

Mr. King. Why must we believe in God?

Mary. “Without faith it is impossible to please God ; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” Heb. xi. 6.

Mr. King. Why must we fear God?

Thomas Francis. “Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul ; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.” Matt. x. 28.

Mr. King. Why should we love God?

Charlotte James. “We love God, because he first loved us.” 1 John iv. 19.

Mr. King. What was the greatest proof of love which God ever showed the world?

William James. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

Mr. King. How much ought we to love God?

Kitty James. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. xxii. 37.

Mr. King. Why must we worship God?

Mary. "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Matt. iv. 10.

The next question came round again to Mary, as none of the others could answer it.

Mr. King. How should we worship God the Father?

Mary. In the name of God the Son; for the Lord Jesus Christ says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John xiv. 6.

Mr. King. Why must we give thanks to God?

Thomas Francis could not answer this, but Charlotte James answered it: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Philippians iv. 6.

Mr. King. Why is it good to trust in the Lord?

One of the children answered, "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." Psalm xxxii. 10.

Mr. King. Can you tell me wherefore we ought to call upon the Lord?

Mary. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah lv. 6, 7.

Mr. King. Why should we give honour to the word and name of God?

Charlotte James. Because it is written, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." Rev. iv. 11.

Mr. King. Why should we serve God?

Thomas Francis. Because it is written, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Matt. iv. 10.

Mr. King had now gone through the duty toward God with the children; and he next proceeded to examine them in their duty toward their neighbour. And first he put this question to Mary; "Do you recollect what directions our Lord Jesus Christ gave to us when on earth, about loving our neighbour and doing as we would be done by?"

Mary. "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." Luke vi. 31-35.

Mr. King. Why must we honour and obey our parents?

Charlotte James. Because, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx. 17.

Mr. King. Why is it sinful to be disobedient to those who are put over us; such as our officers, if we are soldiers; or our masters, if we are servants; or our teachers and elders, if we are children? And why must every man honour and obey his king, or governor?

Not one of the children could answer this question; so Mr. King said, "When you go home, look at the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and there you will find these words: 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same.'"

Then Mr. King said, "Why must we not hurt or do harm to any?"

Mary. "Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Matt. x. 16.

Mr. King. Wherefore should we be true and just in all our doings, wronging and defrauding no man?

Charlotte James. Because it is written, "That

no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter ; because that the Lord is the avenger of all such, as we also have forewarned you and testified." 1 Thess. iv. 6.

Mr. King. Why is it very sinful to bear malice and hatred in our hearts?

Thomas Francis. Because, "whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John iii. 15.

Mr. King. Wherefore should we keep our hands from picking and stealing?

William James. "Let him that stole steal no more ; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Eph. iv. 28.

Mr. King. Where is the wickedness of an unruly tongue spoken of?

Mary. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity ; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature ; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind ; but the tongue can no man tame ; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless the God, even the Father ; and therewith curse we men which are made after the similitude of God." James iii. 6-9.

Mr. King. Wherefore should we keep our bodies free from drunkenness?

Charlotte James. "Be not deceived ; no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. vi., part of 9th and 10th verses.

Mr. King. In what manner should we strive to live while we remain in this world?

Charlotte James. "We should study to be quiet, and to do our own business, and to work with our own hands; that we may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that we may have lack of nothing." 1 Thess. iv. 11, 12.

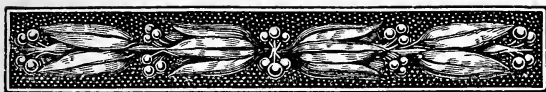
It was now so near the time of the evening drum-beating, that Mr. King left off questioning the children, that the people might be in the barracks in time.

It was soon settled who were to have the Bibles. The first choice was Mary's, the second Charlotte James', and the third little Thomas Francis'. When Mr. King presented them with the books, he said, "My dear children, take these holy books, and let them be a guide and rule to you in your passage from earth to heaven. You have answered your questions very well and seem, for your age, to have a considerable acquaintance with the word of God; but remember, dear children, that if you do not practice what you know, your condemnation will be greater at the day of judgment, than that of those people who never had an opportunity of knowing God's will; 'For it had been better for you not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after you have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto you.'" 2 Peter ii. 21. Then he dismissed the children; and they, with their parents, made haste home, it being rather a late hour.

As they walked home, Mrs. Mills said to Mrs. Browne, "Mary must thank you, Mrs. Browne,

for the Bible which she has obtained to-day. It lies not in my power to give her the instruction which you have done, and I bless God that I was directed to choose such a godmother for my little girl."





STORY XXI.

Showing that we cannot serve God and Mammon.

IT might be about a fortnight, or a little more, after the catechising of the children in the church, that Sergeant-major James called in at Sergeant Browne's *berth*, and said, "Mrs. Browne, you have not been over to see my wife, I don't know the day when. I wish you would come, for she wants to have a little talk with you."

"I hope there is nothing amiss," says Mrs. Browne.

"Why, no," said the sergeant-major; "no great things, I trust; but Charlotte gives my wife some uneasiness. The girl is not so dutiful as she should be, I must say the truth; and my wife wants to break her mind upon it to you."

"Well," says Mrs. Browne, "I will come over to-morrow; not that my opinion is worth your wife's asking; but it may be some comfort to her to have a friend to speak with concerning anything that troubles her."

So the sergeant-major took his leave, first saying, "You had better come before breakfast, Mrs. Browne, for it is a good step to our *bungalow*, and the weather is exceedingly hot."

As soon as the sergeant-major was gone, Mrs. Browne said to her husband, "I wonder what is the matter now? I am sure Mrs. James has taken pains with her children; and it would grieve me much if they should not afford her comfort."

"Why," says the sergeant, "it never will answer, wife, to be serving two masters. Some few folks (I wish there were more of them in the world) are for serving God entirely; and there are many others all for Mammon; but as for poor Mrs. James, she is for serving both. She is a mighty woman for making a figure in this world, and she would fain do well in the next too. But it will not do—I never saw it answer yet: 'No man can serve two masters, as our Lord hath said; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' Matt. vi. 24. These children of James' have learned catechisms, and hymns, and prayers, and texts without end; they showed themselves to be good Bible scholars in the church, last Friday was a fortnight; but, as old Sergeant Cooper used to say, though there is a plaster for all sores in the Bible, the plaster will not heal unless it be applied to the sore. So these children have, I fear, never been taught to apply the Scripture, and bring it home to themselves; neither have they seen their parents shaping their lives to the Bible rules; but, on the contrary, they have seen them following the fashions of the world: then, where is the wonder, if the young ones do not turn out as they should do?"

"There is much truth in what you say," replied Mrs. Browne.

Sergeant Browne. Mr. King gave us an excellent discourse while you were in the hospital. I never heard a better, and the text was this: "And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between the two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word." 1 Kings xviii. 21. There were many things in that discourse that made me look to myself with shame.

Nothing more passed between Sergeant Browne and his wife on this subject that night; and the next morning, while the men were at parade, Mrs. Browne took her work and went over to the sergeant-major's *bungalow*.

She found Mrs. James sitting in the *verandah* alone, for the children were gone to take a walk: so sitting down by her, Mrs. James soon explained to Mrs. Browne the cause of her trouble. "I am sure," said Mrs. James, "from the day of their birth, no mother has been a greater slave to her children than I have been to mine. I have fed them with the best, I have clothed them with the best, and I have provided them with the best learning in my power. First, Edward Burns, of Captain Smith's company, who was a capital scholar, taught them to read, write and cipher; he also made them learn the whole of the Church Catechism by heart, together with scores of hymns out of the hymn-book; and since he died, which is upward of two years, James Law has come every day, when not on duty, to hear them read, and to bring them forward in their writing and ciphering; besides setting them verses from the Bible, which I am at the pains to

make them learn. Then Charlotte can mark as prettily as any girl in the country; and as to stitching and flowering, and doing the carpet-work, I will match her with the very best. And I do not think that even your little goddaughter can read better than my Kitty, though Mary is the elder by four months. And now," adds Mrs. James, "is it not very hard, when I hoped to begin to reap the fruit of all my labours, and cares, and expense, to see Charlotte going altogether wrong? The sergeant-major has great reason to expect an ensigncy in this regiment, in a few months; my children then will have a right to rank among the best: and Charlotte, who is a well-looking girl, might expect a husband even among the gentlemen; but her own obstinacy and undutifulness will be her downfall. In spite of all I can say or do, when my back is turned, she will run over into the barracks; and there she is for hours, gossiping with the women, and romping with the lads—for the officers to see when they come through. I have threatened to lock her up, and I will be as good as my word, for she will break my heart." Here the poor woman burst into tears, for her trouble was great: and Mrs. Browne, who was really very sorry for the anxious mother, endeavoured to comfort her.

"What can I do, Mrs. Browne?—What can I do?" asked Mrs. James, when she could speak. "Do give me your advice. You have brought up several motherless girls in the barracks, and they have, for the most part, done well: tell me what your method is."

"I strive to make them fear God," answered

Mrs. Browne. "I teach them the word of God, and pray for them; and while they are young I don't spare the rod, when I see occasion to use it."

"Well," said Mrs. James, "and do I not cause my children to learn God's word? Could Charlotte have got that Bible in the church if she had not some knowledge of religion? I cannot blame myself for neglecting her religious instruction—I cannot indeed, Mrs. Browne. But do give me your advice—what can I do? Must I lock her up? Her father has beat her, and that several times."

Mrs. Browne. Beating and locking up may do with little ones, Mrs. James; but it seldom answers with grown girls.

Mrs. James. But you do not tell me what I can do better. Pray point out where the fault lies, if any fault there is in my management of the girl? Do, Mrs. Browne, give me your opinion. You have had such success in the bringing up of several girls, now grown women, that I would gladly have your advice.

Mrs. Browne, had, it is true, brought up several young women well in the barracks, and they had married, and become good wives; and she now made answer to Mrs. James that if she really wished for her advice, she would give it her, without fail, in the evening; when she should have had time to consider the matter better, and to judge a little of Mrs. James' method with her children.

By this time the sergeant-major and the three young ones were come in; and they all sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Browne, bearing in mind the conversation that had just passed between herself and

Mrs. James, took a good deal of notice of the behaviour of the parents toward the children, and of the children to the parents. The sergeant-major, as soon as he came in, called for a tumbler of brandy and water, and made it pretty strong. The weather was very hot, and the poor man was ready to drop ; so that he would have excused himself for taking such an indulgence in a morning ; although I have no doubt that a good dish of tea would have cooled him better, and done him more good. But Mrs. Browne was greatly vexed, when he had drank off two parts of the brandy and water, to see him divide the rest between William and little Kitty ; Mrs. James sitting by and taking no notice.

There was tea, and bread and butter, and plenty of fried bacon, eggs, and fish, for breakfast ; and the children were allowed to take what they pleased, and eat or leave, just as they fancied ; so that they wasted more than they ate, which is an ugly and sinful custom, considering how many poor people would be glad of those bits and fragments which children have been fingering and throwing about.

Mrs. Browne also observed that the children spoke very pertly to their parents, and very rudely to each other ; and that Mrs. James made much difference in her behaviour to Charlotte and to little Kitty ; for nothing that Kitty could do was wrong, while she was continually finding fault with Charlotte, and snubbing her, even when there was no need. "And here again," thought Mrs. Browne, "is another great mistake of parents. While children are young, and a little strict management and proper chastisement might do them great service, we withhold both the

one and the other, indulging them in all their whims and little evil ways ; but when they begin to advance to man's or woman's estate—when the world strews their way thick with temptations and snares, and the only safe place for them is home—then parents are, from morning till night, contradicting and thwarting them, so that they are glad to go anywhere to get out of the way of them.”

Just as the family had finished their breakfast, and Mrs. Browne and Mrs. James had taken out their work, James Law came over from the barracks, and, calling the young folks into the *verandah*, he heard them read a chapter, and gave to each their verses for the day. When he had done, Mrs. James called to him. “James Law,” said she, “won’t you come in, and sit a little, and take a glass of something this warm day.”

“No, thank you, Mrs. James,” he answered, “I must be going ; only be so kind as to see that the young folks learn what I have set them.”

“Surely,” says Mrs. James. So she accordingly made them come in, and sit at one end of the room, learning their verses, while she and Mrs. Browne sat down to their work at the other.

Mrs. James was plaiting some fine lace upon a worked muslin gown, and, as she busily plied her needle, she said to Mrs. Browne, “I am getting this gown ready to go to *Soudagur* Dawson’s to-morrow. It is his birth-day, and there will be as many as five-and-twenty or thirty people there ; and I imagine we shall have a dance.”

“A dance !” says Mrs. Browne, smiling : “you will find it very hot. Last Wednesday night the

people were complaining how hot it was in church, and some of them said that they would go there no more till it was cooler. We should have thought it very hard if, while complaining of the heat, we had been forced up to dance."

"Oh! but the *punkah* will be going all the time," said Mrs. James, "or else, to be sure, we could not bear the exercise."

She then called to her eldest daughter: "Why Charlotte what are you about there? Are not those verses learned yet? Don't you know that you have your own and sister's frock to get ready for to-morrow night, and two or three more jobs? What are you dawdling about there?"

Charlotte answered, "La! mother, what a hurry you are in! How am I to learn four verses in three minutes?"

Mrs. James. And how are you to get all the trimmings put on the frocks, if you don't make haste?

Charlotte. What, is there no tailor to be had in the barracks?

Mrs. James. Yes, truly, to soil the lace with their dirty hands!

Charlotte. I am sure they work very clean; cleaner than I do, at any rate.

Mrs. James. More shame for you to say so.

This dispute was stopped by little Kitty getting up, and saying, "Mother, see if I can say my verse well enough."

Mrs. James took the Bible in her hand, and the child repeated her verse, which was from 1 John iii. 17: "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his

brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The child said the verse very exactly, and her mother commended her, bidding her say it as well to James Law the next day. At that moment there appeared, just opposite the door, without the *verandah*, a very old blind native woman, who was almost naked, and her bones scarcely covered with skin; a slender black child led her by the hand. She was a very dirty and miserable creature, and she begged for one *pice*—only one *pice*.

Mrs. James called out, "What's there? Oh! what a frightful object!"

"She wants a *pice*, mother," said Kitty.

"Oh! a *pice* indeed. I have something else to do with my *pice*," said Mrs. James, "than to give it to such vagabonds as those. Tell her to go, Kitty, or I'll send the cook-boy after her with a horsewhip."

"But she is blind, mother," said the child.

"Blind, indeed!" said Mrs. James; "if we are to give to all the blind beggars about, our house shall never be free. Do tell her to be gone."

By this time, Mrs. Browne, who had been looking into her work-bag, found a couple of *pice* in the corner of her housewife; so she slipped them into Kitty's hand, and the child ran with them to the poor woman, who went away very well contented; and Mrs. James, who was now hearing Charlotte repeat her verses, either did not see, or pretended not to see, what Mrs. Browne was doing.

Mrs. Browne then listened to hear what Charlotte's verses were. They happened to be one of her

favourite passages of Scripture, and were taken from 1 Peter iii. 1-4, where, speaking of women, the apostle gives them these directions: "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." "Oh! mother," said Charlotte, almost before she had finished the verses, "there's the man with the necklaces and the box of artificial flowers just crossing the parade. He is going over toward the quartermaster's *bungalow*. Shall I tell the *coolie* boy to run after him?"

"Do, do, child," says Mrs. James; "he is the very person I want. He is just come in time—I want both a flower and a necklace."

"What's that you say, wife?" cried the sergeant-major, who was writing at a small table in a corner of the room. "What, more trumpery! You have half ruined me this month, as it is. Did not you lay out eight *rupees* fourteen *pucker* at what-do-ye-call-him's *budgerow*, only last Monday, and I saw nothing for the money but a yard or two of old lace?"

Mrs. James. Old lace! Why, it is this very lace that I am plaiting on my gown. Old do you call it? Why, it has never been wet with water yet.

Sergeant-major. Well, I wish you could be con-

tent to dress like Mrs. Browne. Do you see any lace, any trumpery about her?—all is plain, neat and decent.

Mrs. James. Do you see anything that's not handsome about me?

Sergeant-major. Don't suppose that you please me by your finery. I had rather see you plain, and have the money in my pocket.

Mrs. James. You are not then like any other man in the world. Would you have me disgrace you by my appearance?

"I tell you, wife, I had rather save my money," returned the sergeant-major.

By this time the man was come in with his artificial flowers, and feathers, and necklaces; and just at the same time an orderly came from the adjutant to fetch the sergeant-major; so Mrs. James and her daughters had time to examine the contents of the man's box without interruption—trying one flower and then another to their heads, and looking at themselves in a little glass which hung against the wall. Having made choice of such things as they wished, the next business was to beat down the man's price; but the man being more obstinate than Mrs. James expected, she became excessively angry; so that when the sergeant-major came in, he found the whole house in such confusion that he was glad to pay the man and send him off.

Now all being quiet again, and the girls seated at their work by their mother's side, Mrs. James began to look about for her son; for in the midst of the bustle Master William had laid his Bible down and ran off to play. "Do, James," said she to her

husband, "see where that lad is. He is gone off without saying his verses, or writing his copy, or doing anything else which he should have done."

The sergeant-major, who had just sat down to his writing, got up again, and looking about for his cane, he went out, and presently brought in the boy, and laying two or three smart strokes over his shoulders, "Let me see you leave your books again and go to play, my gentleman," said he, "and I'll give you more of this sauce, I can tell you."

"Why, father," said the boy, "I could say my verses, and my spelling too; but mother was so busy with that feather-man that it was no use to ask her to hear me."

"Well," says Mrs. James, "if you could say your verses *then*, I suppose you can say them *now*."

"To be sure I can, mother," said the boy. So he brought his verses to her, and very pretty ones they were. They were from Matt. v. 43-45; and the boy said them very well.

Mrs. Browne was just thinking whether she might not put in a word, by way of enforcing to the boy what he had just repeated, when the sergeant-major, jumping up from his desk, to which he had once more sat down, with a motion that made the whole room shake, "Wife," said he, "I forgot to tell you that that vile dog, Sergeant Field, is like to be broke."

"Broke!" said Mrs. James, her face growing red with pleasure; "sure, that's too good news to be true."

"It is true, however, as sure as I am here," answered the sergeant-major; "and I would rather

have lost a hundred *rupees* out of my pocket than it should not be so. I only wish it had happened six years ago."

Mrs. Browne. Is it Sergeant Field, of the Grenadiers, you are speaking of? Poor man! I never heard much harm of him—what has he done now?

The sergeant-major then broke out more violently than ever against Sergeant Field: "I don't know what he has done now, and I don't care; so as he gets broke, it is no matter to me what for. I only wish they would hang him. I know what he did six years ago for me. He carried a tale against me to the captain, and it went to the colonel. It was against me for a long time. I should have been an ensign months ago, if it had not been for that. I never have forgiven him, and never will."

"No, that I hope you never will," says Mrs. James. "A low fellow! And I am heartily glad that he is like to be broke; and, as you say, I wish they could hang him."

"But," says Mrs. Browne, "without entering into the rights of this matter, Mrs. James, should not we practice forgiveness to each other, as we hope to be forgiven? William," said she, turning to the boy, "what passage of Scripture were you just now repeating? Was it not, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust?'"

Mrs. James interrupted Mrs. Browne by saying, "Who told you this news, James?"

Sergeant-major. Why, the adjutant told me it was sure to be so; and he should know.

Mrs. James. To be sure, if he does not, I don't know who should. But I still fear it is too good news to be true.

Mrs. Browne said no more upon the subject of Christian forgiveness, and the sergeant-major returned to his writing; and so the matter was dropped for that time.

Mrs. James kept the children at their work till nearly one o'clock, for she was very anxious to make them industrious; and at one they all sat down to dinner; after which the young ones went into another room, and Mrs. Browne stayed with the sergeant-major and his wife, while the sergeant-major smoked a *cheroot* and took a glass or two of spirits and water.

"Well," says Mrs. James to Mrs. Browne as soon as the children were gone out, "you have seen our way of going on. We do most days as we have done to-day; and I think you will say that we keep our children to their books and their work as close as any family in the regiment."

"Yes," said Mrs. Browne, "I must say you keep them to it pretty well."

"And I think," continued Mrs. James, "if our children go wrong, we have nothing to blame ourselves for." To this Mrs. Browne made no answer. "I am sure I have done the part of the best of mothers," added Mrs. James.

Mrs. Browne was still silent; upon which the

sergeant-major, taking his *cheroot* out of his mouth, and shaking the ashes upon the table, said, "Mrs. Browne, you don't speak : have you any fault to find with my wife's management of her children? I am sure there is no neglect in the article of religion, and that's what you are very particular about, I know."

Mrs. Browne. Why, sergeant-major, it is not altogether prudent to be meddling in other people's concerns. I have lived long enough in the world to know that such a mode of proceeding seldom answers any good purpose.

"Oh!" says Mrs. James, reddening, "don't be afraid, Mrs. Browne, I beg. You'll give no offence, I assure you, whatever you say." And she fidgeted in her chair, and began smoothing her gown over her knees, and fanning herself with her pocket handkerchief.

Mrs. Browne thought to herself, "I am now in a difficulty ; whether I speak or hold my tongue, I shall give offence. But I must trust to God to show me what is right, and to bear me through." She, however, remained silent, till the sergeant-major again pressed her to say if she had seen anything which she thought amiss in the management of the children.

"Why, sergeant-major," said she, "it is an old saying, that one who stands by sees more of the game than those who play."

"True, Mrs. Browne," answered the sergeant-major, who, to do him justice, was not, at least on this occasion, so fiery as his wife ; "so, if you please, let's have all out."

"Well then," says Mrs. Browne, "you shall ; and

first, I must observe, that, to find out whether we are going on right in the management of our young ones, we should consider what the Bible tells us of the nature of children, and of the state in which human creatures are born into this world."

"True," said the sergeant-major: "that stands to reason, Mrs. Browne."

Mrs. Browne. Now, you know, sergeant-major, that the Bible teaches us that man's nature is altogether filthy and abominable; and that, before he is renewed, every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually; and further, that, in consequence of his exceeding sinfulness, every man born into this world is born under a sentence of condemnation, and so remains, until he obtains forgiveness through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and is made clean through his Spirit.

Sergeant-major. Well, all that's true enough, Mrs. Browne.

"And so, I suppose," remarked Mrs. James, "that you think our children have more natural sin than other people's children. Where's your Christian charity now, Mrs. Browne?"

"I do not suppose they have more," answered Mrs. Browne, meekly; "but I know they have as much, because we are told in the Bible that there is none good, no, not one; they are altogether sinful."

"Wife," says the sergeant-major, "why do you interrupt Mrs. Browne? Hear what she has to say."

Mrs. Browne. I had not much to say; only this, that the nature of children being so very corrupt, and they being liable, in consequence, to eter-

nal punishment, it has ever appeared to me to be the first duty of parents, and that to which all other concerns should give way, to endeavour, by every possible means, to fix religious principles in their children's minds. We cannot amend our children's evil natures—we cannot give them new hearts—we cannot give them faith, for faith is the gift of God, the work of the Holy Spirit; but we may give them religious instruction, and set before them such an example of holy living as, we hope, with God's blessing, they themselves will be enabled to imitate.

"Well," said Mrs. James, "and don't we give our children religious instruction? Why, Mrs. Browne, sure, your memory is mighty short!"

Mrs. Browne replied, "It is one thing, Mrs. James, to teach our children catechisms, hymns and texts of Scripture; and it is another thing to show them, by our example, that we are striving to conform our lives to that pure word of God which we cause them to learn. Children take more notice of what passes than we think. They soon find out where the practice of the parents agrees not with the lessons they teach."

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. James, fanning herself more violently. "You must speak out plainer, if you wish me to be the better for what you have to say."

Mrs. Browne. The Bible is given us as a rule of life and of faith. Now, as I said before, it is of little use to teach our children to read the Bible, and to learn it by heart, unless we point out to them also the necessity of being guided by it. The Holy Scriptures contain both precepts and promises; but

unless we ourselves submit to their precepts, we have no right to expect the accomplishment of their promises with regard to our children.

Sergeant-major. All that is true enough, Mrs. Browne ; but what has all this to do with our children ? Come to the point, my good woman. What have you observed to-day wherein our practice goes against the Bible-lessons which our children have learned ?

Mrs. Browne. Your three children had three different lessons set them to-day from the Bible.

“Well, and so they had, Mrs. Browne,” said James.

Mrs. Browne. The first contained a command to those who had this world’s good to help the poor and needy ; and while your little girl was repeating the passage, a poor woman came and asked alms. There was a good opportunity of showing the child, by your practice, that you believed the words she had just repeated to be the words of God, and that you wished to manifest a ready obedience to them.

Mrs. James. And so I am to give to every idle vagabond that comes to the house, for example’s sake to the children ! In such a case, I should soon be in a way to ask charity myself, I believe.

“No one was ever the poorer,” said Mrs. Browne, “for giving to those who want, ‘for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.’”

Mrs. James. And I suppose I did wrong to buy those flowers and necklaces too ; because in Charlotte’s verses, women are forbidden to put on ornaments and finery ! And my husband also did wrong, perhaps, in rejoicing over the punishment of that

vile fellow, Field ; because, forsooth ! we ought to do good to them that curse us, as William had it written in his lesson to-day ! Why, at that rate, we must give up the world altogether, and be quite different from other folks.

“Certainly,” said Mrs. Browne, “we must either serve God or Mammon. We cannot serve both.”

“You are going too far now, Mrs. Browne,” said the sergeant-major. “It was never intended that we should keep so close to the Bible as you would make out. My wife and I are not Methodists. We never set up for that ; nor did we ever pretend to despise the world.”

Mrs. Browne looked grave, and answered, “I have no more to say, sergeant-major, than this, that if you trust in God and serve him sincerely, he will never forsake you nor your children : but if you strive to make the world your friend, you must expect that things will not be with you as you could wish. Remember that sweet passage in the Psalms : ‘O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen. He is the Lord our God : his judgments are in all the earth. He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations. Which covenant he made with Abraham, and his oath unto Isaac ; and confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting covenant ; saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan, the lot of your inheritance : when they were but a few men in number ; yea, very few, and strangers in it. When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people, he suffered no man

to do them wrong : yea, he reprov'd kings for their sakes ; saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' Psalm cv. 6-12. It is better to have the blessing of God for our children than the favour of the whole world."

The sergeant-major looked grave, as if weighing Mrs. Browne's words : but Mrs. James replied, "Well, Mrs. Browne, you and I shall never agree, I perceive, on this matter ; so we had better let it rest ; I don't wish to see my children Methodists—I can't say I do." Whereupon she got up, and began stirring about the room, as if very busy. The sergeant-major then put his *cheroot* in his mouth, and Mrs. Browne took up her work.

When the bugle sounded for parade, Mrs Browne said, "I must now be going, to get my husband's tea ;" and Mrs. James not pressing her to stay, as she would have done at another time, Mrs. Browne went home ; and glad enough she was to find herself again in her own room, with this comfortable reflection, that she had been enabled, by God's grace, to deal sincerely with the sergeant-major and his wife, though she feared that no great good would be produced by it.



STORY XXII.

“My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace ; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.”

THE next day after Mrs. Browne had been at Mrs. James', it happened that, their husbands being on duty, Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Francis came in to drink tea with Mrs. Browne.

Now, as they were sitting together, their discourse turned upon religious matters, as it generally did when they met ; and more especially at this time it related to the best methods which pious parents could adopt for the purpose of training up their little ones in the way of righteousness. “Teaching children to repeat catechisms and verses from the Bible will not do much,” said Mrs. Browne, “unless we press upon them the necessity of practicing what they learn.”

“And,” said Mrs. Francis, “we should be careful to let them know that they have not in themselves the power to do one good thing, or to think one good thought ; but that for these purposes they

are, by diligent prayer, to seek power from God, who, through his blessed Son, will help them to do all good things, as the Lord himself speaks, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.'" John xv. 5.

Mrs. Mills. What you say is very true, Mrs. Francis. For since we ourselves can do nothing as we ought, without God's assistance, how absurd would it be to expect from children what even wiser people are unable to perform. We should, therefore, be more careful than we are, in directing our young ones where to look for help, when we would have them do well.

"This discourse," said Mrs. Francis, "brings to my mind a circumstance that happened in our neighbourhood when I was young. I knew the families well to which it relates, and had the story from one who was well acquainted with all the particulars."

"Oh!" said Mary, who was sitting with her work at her mother's feet, "do, dear Mrs. Francis, tell us that story. Pray do: I am sure my godmother would like to hear it."

"And I am sure my goddaughter would," said Mrs. Browne, laughing. "Mary speaks one word for me, and two for herself; but do, Mrs. Francis, let us have it. I love to hear such tales as you tell us: they are both pleasant and profitable."

So Mrs. Francis began her story; for she was one who was always willing to make herself useful and agreeable.

MRS. FRANCIS' STORY.

There are many families in England, especially among the middling sort—I mean such as are neither high nor low—who live from father to son in a decent, creditable way, making a fair appearance among their neighbours. These persons, knowing little more than the form of religion, and remaining quite ignorant of the plague of their own hearts, believe themselves to be very good, because they fall not into gross sins, and would be mightily offended with any one who should presume to consider them as miserable sinners, needing the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ to wash them from the pollution of their manifold offences. Now we who travel into various countries, and are thrown into all kinds of company, have this advantage attending our condition—that we are thereby introduced to a larger acquaintance with our own evil hearts; inasmuch as we are beset with such trials and temptations as they are seldom exposed to who live quietly at home. But now for the story which I promised you.

In the town where I was bred there lived a certain family, possessing a good yearly income and a very handsome house. The family was large, and lived in a state of great respectability; paying all their tradesfolks and servants regularly, attending the church on Sundays, going well clothed, keeping a good table, and now and then giving a little of what they could spare to the poor. Moreover, they lived without quarrelling and wrangling among themselves; for many of the genteeler sort in England hold quarrelling and scolding in abhorrence;

not so much, I fear, because it is displeasing to God, who has commanded us to love one another, but because it is a token of low breeding, and much practiced among the vulgar.

The name of this family was Green. There was Mr. Green and his wife, and their three girls—Miss Susan, and Miss Kitty, and Miss Margaret; besides Mrs. Green's two sisters, who lived in the same house with their brother and his family, both of them respectable elderly ladies.

Mrs. Green was a clever, bustling woman; very smart in her dress; as neat and managing in her house as any lady in all the town; exceedingly regular in giving her orders to her children and servants, and not less so in seeing that they were obeyed; and, as far as she could do it without being particular, she was for serving God herself, and making her household do the same. But her notions of religion were altogether wrong. Not knowing the wickedness of her own heart in particular, or of the human heart in general, she fancied it was no very difficult matter to keep God's commandments; and she used to say that those who did their best would be accepted of God, though they might now and then fail through the weakness of their nature; for she would allow that we are naturally weak, though not naturally wicked. As to the Lord Jesus Christ, though she observed his birth by eating plum-pudding at Christmas, and kept a fast on Good-Friday, which is the day of his crucifixion, yet I do not think she had true notions of him as her Redeemer.

Mrs. Green, as I said before, had three girls. Miss-

Susan and Miss Kitty were, like their mother, bustling, busy, managing bodies ; very neat in their dress, and pretty in their behaviour ; so that Mrs. Green would have it they were the best girls in the world. But Miss Margaret, the youngest, was altogether a different child. When she was a little baby, and cutting her teeth, she was so weakly that every one thought she would die ; and the doctor declared that their only chance of saving her would be to have her nursed in the country. So a nurse was looked out for her ; and Miss was sent eight miles into the country, into a very fine air, to be nursed. The woman was my mother's own sister ; and Miss stayed with her nurse till she was four years and a half old, and then Mrs. Green fetched her home. The poor child cried sadly when she left her nurse, and fretted, I was told, many days and weeks after her mammy, as she called her. My aunt also fretted very much after the little girl ; but she lived so far off that she could not often walk over to see her.

When Miss Margaret returned home, she was very fat and hearty, and had cheeks as red as roses. But she was a little rude, romping girl, and would climb up the trees, and scramble over the wall of her papa's garden ; and if she had a clean frock put on, it was so dirty in half an hour that it was not fit to be seen. Moreover, she was always in mischief ; breaking cups, and saucers, and plates, dirtying the clean rooms, scratching the tables with pins, and doing many other troublesome things.

Her mamma did not like to see her so rude ; but, imputing this chiefly to the rusticity of her nurse, she imagined that her little daughter would soon be

brought about with care. The fault, however, was not in the nurse, but in the child's temper. She was naturally of a giddy, thoughtless disposition; for different children are inclined to different faults, though, in reality, all are equally sinners before God.

Accordingly, Mrs. Green and Miss's aunts tried every way, as she grew older, to make her leave off her rude, troublesome tricks. Sometimes they locked her up in a room by herself, when she had been in mischief; sometimes they tied her hands behind her; sometimes they gave her no dinner; and her papa chastised her several times; but all to no purpose. For as soon as the punishment was over, Miss was off again, and about some other naughty trick; and all they got by punishing her was, that she grew sly, and would try to hide her faults by telling lies about them.

Her two elder sisters had a room provided for them, in which they had each a little bed, with white curtains, and a chest-of-drawers to keep their clothes in; and between the chest-of-drawers, against the wall, were the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, of their own marking, set in gilt frames. Their mamma had accustomed them to make their own beds, and to keep their clothes with so much order in their drawers that they could find anything even in the dark. Moreover, they were enjoined to remember the commandments of God, which were hung against the wall, and to repeat them often, in order to the due observance of them; but it was never pointed out to them by any person that their wills were so depraved and their natures so inimical to God that they could not keep these command-

ments while in an unsanctified state. So while they remembered to keep their things in order, and were mindful every night before they said their prayers to repeat the commandments, poor Miss Susan and Miss Kitty never once dreamed that they were living in sin, and were even as others, having hearts full of pride and selfishness, with all manner of evil thoughts.

When Miss Margaret was seven years old, a bed and chest-of-drawers were prepared for her, and she was allowed to take her place in her sisters' room, with many directions from her mamma and aunts how to keep her things neatly. She was, at first, very much pleased, and ran up stairs to put all things to rights; but after a while she grew negligent, and her sisters used to come to their mamma with constant complaints of her. Her clothes, instead of being in her drawers, were thrown about every part of her room; her bed, instead of being made before breakfast, was seldom put to rights till noon; and the locks of all her drawers were broken in less than a week. Nor was she less careless of her book and her work than she was of her clothes; she never would say a task without being first punished; and as to work, she never did any, unless her mamma or her aunts were sitting by.

One day, when she was about eight years old, her mamma and her aunts talked to her in the way which I shall now relate. They were all sitting at work in the parlour one afternoon, when little Miss was brought in by one of the servants, with the remains of a handsome china cup, which the child had broken by throwing a ball in at the kitchen win-

dow. The servant was sorry to tell of her, but she did not dare to hide the matter from her mistress, because Mrs. Green was very particular.

“Margaret,” said Mrs. Green, “is there never to be an end of complaints against you? Have you not been forbidden to throw your ball against the house? and yet you are continually doing it, contrary to my commands. Know you not that you are commanded by God to honour your father and mother? and yet you pay as little heed to my words as to the wind.”

Miss answered that she did not mean to break the cup or to make her mamma angry. She had forgotten, she said, that she had been forbidden to throw the ball against the house.

Then said one of her aunts, “You think, Miss, that it is a proper excuse to make, when you have broken your parents’ orders, to say that you had forgotten them. And are you resolved, Margaret, to continue in disobedience to your parents? There is nothing, child, that you will do to oblige your friends; you give up your whole thoughts to please yourself. You break your parents’ commands, and endeavour to hide your faults by telling lies. Your whole time is spent in idleness; and the expense you put your father to in repairing what you waste and spoil would be sufficient to maintain a poor child.”

Mrs. Green. Besides the constant uneasiness which you cause me. I have no comfort in you: and, indeed, I dread lest you should grow up not only to be a disgrace to your family, but to ensure your own eternal misery.

When little Miss heard her friends talk in this

way, she burst into tears; and, running up to her mamma and aunts, she kissed them, promising that she would be a good girl. "I will keep all God's commandments," she said, as she ran up and kissed her mamma, "and all yours too. I will not break one of them; and I will be very good. You shall never find fault with me again."

Mrs. Green. And when will you begin to be good?

Margaret. To-morrow, mamma. You shall see how good I will be to-morrow.

And she intended to do as her mamma wished; because she feared the disagreeable consequences of continuing to act otherwise; but her will being corrupt, like that of all other children who are not daily renewed by the Holy Spirit, she felt no real inclination to what was right; nor had her friends ever directed her where to look for grace and strength for the performance of her several duties. So, the next day, confiding wholly in herself, instead of being better than usual, she was in more mischief than common. She got up early in the morning, full of herself and as well pleased as if she had already done all the good things she had been talking of; but before her mamma came down to breakfast, she fell into a passion with one of her sisters and beat her with a stick: and though she begged her sister's pardon, and gave her a little pinch-cushion to make it up, yet her sister told of her. Thus they were both naughty; but Miss Margaret's intended good day was spent in her mother's closet, for Mrs. Green was so angry with her that she locked her up.

The next day, she was brought before her aunts and her mamma, by whom she was well talked to, and told again that unless she did better she would come to a bad end: upon which with many tears she again promised to be good, and again broke her promise. And so it happened, not only once or twice, or ten or twenty times, but until everybody was tired—Miss Margaret of promising to be good, her aunts and mamma of talking to her. At length, her mamma and her aunts began not to love her so well as they used to do; at which she became very unhappy, and would often say to herself, “I wish I was better, for I know that nobody loves me; but though I wish to be good, I do not know how to be so.”

When she was eleven years old, she went with her sisters to a dancing-school, as was the fashion in that town; and Mrs. Green would have her family do everything which was thought fashionable and genteel. One evening, in winter, Miss Margaret had danced till she was quite heated; after which, she came out into the cold air without putting on a warm cloak, and she caught a violent cold. Her mother did not think much of this cold at first, observing the child to be as playful as usual, and not less full of mischief. But when, in consequence of its long continuance, she grew thin and pale, Mr. and Mrs. Green began to be alarmed, for, with all her faults, they still dearly loved their child.

Upon calling in the doctor, who was now sent for without delay, he was surprised to find her so ill; advising that she should be sent to change the air in some country place as soon as the weather should get warmer.

As soon as the doctor was gone, Mrs. Green called Miss Margaret to her, and told her what he had said. "Oh! mamma, mamma!" said she, "if I must go from home, let me go to my nurse's; for I was good when I lived with my poor nurse, and I was happy too. I remember the corn-fields, and the pretty blue flowers among the corn; I remember the wide common, on which the sheep fed, and the sound of the wether's bell—I was happy then; but I have never been happy since, for as I have got older, I have become more and more naughty. No one loves me, and I do not love myself. I would be better, but I cannot."

The poor child did not then know that she was in the case of all the other children of Adam who have not received a new heart by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. She could do no good thing, indeed; and she did not know who was able to deliver her from the power of sin.

Mrs. Green kissed her daughter, and said, "Well, my dear, if your papa gives his consent, you shall have your wish, and go to your nurse's; and as to what is past, I freely forgive you, my dear child; and so do we all."

Accordingly, Mr. Green sent for Miss's nurse as soon as the winter was gone, and the poor woman came immediately. Miss Margaret had not seen her nurse for several years; Mrs. Green having discouraged her visits, because Miss fretted so much on her going away. And now, when she saw her nurse, through the parlour window, coming up to the house door, she was almost ready to run her head through the glass with excess of joy. When

the poor woman found out her dear young lady was to go back with her, she could scarcely help crying for joy ; though she was not a little sorry to see her looking so ill. So the nurse stayed that night at Mrs. Green's, and the next morning she set out to take Miss home with her.

As soon as they were in the carriage together, "My dear Miss Margaret," said the nurse, "it grieves me to find you so ill ; but, with God's blessing, I hope, when I have you at home, to see you get better daily. You shall go out with me every morning and evening, to milk the cows in the meadow, and to gather heath and broom on the common. You remember the common, where you and my little Tommy ran after the sheep?"

"Ah, nurse!" said Miss, "I was happy then, and I have never been happy since."

"Never happy since that time, my dear!" said the nurse. "What, not with your papa and mamma, your aunts and your sisters? I am afraid then the fault was yours."

"I believe it was, nurse," said Miss ; "and yet I hardly know. They wanted me to be good, and I could not be good."

"How is that, Miss Margaret?" said the nurse. "I am afraid you did not wish to be good."

Margaret. Sometimes I did, indeed ; but still I could not.

Nurse. But, my dear, what did your mamma want you to do which you found so hard?

Margaret. To be good, and to mind my books and my work.

Nurse. What do you mean by being good, my dear?

Margaret stared at her nurse, and said, "Why, to be good is to keep God's commandments and to obey my parents."

Nurse. Obeying your father and mother, if they order you to do nothing wrong, is according to one of God's commandments. The fifth commandment says, "Honour thy father and thy mother," you know. And so you have been unhappy, my dear, because your mother wished you to keep God's commandments?

Margaret. I have been unhappy a long time, nurse, because I could not do as my mother and other friends wished me to do. In one way or other I was always offending them. And then one talked to me, and another talked to me, till I was tired of them and myself too.

Nurse. And was this the case with your sisters?

Margaret. No.

Nurse. Then I suppose that they kept God's commandments better than you did.

Margaret. My mother and aunts did not find them out so easily: they could steal sweetmeats and sugar-candy, and needles and thread, and tell lies too, without even being suspected.

Nurse. Well, my dear, we have nothing, at present to do with them. It seems that you all are naughty, and that *your* naughtiness has, in particular, made you unhappy, and that you wish to be good.

Margaret. I should like to be good, but I know I never shall.

Nurse. Never shall, my dear? Do you know what will become of you if you die in your sins?

Margaret. Yes, I shall be miserable for ever, if I do not become good; and I cannot be good.

Nurse. Then you must be miserable for ever, it seems.

Margaret looked grave, and said, "I hope not."

Nurse. But what way have you of escaping?

Margaret began to cry, and put her arms round her nurse's neck: "Oh! nurse, dear nurse, don't talk any more," she said; "I am very unhappy."

My poor child," said the nurse, "have you lived so long, and have you never been taught to know the state in which you are by nature? The Church teaches us 'that the condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works, to faith, and calling upon God. Wherefore we have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will.'" 10th Article.

Margaret. Nurse, I do not understand this. Cannot I be good without God's help? I never knew that before.

The nurse replied: "When our father Adam sinned, he lost the power of doing well; and we, his children, being brought by his fall into the same circumstances cannot do well. But we must not consider this as a just excuse for our sin, nor will it be received as such by our Judge; for God is holy in his nature, and 'is of purer eyes than to behold evil,

and cannot look on iniquity.' Hab. i. 13. We are by nature at enmity with God, and we must seek a new nature more pleasing to him."

"Nurse," said Miss Margaret, "I understand very little of what you are saying."

"Is it so, my poor child?" said the nurse. "Well, then, we will leave this matter till another day; only carry this in your mind, my dear, that you cannot, without God's special help, keep his commandments. Remember what the Catechism says: 'My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace; which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.' And now look before you; do you see yonder hill, with the clump of firs at the top? When we get near those firs, you will be able to see the common, and my little cottage, afar off. Do you remember those trees, my love?"

"Oh yes, I do, nurse," said Margaret. "Did not we once go to church near those trees, and afterward to a house, where we had cream and strawberries? Oh! now I see the top of the church; and there's the house, nurse. Who lives in the house now?"

So Margaret went on, entertaining herself with recollecting things which she had seen before, till she came in sight of the nurse's little cottage. It stood just beside a common, where there were many sheep feeding, and a few cows. It was thatched, or, as we should say in this country, *chopped*; and it had a garden belonging to it, full of flowers and fruit trees.

On approaching the place, they saw Tommy, the

nurse's boy, milking the cows; for the nurse had brought him up to help her to manage her cows and her garden; her husband having been dead several years. Now Tommy was only Miss Margaret's age; but, instead of being a trouble, he was a comfort and pleasure to his mother. You cannot think how pleased Miss was when she found herself in the little cottage again. She thought that her nurse's tea and bread and butter were better than any she had tasted at home; and she ate more than she had done since the coming on of her illness.

At night, when the nurse had got Miss Margaret's little bed ready, and prepared all things for going to rest, she called for Tommy to bring the Bible.

"Where shall I read, mother?" said the boy, as he laid the Bible upon the little round table on which they had been drinking tea.

"Turn to the first of Genesis, my dear." So he began to read aloud, and read till he came to the end of the 27th verse, where it is written, "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

"Stop there," said the nurse, "and tell me, child, what that verse means."

"Why, mother," says Tommy, "it means, that God made the first man after his own likeness—like himself."

Nurse. How like himself?

Tommy. Why, upright, and good, and holy.

"Right, my boy," said the nurse. Then turning to Margaret, "You see, miss, that God made men good; and when they were good, they loved God,

and were able to keep his commandments; but Adam, by eating the forbidden fruit, lost that image of the divine holiness, in which God had made him; and he and his children have become so entirely filthy and corrupt, that we cannot, of ourselves, so much as wish to do a good thing.

Margaret. I know that Adam and Eve disobeyed God by eating the forbidden fruit, and that God turned them out of Eden; but I never heard about their getting wicked hearts.

Nurse. Then, my dear, if you have read the story of Adam and Eve without considering that, you might as well not have read it at all; for that story, I take it, is told in the Bible that we might gather from it, first, that we are wicked creatures, yea, utterly and exceedingly wicked, and not able, as I said before, to do one good thing; and secondly, that our wicked and sinful hearts were not given us by God, but came to us through the disobedience of our father, Adam.

Margaret. But are all the children of Adam so very wicked, nurse? I never saw such wicked people as you talk of.

Nurse. There are many things which often prevent human creatures from appearing outwardly wicked; but till we are changed by the power of God, our hearts are so sinful as to render us incapable of anything holy or good; and if we could see the heart as God sees it, we should find, that where there is not the grace of God there is not even the wish to do right.

Margaret. But how do we know that this is true, for we cannot look into people's hearts?

Nurse. We know it from the Bible. Tommy, turn to the 6th of Genesis, 5th, 6th and 7th verses.

Tommy. I have, mother.

Nurse. What do you find there?

Tommy. "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them."

Margaret. Oh! but that was before the flood. People can't be so bad now, I think.

Nurse. You must not suppose, my dear, that there has been any change in the natural state of man's heart since that time. What does the Lord say after the flood?—"I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done." Gen. viii. 21.

Margaret. Well, I wish I could see into people's hearts. I can hardly believe (though it is in the Bible, to be sure) that people are as bad as you say.

Nurse. Look into your own heart, my dear. You need look no farther to see manifest sin and downright hatred of all that is good. Did you not tell me to-day that you have never been happy at home, because your mamma wanted you to be good, and you could not be good?

Margaret. Oh! but I sometimes wish I could be good; and you say people can't wish to be good without God's help.

Nurse. You must remember that, for Christ's sake, God gives some grace to every man. St. John i. 9. Besides, you have the grace of your baptism to begin with. If it was to please God that you wished to do well, then I should say that God had, by his divine grace, changed your heart.

Margaret. But how can I find out from what reason I wished to do right things?

Nurse. Why, my dear, did you try to behave well as much when your mamma was not looking at you as when she was?

Margaret. No, I did not, nurse.

Nurse. Well then, my dear Miss, I fear it was only from dread of punishment that you sometimes did what seemed to be right; and in that case there was no change of heart. It is from the fear of some kind of punishment or other that so many of us, who have no love of God, seem to do well. Many people are sober because, if they were to get drunk, they would be disgraced among their neighbours; or drunkenness might hurt their health or waste their money. Again, some people hate their brethren, and would be glad to see them dead, but dare not kill them, for fear of being hanged. Many ladies will not scold and quarrel because they are afraid of being called vulgar, and so on. God can see all these things. We can hide nothing from him. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the

joints and marrow ; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight ; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Heb. iv. 12, 13.

Little Miss Margaret looked grave ; and as the nurse thought that she had said enough for one time, she bade Tommy shut the Bible ; and when they had sung a hymn, and prayed, they went to bed.

Had you seen Miss Margaret the next day, going out with the nurse in such spirits to milk the cows, and helping her to pare the apples for the pudding, and laying the napkin and knives and forks for dinner, you would not have thought that she had any remembrance at all of what her nurse had said on the preceding night ; yet she had a clear remembrance of it, and could give the nurse an exact account of their discourse when they came to read and talk again at night.

"Nurse," said Miss Margaret, "you told me yesterday that we are all by nature sinners. I thought about what you said in the night, when I was awake, and I believe that your account is true enough ; for, as to myself, I think there is no good at all in my heart, though my mamma has taken such pains with me."

Nurse. Well, my love, I am glad to hear you say so. As you get bigger, and look more into yourself, you will, by the grace of God, discover more and more of the wickedness of your heart ; "for the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : who can know it?" Jer. xvii. 9. And when once you are made acquainted

with your own heart, you will never strive to do anything good without divine help.

Margaret. But will God give me his help?

Nurse. The beginning of true religion, my dear, is this ; to know that we are, by nature, born in sin, and the children of wrath, as you are taught in the Catechism ; and that we cannot save ourselves and get to heaven by anything we can do ; and the next thing is, to look for One who is able and willing to save us. Do you know, my dear, who that person is who came down from heaven to die for us?

Margaret. The Lord Jesus Christ died for us.

Nurse. You are right, my dear. God the Son took upon him the body of a man, and died upon the cross for the sins of the world ; and there is no way by which sinners can be forgiven but through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who shed his precious blood for us. Believe in this glorious Redeemer, my dear child, and your past sins will be forgiven you. Trust in him, and call upon him, and you will receive power to do well ; for as he promised in the covenant of baptism, he will give you strength to keep his commandments, by sending his Holy Spirit into your heart ; under whose influence your heart will pass through a happy change, being filled with the love of God and taught to hate every kind of sin.

When the nurse had done speaking, they sang a hymn, and prayed, and went to bed.

Miss Margaret stayed all the summer and autumn with her nurse ; and it pleased God, after a time, to restore her health, although she had one or two severe fits of illness during her abode in the country.

The good woman took every opportunity, when she thought Miss Margaret would attend to her, of setting before her the very great love of God to us sinners ; often reminding her, that when we had ruined ourselves, Jesus Christ came down from heaven, and bore our sins in his own body on the cross, in order to save us from everlasting misery. She also related many excellent things which the servants of God had been enabled to do, both in these and former days—and *that* through faith in his name ; by which, moreover, they had been purified from sin, and enabled to walk steadfastly in his holy ways.

There was no great change to be seen in Miss, notwithstanding all the pains which her nurse took with her, for the first two or three months of her visit : she was just as wild and mischievous, and as little inclined to good, as ever. But it pleased God, after one of those severe attacks which I have mentioned, to manifest a great alteration in her manner of behaving ; insomuch that her nurse began to hope that a real change had been effected in her heart, and that, by a simple but true faith, her dear young lady was growing in grace.

Almost the first sign which the nurse perceived of this change was that the little girl used very often to get up stairs, by her bedside, to read her Bible and to pray ; and she was not so much for talking and boasting, and putting herself forward, as she used to be ; but seemed thoughtful how to please other people, as if she were the worst and lowest in the company ; showing much willingness to do anything, however mean the office, for any person.

One day there came in a poor woman, who lived

close by, to ask the nurse to get a thorn out of her foot. The nurse said, "Indeed, neighbour, I fear I cannot do it, for my eyes are become dim of late."

"But mine are not," said Miss Margaret; so down on her knees she went, taking out the thorn, and binding up the poor woman's foot with a bit of fine rag. And when the poor woman began to say that it was a shame for a young lady like Miss Margaret to do such things for so poor a woman, Margaret whispered to her nurse, "Don't let her say any more of this, for I am too well acquainted with my own unworthiness to hear such compliments with any pleasure."

Another time, there was a poor woman in one of the cottages close by who had twins born; the poor woman had but few clothes, even for one child; but when it pleased God to send her two, she was quite at a loss what to do.

The nurse went over to her every day, and did all she could to assist her. She also looked out some linen, which she cut up into little caps and frocks; but she could not make them, as her eyes were so indifferent. "What shall I do," said the nurse, "for I cannot see to make these caps, even with my spectacles on?"

"But perhaps Miss Margaret could," said Tommy.

Miss Margaret was rather vexed when she heard what the boy said, for of all things in the world she hated sewing; feeling a consciousness, at the same time, that she ought to do what she could for the poor babies. She knew what was right, and wished to do it, but she found in herself a law, that, "when

she would do good, evil was present with her." Rom. vii. 21.

She sat, for a while, quite silent: at last, rising from her seat, she went up stairs. Some time afterward, the nurse going to the foot of the stairs, to fetch something that was standing there, she heard Margaret praying, and could distinguish these words of her prayer: "O Lord God, for thy dear Son's sake, help me to overcome this wicked idleness, that I may willingly labour for these poor babies."

The nurse heard no more, for she did not like to stand listening; but she was much pleased when, a little while afterward, Margaret came down, and said, "Nurse, I think, perhaps, if you would just show me how they are to be done, that I could make those little caps and frocks. I can hem, and I can sew, and I can gather; so I only want to have the things pinned for me, and I can make them."

The nurse said, "So you can, my dear. I'll pin them for you, and when they are done we will take them over, and you shall give them to the poor little darlings."

So Miss Margaret sat herself down to work on the nurse's little three-legged stool. It might be about twelve o'clock when she began to work; and she finished one frock and began another that night. She would indeed hardly give herself time to eat her dinner or drink her tea. In four days, with a little of the nurse's help, she finished all the things.

When she had finished them, which was on a Saturday, the nurse washed and ironed them; after which Miss Margaret put them in a little basket, which the nurse had brought her one day when she

came from market, putting some rose leaves over them, together with a little bag of halfpence in one corner of the basket, ready against the next day; for the nurse said, that they should go the next day, after church, to take it to the poor woman.

When she had put all her basket in order, she brought it to her nurse, and said, "See, nurse, how pretty all these things look; and I thank God that he gave me power to overcome my wicked idleness." She then told her nurse how she had prayed to God for assistance to overcome this sin of idleness.

"God has pleased, my dear," said the nurse, "to show you the way of holiness; give glory therefore to him, my dear child, for it is the Lord who hath made you to differ from your former self. And now, from this time, I trust, my dear child, you will never seek to do anything in your own strength, but endeavour to overcome all sin by diligent and frequent prayer. 'If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?'" Luke xi. 11-13.

But I shall make my story too long. It would be gun-fire before I had done if I were to tell you how many times Miss Margaret strove, by prayer, to conquer her evil tempers while she stayed with my aunt; and how greatly changed she was, by God's grace, before she returned to her mother's house.

Mrs. Green's was not a religious family, neither

could Mrs. Green ever be brought to a right notion of religion; for her love of the world, and of her making a figure among her neighbours, was always the hindrance. But she could easily perceive the change that had taken place in Margaret; for Margaret remembered what her nurse had taught her, and endeavoured to seek by prayer, through her gracious Redeemer, strength and power to do well. And as she grew up, there was not in all our town a young woman, high or low, who could be compared to Miss Margaret Green. She was a constant churchgoer, both Sundays and weekdays; very neat in her dress, but wearing no finery; constantly visiting the poor and sick, working for them, reading to them, and praying with them: she was also a teacher of little children, and the most dutiful child to her parents that could be in the world. Now all these good works were the fruits, not the foregoers, of her earnest and diligent prayer; for a young woman who lived at Mr. Green's, as housemaid, told me, that after Miss Margaret's return from the country, she never passed a day without retiring often to pray and to read the Bible; and that she often used to hear her singing hymns and psalms in her room, while her mother and the rest of the family were visiting some of their gay neighbours. Many of our town called her a "Methodist;" but the poor people used to say they wished more were like her.

The last I heard of her, was, that she was married to the clergyman of our parish, a pious young man, and one who loved her for her excellent qualifications.



STORY XXIII.

On the Lord's Prayer.

IT was the cold weather again before Mary came to stay any time with her godmother Browne; but her mother then being sent for, to wait upon a lady who was very sick, Mary, according to custom on these occasions, was sent to Mrs. Browne. The morning after she came to her godmother, having a cold, Mrs. Browne allowed her to lie in bed till parade was almost over; so that when Sergeant Browne came in to his breakfast, she was but just dressed, and was kneeling down at the foot of her little cot, saying her prayers; and, whether she was in a hurry for her breakfast, or how it was, I know not, but she was gabbling over the Lord's Prayer, as fast as if she had been saying it for a wager. "Do but hear that girl," said the sergeant to his wife, while he was pulling off his sash and belt, "how she runs over her prayers this morning. I must have a little talk with her upon it by and by."

"Do," says Mrs. Browne, "for it is a sad, wicked custom to repeat prayers after that manner."

Soon after, Mrs. Browne said to her husband,

"I am afraid, my dear, you must go without your white loaf this morning, for the baker has not brought it."

Now the sergeant loved a piece of white bread: however he said, "It can't be helped, my dear; I wish I may never be put to a worse shift than be forced to eat brown bread instead of white." So he sat down to the table, and was cutting himself a slice of the ration bread; when, all at once, laying down the loaf and the knife, "I don't know yet," said he, "that I shall be forced to eat brown bread this morning; I think I may contrive to get a white loaf still. Mary, my lass, look out, and see if the colonel is on the parade yet. He was there when I came away, talking with our captain."

"Yes, godfather," said Mary, "he is; and there are two or three more officers with him."

Sergeant Browne. Well then, Mary, do you run to him, and tell him that we want a white loaf for breakfast; and desire him, when he goes home, to send me one: and tell him, I should not care if he were to send me a cold fowl and some slices of ham along with it.

Mary opened her eyes and mouth as wide as she could on hearing these words; and Mrs. Browne herself set down the tea-pot; for though she was pretty well acquainted with her husband's ways, she was quite at a loss to know what he was driving at now.

"Do you hear, lass?" said the sergeant, looking very grave. "Run, I say, to the colonel, and desire him to send me a white loaf."

"Godfather!" said Mary: "godfather!"

Sergeant Browne. Don't stand there, child, crying, "Godfather, godfather!" but run: I want my breakfast. Wife, pour out the tea, that it may be cool by the time the loaf comes.

Mary now could hold no longer; but she cried out, "Why, godfather, if I did not know that you have no such customs, because you fear God, I should fancy that you had been drinking this morning, like Dick Smith of the Grenadiers, who was drunk one day before gun-fire."

"Drunk!" repeated the sergeant; "do I look as if I were drunk, Mary?"

Mary. No, you don't look as if you were; but then, you ask me to do such a very odd thing!

"What odd thing?" said Sergeant Browne.

"Why," said Mary, "to go to the colonel, to ask for a white loaf and a cold fowl and ham. Why, I dare not even ask such things of our captain, nor of any of the officers. But the colonel is such a great man! I never spoke to him in all my life."

Sergeant Browne. But I suppose you would not be afraid of speaking to him.

Mary. Indeed, but I should, godfather; and I don't think, if you were to punish me ever so severely, that I could go on parade and ask him for a loaf and a cold fowl. I should think you were joking, only you look so very grave.

Sergeant Browne. Joking, child! What makes you think I am joking? I have heard you speak to One who is a thousand and a million times greater than our colonel, and ask for all manner of good things from him, without seeming to have the least fear upon you whatever; so I very naturally thought

you would have no manner of objection to go on parade, and ask the colonel for a loaf.

Mary. Why, godfather, you puzzle me more and more. I cannot think what you are about this morning. I never spoke to anybody in my life so great as our colonel, that I know of; and as to asking for all manner of good things, I never ask for anything that I can help. My mother has forbid me to ask for things; she says that it is wrong.

"As to its being wrong to ask for things," said the sergeant, "that depends upon what person you ask them of. We are not to be asking and craving from every one; but there is One of whom we are commanded to ask, and from whom we have a promise that if we do ask we shall receive: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'" Matt. vii. 7.

Mary. But, godfather, who is this great person that I ask so many good things of? I cannot think what you mean this morning; you quite puzzle me.

"Think a little," said the sergeant; "who have you been speaking to, and asking favours of, this very morning?"

Mary. Why, I have not spoken to anybody, but you and my godmother; and surely you are not greater than the colonel.

"Well," says the sergeant, "I suppose you don't mean to go for the white loaf, so we may as well eat what we have for breakfast. Sit down, child, and I must have some talk upon this matter with you by and by."

All breakfast-time Mary could think of nothing

but what her godfather had been talking of; and after breakfast she would hardly give him time to settle some accounts which he had to make straight, before she was begging and entreating him to tell her what he meant by the great person of whom she was not afraid to ask favours.

“I will now explain this matter,” said the sergeant (as he wiped his pen and put it into a Europe leather case which he always carried about him), “and make you understand, if I can, Mary, what I was driving at this morning, when I told you to ask the colonel for a white loaf. But, first, you must recollect what you were about when I came in from parade.”

Mary. Was not I saying my prayers, godfather?

“Right,” says the sergeant; “and what prayer did you use?”

Mary. The Lord’s Prayer, I think; for I was in a hurry, and had not time to say any more.

Sergeant Browne. In a hurry, were you, child? I thought as much. And pray whose words are those you were repeating after such an expeditious manner?

Mary. The words of our Lord Jesus Christ. He taught this prayer to his disciples; I know that.

“And pray,” says the sergeant, “to what person were you speaking when you repeated that prayer after such a fashion as you did this morning?”

Mary coloured, and said, “Now, godfather, I know what you meant this morning when you said there was One a thousand and a million of times greater than our colonel that I was not afraid to speak to—that person is God.”

"You have it!" said the sergeant. "When I came in this morning, you were speaking to the Almighty Lord God, and asking all kind of favours of him, in a manner more disrespectful and careless than you would use to one of your fellow-creatures, who is made of dust like yourself. You were quite surprised when I desired you to go and ask a little favour of our colonel, and fancied, as well as you might, that I was scarcely in my right reason for putting you upon such a thing. You had, however, none of this fear when you were speaking to God; but could gabble over the holy words, which were put together by our blessed Saviour, without any manner of dread or awe upon your mind."

"Godfather," said Mary, "I have done wrong;" and her eyes were filled with tears in a moment.

"Enough, my lass, enough," said the sergeant, putting his hand upon her head; "I trust thou hast learned a lesson this day for which thou mayest be the better all thy life. Thou hast learned to suspect thine own heart even in its best duties. The Bible tells us that our best works are filthy rags, and that our prayers cannot be accepted but through the merits of our Redeemer. We fear our fellow-creatures, who are but as grass or like the flower of the field, and we forget to give honour to the Lord our Maker, as the Prophet Isaiah says: 'Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth?' Isaiah li. 12, 13. Wife," added the sergeant, "I wish you would, at your leisure, make Mary

learn those verses which I have just repeated. They were favourite verses of poor Sergeant Cooper's; and I remember he pointed them out to me one Sunday evening, when we were on guard together on Gibraltar rock. Of all the men I ever knew, young or old, Sergeant Cooper was the man who seemed, at all times, most sensible of the presence of God; in barracks—at church—on sentry—on board ship—on parade—it was all one; that man had God always present with him."

So Mrs. Browne made Mary learn those verses, according to her husband's desire; and, moreover, she took occasion, while Mary remained with her that time, to examine her, from day to day, about the Lord's Prayer; endeavouring to make her understand it in some tolerable degree. And this she did from a conviction that it is no uncommon thing for people to repeat that prayer every day of their lives, once or twice, or oftener, from their childhood to their old age, without once thinking what the meaning of it may be. For the benefit, therefore, of such persons as wish to understand that prayer, I shall repeat what passed between Mary and Mrs. Browne on the subject at this time, and on such other occasions as it was brought forward.

Mrs. Browne. My dear Mary, can you tell me why it is the duty of everybody to pray?

Mary. Because we have nothing which does not come from God. He made us, and he gave us all the things which we possess.

Mrs. Browne. Suppose that God was to take away his support from us for a moment; what would become of us?

Mary. We should die, godmother, and go to nothing.

Mrs. Browne. Is it good of God to let us pray to him, and to hearken to us when we pray?

Mary. Yes, godmother, very good.

Mrs. Browne. What directions did the Lord Jesus Christ give us about praying?

Mary. He said, "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions." Matt. vi. 7.

Mrs. Browne. Did you ever see the black Hindoo people saying their prayers?

Mary. Yes, godmother; I have seen them standing almost up to their chins in the river, repeating their prayers as fast as they could gabble them over, and looking about them all the time at everything that passed by.

Mrs. Browne. Poor creatures! they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. I wish there were not some people, who call themselves Christians, and who ought to know better, who are, in this respect, too much like them.

Then Mrs. Browne asked Mary the beginning of the Lord's Prayer.

Mary. It begins thus, godmother: "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Mrs. Browne. My grandmother used to say to me, "Before you speak to any person, child, always consider who the person is, whether younger or older, whether greater or less than yourself; for though we ought to honour all men—that is, to be civil and kind to every one—yet what is due to one is not due to all; and it would be ridiculous to speak in the same manner to an old gentleman and a young lad. How

much more then should we, before we speak to God in our prayers, consider his greatness, his power, and his goodness, that we may not venture to speak to him in a disrespectful way. We cannot know much about God ; but we know from the Bible as much as is necessary to us in this world ; and when we go to heaven we have a promise that we shall see him face to face, and see and understand all his glorious providences and works."

Then Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "What is the first thing which the Bible teaches us about God?"

Mary. The first chapter in the Bible teaches us that God made all things.

Mrs. Browne. True, my dear: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him; for he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." Psalm xxxiii. 6, 8, 9. Now, He that could make all the things which we see, and is able, after he has made them, to keep them all in their places, and save them from falling to nothing, must be great and powerful beyond all we can imagine.

Mary. And yet, godmother, we often feel more afraid of making one of our fellow-creatures angry than of offending God.

Mrs. Browne. That is because our hearts are bad, my child. The sinfulness of our hearts makes us so stupid that we cannot even have any proper thoughts of God without divine grace. Tell me, Mary, how we are directed to address God in the Lord's Prayer?

Mary. "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Mrs. Browne. God may be called the Father of all men, because he made all men; but to whom is he more particularly a Father?

Mary. To good people, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Good people, my dear?—we are none of us good, that is, before God.

Mary. I mean Christian people whose hearts are changed, and who love the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mrs. Browne. In what way has God shown his very great love for his children?

Mary. Oh! I know the answer to that very well: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

Mrs. Browne. Where is our Father?

Mary. In heaven.

Mrs. Browne. God, my dear, is a Spirit, and he is present everywhere, but he is said to be in heaven particularly, because there he shows the glory of his majesty in the presence of his angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Psalm cxxxix. 7-10.

This was as much as passed between Mrs. Browne and Mary about the Lord's Prayer in one day; for Mrs. Browne, well knowing the weakness and giddi-

ness of children, seldom tired them out by talking too long with them upon serious subjects. But the next time they were alone together and at leisure she gave her some further instruction upon the Lord's Prayer, which I shall relate in my next chapter.





STORY XXIV.

"Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

THE next morning, just after Mrs. Browne and her husband had finished their breakfast, there came a man bringing a letter for Mrs. Browne from one Mrs. Grove. Now this Mrs. Grove was a townswoman of Mrs. Browne's, and had come to this country when quite young, I believe as a waiting-maid upon some lady ; and here she had become acquainted with Mr. Grove, a very worthy young man, a kind of steward, or factor, to a rich indigo-planter in those parts. Mr. Grove was not a rich man, but he had as much as he wished for ; and desired no better than to live quietly with his wife and family, and to serve God in peace. He was very glad of such a wife as the one he had met with, for she was a modest, pious young woman, and had received, for her station, a good education. They had been married about eight years, and had two children. They lived quite in a wild country, about four or five miles from the cantonments, and Mrs. Browne, since the regiment had been in those parts, had, I think, been twice to see them ; and now this letter was come to invite Mrs. Browne to visit them

again for a few days, saying that if she would come Mr. Grove would send a trusty servant the next morning, before sunrise, with a convenient *hackery* and bullocks, to bring her over.

"I would have you go, by all means," said the sergeant, as soon as he had read the letter; "and I only wish I could make one of the party; but as that cannot be, I would have you to take Mary along with you, if her father and mother will give leave. It will be a pretty change for her."

"Oh! I am sure," cried Mary, "that my father and mother will let me go. I will run over now to my father's barrack to ask him."

Mrs. Browne. What, all through the sun, child?

Mary. It is not hot, godmother.

"To set you at ease, Mary," says Sergeant Browne, "I'll step over myself."

So the sergeant went, and he got this answer from Sergeant Mills: "Mary may go anywhere with her godmother Browne; and her mother, I am sure, will say the same."

So Mary and Mrs. Browne busied themselves all day in getting ready; and before gun-fire the next morning the *hackery* was waiting ready for them at the barrack-door. The sun was not risen when Mrs. Browne and Mary set out; and Mary was ready to leap out of the *hackery* for downright gladness.

From the barracks up to the church, by which they were to pass, the ground rose all the way, and the road on each side was set with trees. The birds were scarcely beginning to move in the branches of the trees, and there was not a servant, excepting the *chokedaurs*, stirring about any house in the neigh-

bourhood, it was so early. When the coach came to the gate of the *church compound*, which is, as I before said, at the top of the hill, the bullock-driver stopped to put something right about the carriage, and Mary was surprised to hear the voices of men singing in the church. So they listened, and heard this verse distinctly :

“Holy and reverend is the name
Of our Eternal King;
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.”

“Oh, godmother,” said Mary, “how sweet that singing is! Who can these people be who have come so early to praise God?”

Mrs. Browne. Why, this is a halting-morning, my dear; and I dare say Mr. King and some of our good men, with James Law at the head of them, have taken this opportunity for an early service. I have heard of their doing so before on a halting-morning, when the men are off duty, and can find time for this privilege.

Just as Mrs. Browne was speaking, two young men, genteelly dressed and well mounted, rode by; and as they passed, Mrs. Browne and Mary heard the one ask the other what that singing was, to which the other replied in very profane and wicked language, the purport of which was to ridicule psalm-singing; but I shall not repeat what he said.

By this time the driver had set off again, and Mrs. Browne remarked to Mary, “While we were stopping at yonder gate, which was not five minutes, we had an opportunity of observing how differently

the children of God and the children of Satan employ the early part of the day : the children of God arise betimes, to praise their heavenly Father ; and the children of Satan are scarcely out of their beds before they begin to curse and to blaspheme. The wicked world despises these holy men who are met together in the house of their God to praise his name ; but in the sight of their heavenly Father, they are very precious, and so is every person who loves his name and seeks to honour it. We are taught in the Lord's Prayer to say, 'Hallowed be thy name.' Do you know, my dear, what is signified by that expression?"

Mary. Yes, godmother : it means to keep anything holy.

Mrs. Browne. Whose name ought we to mark as infinitely great and holy, my dear ?

Mary. The name of God.

Mrs. Browne. We ought not only to mark the name of God as a great and holy name, but also to reverence everything belonging to him ; his house, his children, and everything that is his.

At that instant, just at the turning of a wall, behind which were some very tall trees, a large elephant, with bells, met the *hackery* in which Mrs. Browne and Mary were sitting ; when the bullocks turned aside and jolted the *hackery*, so that Mary, although she was not frightened, could not help catching hold of Mrs. Browne's arm, and squeezing it well. "Oh ! heavens !" said she, when the elephant was passed, "what a great creature ! I thought the bullocks, in their fright, would have jolted us into the ditch."

A few minutes afterward, a stout, tall *fakeer*, with an immense beard, and long matted hair hanging over his face and down his back, his whole body being bedaubed with mud, came up to the side of the *hackery*, to ask for some *pice*: "Oh! mercy, mercy! you ugly creature!" cried Mary. "I have nothing for you. You are as able to work as I am."

"Mary," said Mrs. Browne, "you bring one of my own faults to my mind, very often this morning."

"What's that, godmother?" said Mary. "I am sure I don't think you have many faults."

"Perhaps not such as you, my dear, are able to distinguish," replied Mrs. Browne, "because you are young, and I am old; and the faults of old and of young people are often very different. But the fault which I now think of, is a very bad custom I have of calling out upon any surprise, 'Oh! heavens!' 'Oh! mercy!' 'Oh! Lord!' and such like words. I often catch myself in this fault, and am very angry with myself for it."

Mary. Why, is there any harm in those words, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. To be sure there is, my dear; for if these words mean anything at all, they are an invocation of God; and, being generally used in a light way, are very profane. We should never, as I said before, speak of anything belonging to God, but with the greatest respect—Hallowed be his name.

Mary. Godmother, I will try to leave off saying these words.

Mrs. Browne. And pray to God to give you grace to keep his name holy.

By this time they were come to the great *bazar*, for they were obliged to pass through the very heart of the great *bazar* to get into the road leading to Mr. Grove's house ; and, indeed, it was a part of the *bazar*, which, lying furthest from the barracks, Mary had never been in before ; and perhaps there were not many persons in the barracks who had been there, especially of the women and children. Here lived most of the rich natives, and they had adorned the place after their own heathenish fancies and fashions.

As it is probable that many persons may read this story, who have never seen an Indian *bazar*, for the satisfaction of such, I shall here attempt a description of these places, that they may be enabled to form some notion of the difference between a village in Europe (however poor it may be), in which the true God is worshiped, and where there is a church and a clergyman, and a town or village, or *bazar*, as we call it, in a heathen land, where the devil is their god, and the people know no other. And I write this description, trusting that every Christian reader of it will thereby be led to thank God, that he was not born in Sodom, in Babylon, in India, or in any other heathen town or country. Now as he that has seen one of these *bazars* may be said to have seen them all, since they are mostly built after the same fashion, I shall describe the one through which Mrs. Browne and Mary passed in their *hackery* as a sample of all the rest.

The houses in the street were chiefly built of mud, bedaubed with cow-dung, having no windows toward the streets, and doors so low that a child of

ten years old could scarcely go in without stooping ; and as to a chimney, there was no such thing. The streets were so narrow in most places, that, as the old saying is, two men might shake hands across the way ; and before every door there were filthy gutters and puddles, which were never cleaned, except by some chance shower of rain. The houses of the richer people were but little more convenient than those of the poor, only that they were much loftier, some being raised to the height of three or four stories ; they had also little windows toward the top, which, however, a man could scarcely put his head through ; with here and there a balcony or railed gallery on the outside, in which the master of the house, in an evening, is accustomed to sit and smoke his pipe.

But what the people esteem as the chief ornaments of these streets are their *mosques* and *pagodas*, or temples of their idols. The *mosques* are the Mussulmaun's places of worship, and are pretty edifices enough without, being built with two round high towers ; but for the most part, they are all outside show, since there is neither furniture, books, nor anything else in them.

The *pagodas* are the places wherein the idolaters keep their false gods and go to worship them. They are dark and frightful buildings, surrounded by high walls, both within and without set round with horrid shapes and figures of devils, some painted on the walls in flaming colours, some carved in wood, and some in stone ; but all very frightful to behold, and worthy of Satan's head to invent. Now what passes in these *pagodas* I cannot pre-

tend to say: but I have been told by such persons as should know that there are things done in them not fit to be named.

Now, although it was yet scarcely daybreak, the *bazar* was all in an uproar when Mrs. Browne and Mary passed through it. The streets were full of drunkards reeling home from their midnight revels—fierce and bold women quarrelling with their neighbours—naked children screaming and fighting—miserable infants crying—dogs barking—bells tinkling from the *pagodas*—*tum-tums*—horns—creaking wheels—men beating their cattle—wicked cursings and oaths—cries of beggars—groans of the sick, with confusion and every kind of evil work.

“Oh!” said Mary to Mrs. Browne, “I wish we were well out of this wicked *bazar*.”

Mrs. Browne. We think the barracks a bad place; but, compared with this, it is like heaven; and for this reason, that the worst of people who come out of a Christian country have some little notion of God and of decency; but these poor heathens have none.

Mary. Are all places where God is not known as wicked as this?

Mrs. Browne. The answer to this, my dear, is best made from the Bible, where those who will not know God are thus described: “And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God,

despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." Romans i. 28-31.

Now Mary and Mrs. Browne could talk together no more till they were quite out of the *bazar*; for what with the noise in the streets, and the jolting of their *hackery*, with the scolding of the driver, they could scarcely hear one word which each other said. Through this hateful place they thought the passage long; and truly glad were they to get fairly rid of the discordant noises, the unpleasant sights and filthy smells of the *bazar*, and to find themselves coming out upon a pleasant open country, lying westward.

The sun was, indeed, risen, when they left the *bazar*; but being to their backs, it did not trouble them; while the country before them appeared as green and pleasant as a garden; for it was now the finest part of the year, the end of the cold season. Mrs. Browne showed Mary many groves of fine trees, which she told her were *mangoe-topes*, besides which were wells of water dug for the convenience of travellers, with corn-fields between the groves of trees; altogether producing a most agreeable appearance, particularly on a comparison with the frightful *bazar* which I have just now described.

"Oh!" said Mary, "how could one believe, if one had not seen it, that such a pretty country as this could be so near that dirty, horrible *bazar*!"

"This shows, my dear Mary," says Mrs. Browne, "that it is the vile, sinful dispositions of mankind which make this world so full of ugly sights as it is.

Wherever sin is, there is filth and confusion, and every kind of abomination. If Satan could have reigned in the garden of Eden itself, he would have made it ugly ; but we have, thank God ! a promise in the Bible that a time shall come when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."

Mary. What, will there be such a time as that ? I never knew that before. I thought that the Lord Jesus Christ would rule and have his whole will accomplished in heaven, but I never understood that in this world it would ever be so.

Mrs. Browne. You say, every day in your prayers, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." What do these words mean ?

Mary. Why, godmother, I don't know that I ever, in all my life, thought about their meaning.

"Indeed, Mary," says Mrs. Browne, "we have reason to blame ourselves much in this matter. We ought to apply our minds to know the meaning of every word we use in prayer ; and, above all, the Lord's Prayer. When we pray for the kingdom of God to come, and for the will of God to be done on earth as it is in heaven, we pray that the time may very soon come when the true God shall be rightly worshipped through all the world, and his holy law be kept pure and unbroken among us, as it is kept in heaven."

Mary. Well, those words are plain enough, to be sure ; but I never understood them before.

Mrs. Browne. When God made Adam and Eve at first, they were holy and happy, and they had no

God or king except the Lord our God; but when they rebelled against God by eating the forbidden fruit, they put themselves under the power of the devil; and, from that time, the devil, in one sense, became the prince of this world. Do you not remember what the devil said to our Lord when he came to tempt him?—"And the devil said unto him, all this power will I give thee and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine." Luke iv. 6, 7.

Mary. But do all the kingdoms of the world really belong to the devil?

Mrs. Browne. For a time the Lord God has allowed him, for some mysterious reason, to have power throughout the whole world—that is, in the hearts of wicked men. If you were to travel into many countries, as I have done, Mary, you would find wickedness in every place, though different in kind and degree. The world is filled with all unrighteousness.

Mary. But that is very shocking to think of, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear; and it would be much more so, had we not the sure promise that Satan's power shall come to an end; and the time, I hope, is not very distant: "Then the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one." Zech. xiv. 9.

Mary. How will God's kingdom begin, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. God's kingdom has, I hope, begun already, my dear. When our Lord Jesus

Christ came on earth, Satan lost much of his power. The kingdom of Christ did not begin with a show and an uproar, as the kingdoms of great men on earth do. It had, at first, a small beginning, and is on that account compared to a little seed which gradually becomes a large tree. The hearts of men are first changed by the power of the Holy Ghost; upon which they revolt from the dominion of Satan, and become servants of the Lord Jesus Christ; and every man who is thus truly changed, endeavours, as circumstances and duty will permit, to convert his neighbour. So the kingdom of Christ grows and increases upon the earth in a silent way, and will, we hope, in a very few years—that is, in God’s good time—entirely overturn the kingdom of the devil.

Mary. Oh! how lovely and pleasant this world would be if we all loved the Lord Jesus Christ! There would be none of those dirty barracks, and *bazars*, and black *pagodas*. We might all live out in the fields then, in pretty houses, without any fear of thieves.

Mrs. Browne. Though I have not my Bible just where I can get it now, I believe I can repeat to you one or two texts in which that happy time is described. “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly; and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the

lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2, 5-10.

"And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Isaiah liv. 13.

"But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift

up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree ; and none shall make them afraid ; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it. For all people will walk every one in the name of his God, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever." Micah iv. 1-5.

By the time Mrs. Browne had repeated these verses, they came, by a sudden turn of the road, upon a place where they had a near view of certain little cottages, before which a few cows were feeding by the wayside. These cottages had neat *choppers*, and some of them wanted not small gardens, fitly fenced round. Hard by, upon a gentle slope, was a white *mosque*, built, as their manner is, with two slender round towers ; and near to the *mosque* were many trees, and a stone *tank*, full of clear water ; so that the place had a very pleasant appearance.

"Well," said Mary, "that is pretty."

Mrs. Browne. Yes, if that heathenish *mosque* were but turned into a Christian church.

Mary. That would be pleasant, indeed ; and I hope, in a few years, it will be so.

Mrs. Browne. Let all who love God and their fellow-creatures, then, pray more and more earnestly that God's kingdom may come.

By this time the *hackery* was come near to the houses ; but when Mrs. Browne and Mary came close to them, they found that they were not so pleasant as they at first appeared ; for the houses were surrounded with dirt, and the poor cows that lay before the doors were miserably thin and wretched. And

behold, as the *hackery* passed, there came out of the houses about a score of children, both boys and girls, all naked, and exceedingly filthy and bold in all their gestures. And they followed the *hackery* to a considerable distance, shouting and bawling and using every vile language ; although Mary was so happy as not to understand what they said.

“ Observe, Mary,” says Mrs. Browne, “ how even yonder little village, which appeared so pretty as we approached it, is rendered odious by sin ; and could sin get into heaven itself, it would make a hell of it.”

But I have made this very long ; so I will break off here, and take another occasion to give you an account of Mrs. Browne’s arrival at Mr. Grove’s, and of such things as happened there.





STORY XXV.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

IT was not seven o'clock when Mary and Mrs. Browne came in sight of Mr. Grove's house. It was built in a little valley, though airy enough; and all about it was *jungle*, or wild country, full of trees and low shrubs. Mr. Grove's house stood in a garden; it was but small, yet very pretty; for the *jalousies* were all of a fresh green, and there was a neat bamboo *verandah* round it. Not far from Mr. Grove's was a little village, or *bazar*; but it brought no inconvenience to the house, because there was a *tope* of fine *mangoe* trees between.

There was some deer, or antelopes as they are called, feeding among the bushes, which ran away when the *hackery* came near. Mary took them for goats, and said, they were the handsomest goats she ever saw. The trees, also, were full of young parrots, hopping about; with many wood-pigeons, or doves, and *gilaries* running up the trees.

When the *hackery* came up to the garden-gate, Mr. and Mrs. Grove came running out to receive Mrs. Browne and Mary, attended by their little girl and boy, two fine children, both of them looking fresh with the cold weather. So Mr. and Mrs.

Grove welcomed them heartily to their house, and took them into the hall, where the breakfast was laid out.

When Mr. Grove had given thanks, they all sat down, for Mrs. Browne and Mary were very hungry. And here Mrs. Browne could not but observe the difference between the behaviour of Mr. Grove's children and that of some children she had seen in the barracks; for they sat at the table without saying one word, and took what was offered them with thankfulness, never asking for anything that was at the table; and thus they early learned to be thankful and contented with what they had.

As Mrs. Browne, and Mr. and Mrs. Grove, sat at breakfast, they fell thus into discourse. Mr. Grove said that he and his wife had lived several years in that place; and though he was not in a situation to gain great riches, being only manager of a gentleman's estate, yet that they had enjoyed much peace, and had been able to bring up their children, so far, in the fear of God. "And though," says Mr. Grove, "we have been sadly shut out from divine service and holy ordinances, having no church to go to, nor any clergyman to instruct us, yet on a Sunday, and sometimes on a week-day, according as business will allow, we meet together, and endeavour, as far as it is possible, to supply this grievous want."

"Meet together!" says Mrs. Browne; "who have you here to meet?"

"Why," said Mr. Grove, "there are my wife and two children; and we have, in the village, two or three Portuguese men and women, with several children, who are glad to come and hear me read."

Mrs. Browne. And are they able to understand you?

Mr. Grove. The younger sort do, I hope, pretty well: the elder ones, I fear, not so well as I could wish. But I am told that we shall soon have the New Testament printed in Hindoostaunie; and, as I can read that language easily, I will get the book up as soon as it is to be had from Calcutta, when our readings will, I trust, be carried on to some better purpose than they have hitherto been.*

After breakfast, Mr. Grove called his little girl to bring him a Bible. So he read a chapter, and prayed; after which he went off to his business, and left his wife with Mrs. Browne.

Now Mrs. Grove was, as I said before, a very humble, modest person, and knowing Mrs. Browne to be, for her station, a very clever woman, she was glad to learn any of her ways, particularly as to her management of children: and thus they spent the morning, till Mr. Grove returned, in a very comfortable manner together. In the evening Mr. Grove took them out a-walking; and when they came in, after tea, he read prayers again with them; so that Mrs. Browne could not help saying she had spent as pleasant a day as ever she had done in her life.

Mary slept with Mrs. Browne, in a little room which opened into the garden, when early in the morning she was awakened by the singing of the birds. As soon therefore as she had dressed her-

* These Stories were written at a time when such fruits of the pious labours of the Rev. Henry Martyn and others were unknown in India.

self and said her prayers, she ran out into the garden. There she found the two little children working in a small plot of ground which their father had given them, and feeding some young rabbits which they had in a coop; and Mary was ready to help them. In this way they entertained themselves for about an hour, till Mr. Grove, who had been out to look after his servants and work-people, came in at the garden-gate. As soon as the little ones saw him, they ran to meet him, each of them seizing upon one of his hands, and Mary skipping after them. "Well," said Mr. Grove, "what have you to say?"

"Good-morning, father—Good-morning, father," they answered.

"And now," said Mr. Grove, "what's to be done next?"

The little girl answered, "You must come, father, to help us to seek our daily bread."

"True," said Mr. Grove: "I am glad you have not forgotten that." So Mr. Grove walked on toward the house, and all the young ones after him.

"Daily bread!" said Mary to herself: "that is breakfast, I suppose."

Now as they came into the hall, the breakfast was set upon the table; but Mr. Grove turned through the hall into a little room, where he kept his books and his accounts, and taking the little ones in with him, he shut the door, when reaching a Bible down from the shelf, he turned to a place where it was marked, and read a chapter. It was the second chapter of the First Epistle of John, a very excellent chapter, in which we are commanded to love

one another: and when he had read it, he tried to explain it to his little ones in as easy words as he could find. After which he knelt down, and the little ones by him, and he prayed with them; and the words of his prayer were such as even little Tommy Grove, who was only five years old, could understand. This being done, he sent his two little ones to see if breakfast was ready, while he called Mary up to him, and spoke to her thus: "My dear, your father and mother, and Sergeant and Mrs. Browne, have taken great pains to make you fear God."

Mary. Yes, sir, they have all taken great pains with me; but I am not very good, for all that.

Mr. Grove. I am glad to find that you are brought to the knowledge of your sinfulness; and you ought to thank God, who has brought you so early to his knowledge; but this ought, my dear, to make you very much in earnest to profit by every means of grace and instruction which he has put in your way. And now I wish to ask you a question. I saw you look very hard at me in the garden when the little ones said to me, "Come, father, help us to seek our daily bread." Tell me, my dear, what you thought we were going to do.

Mary. Why, I thought, sir, that you were going to give the children their breakfasts.

Mr. Grove. And do you understand now what we meant?

Mary. No, I do not, for I did not see you give the children any bread.

"Well," said Mr. Grove, smiling, "you shall have your breakfast now, and afterward I will read a

chapter, which, I hope, will explain this matter to you."

So Mary went into the hall with Mr. Grove to breakfast. After which, he took his Bible in his hand, as he had promised, and endeavoured to explain what is meant by the expression—"Daily Bread." "We are directed, in the Lord's Prayer, to pray for 'our daily bread,' Mrs. Browne," said Mr. Grove: "how do you understand those words?"

Mrs. Browne. Why, I once heard a sermon upon that subject, and have since taken these words to have two meanings: one, the plain meaning, which every child may take in; and the other, a spiritual meaning.

Mr. Grove. Well, I see, Mrs. Browne, that you consider these words much in the light which I do.

Mr. Grove then told Mrs. Browne what had happened in the morning, and added, "I must try if I can make the matter plain to this little girl's understanding; and I dare say I shall not find her so hard of comprehension as some that I have to teach on a Sunday."

Mr. Grove then said to Mary, "Of what two very different parts, my dear, is a human creature formed?"

Mary. The body, sir, and the soul.

Mr. Grove. How is the body nourished and kept alive from day to day?

Mary. We are kept alive by what we eat and drink.

Mr. Grove. Right, my dear: without food, our bodies would soon waste away and die. So, my dear, we are directed to pray to God, from whom

all good things come, to give us, day by day, such food as is necessary for our bodies—"Give us this day our daily bread." And if we have enough from day to day, we ought not to be looking to distant times, thinking, "How shall I live in such a year, and such a year?" seeing God has given us abundant reason to believe that he will take care of us.

Mary. I know two verses, Sir, about being over-anxious for the time to come: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. vi. 25, 34.

Mr. Grove. Well said, my dear; you appear then to understand the more literal meaning of these words: "Give us this day our daily bread." You have told me what keeps our bodies from perishing—that is, the daily bread which we eat; now tell me what it is which keeps the soul from eternal death.

Mary made no answer, and Mr. Grove went on: "When God created man, he looked upon him, and saw that he was very good. Man was created in the image of God; and through constant communion with his Creator, his soul was sustained by a divine kind of nourishment. But being tempted to sin, he separated himself from God, when eternal death passed upon his soul, and he became a child of Satan. After this, the Lord Jesus Christ, by dying upon the cross, redeemed us from the power of sin and of death, and opened a way for our

return unto God. Yet so exceeding great is our natural depravity, that we cannot enter again into the kingdom of heaven, or enjoy communion with God, until we are spiritually born again—that is, until we are cut off from our father the devil, and united to the Lord Jesus Christ: ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.’ John iii. 3. Now, in baptism this good work is begun in us, but as we are poor sinners even after baptism, a great change in our life and character is necessary to our acceptance with God. We do not know how this change takes place, nor can we tell exactly the time when any man gets ‘a clean heart and a right spirit’ from God: but we soon discover that he is renewed and sanctified by the change in his behaviour. The natural man seeks to please himself, more than to please God and serve his fellow-creatures; but the new man loves God and his fellow-creatures; and tries to do the will of God, instead of pleasing himself. And now, my dear, to come to what we were talking about this morning—when a man is born again, and his soul made new, what is it that keeps his new nature fresh and alive?”

Mary. I do not know, Sir.

Mr. Grove. You told me, just now, what it is that keeps the body from dying.

Mary. It is what we eat and drink; that is, our daily bread.

Mr. Grove. And cannot you now tell me what that Bread is which came down from heaven?

Mary. Oh! I think I know now. May I show you in the Bible, for I can’t say the verses?

“Surely,” said Mr. Grove, as he handed Mary his Bible; and she turned to St. John vi. 31-34: “Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat. Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the Bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

“Right, my child; you are quite right,” said Mr. Grove; “Jesus Christ is the Bread from heaven which we ought to pray for, day by day; and there is more upon this subject in that very chapter. The Lord Jesus Christ is the stay and support of Christians. If we feed on him, we shall gather strength from day to day. ‘Out of weakness we shall be made strong, and walk in the power of the Lord, and in his might.’” Heb. xi. 32; Eph. vi. 10.

Mary. Now I understand those words—“Give us this day our daily bread.” They have two meanings; first, bread to eat; and secondly, the Bread which came down from heaven—that is, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Grove. And how often should we seek this Bread from heaven?

Mary. We cannot live a day without it. I know, if the Lord Jesus Christ takes his help from us, even for a minute, we shall do something wicked.

Mr. Grove then turned to the sixteenth chapter of Exodus, and read the account of the Israelites receiving manna, day by day, from heaven; and how they were commanded to gather this manna every day,

and not to leave any till the morning. "In like manner," said Mr. Grove, "we ought, every day—day by day—to seek that heavenly nourishment from God, without which our new nature will faint."

After this, Mr. Grove went to his business, and Mrs. Browne charged Mary to keep in mind what he had said to her.

Mrs. Browne and Mary stayed several days with Mr. and Mrs. Grove, and the time passed away so pleasantly that it seemed but as one day. It was now, however, proper that they should think of returning home. So Mrs. Browne took leave of her kind friends; very affectionately saying, as they parted, "If we do not meet again in this world, we have the blessed hope of meeting in a better."





STORY XXVI.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

THE first news which Mrs. Browne heard when she got home to the barracks was, that Sergeant-major James was appointed to be ensign in the regiment. "Well, I pray that it may be for the good of all the family," said Mrs. Browne to her husband, who was the person that told her the news; "and who is to be the new sergeant-major?"

"Some say one, and some say another," answered Sergeant Browne, not liking to trouble his wife till the matter was settled; for the truth was, as he had been told, that it lay between himself and Sergeant Dawson; and the colonel, he heard, was for him, but there were others who were more for Sergeant Dawson.

Now, although Sergeant Browne was so careful not to disturb his wife's peace of mind about this matter, there were others as ready to tell her all about it. The foremost of these was Mrs. Simpson; she saw Mrs. Browne coming by in the *hackery*, and was over the way, from her own barrack, in a few

minutes after she alighted. "So, you are come back, Mrs. Browne," she said. "Poor Mrs. Francis has not had a word to throw at a dog, as the saying is, ever since you went; Mrs. Mills being away too. Well, and how did you leave Mrs. Grove? I suppose you have been at prayers three times a day, at least; you'd have it all your own way there. And have you heard the news? Mrs. James, indeed, an officer's lady! I have not seen her, but they tell me she is a foot higher already; and she carried herself high enough before, every one knows. It's *Miss* Charlotte and *Miss* Kitty now. And they have taken the *bungalow*, that was the Europe shop, next the church, at twenty-five *rupees* a month; and the painters and whitewashers are at work upon it now. So they will be in before long. Then madam will be a lady altogether; and, I suppose, we poor souls in the barracks must not presume to speak to our old acquaintance."

"Nay, nay," said Mrs. Browne, "I think you are mistaken, Mrs. Simpson. I am sure Mrs. James will use all the freedom with her old companions which her station will permit."

"Oh! you were always blind to that woman's faults," said Mrs. Simpson. "Take my word for it, Mrs. Browne—a prouder woman than Mrs. James, high or low, be she what she will, never wore shoe-leather; and yet, many's the time I have seen her at the top of a military wagon. But people, now-a-days—"

Mrs. Browne. Well, I cannot say, but I always found her civil enough to me.

Mrs. Simpson. Civil, in truth! Why, if your

husband does not succeed to the sergeant-major's place, it will be all through her. How have you affronted her, Mrs. Browne?

Mrs. Browne. What do you mean, Mrs. Simpson? I never affronted her, that I know of.

Mrs. Simpson. Well, you know best; but, as I said, if you lose the sergeant-major's place, it is through her, and no one else, I can tell you; and I had it from one who knows all about it. You had our adjutant's good-will till she went and carried tales against you and your husband, and put it into his head to propose Dawson; and they say he will carry the day too, for our colonel is not well, and cannot see into things as he used to do.

"And if he could, it might be no hindrance to Dawson," said Sergeant Browne; "for he is every bit as fit for the place as I am; and fitter too, for aught I know. I thank you for your good-will, Mrs. Simpson, but I do not wish to trouble my wife about these matters. She and I are well content with what we have, according to the Scripture: 'For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.' 1 Tim. vi. 7, 8. And the rest we leave to God."

"Bless me, sergeant," said Mrs. Simpson, "I suppose, by and by, your wife must not be spoken to. I am sure, I came in kindness to tell her of Mrs. James' bad behaviour, and put her on her guard against such false friends; but if folks don't know their friends, I cannot help it." So she walked out of the *berth*.

Now nobody knows what Mrs. Browne thought

of all this, for not one word did she say, good or bad, about it to her husband or any one else; only once she said to Mrs. Francis, "Mrs. James should not have been so unkind to me as I am told she has been, for I never used her ill; but may God turn her heart!"

A few days after this, the sergeant-major's place was given to Sergeant Dawson. In the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Browne was sitting with Mary at work, and having remained a long time without speaking, Mary thought to herself, "My godmother looks grave; I am very much afraid she is vexed about losing the sergeant-major's place, and about Mrs. James being so unkind;" for Mary knew all about the affair. Moreover, all that Mrs. Simpson had reported about Mrs. James was very true—she had done Mrs. Browne all the ill in her power; for she was displeased with her, and had borne ill-will against her ever since the day she had spoken so freely to her concerning the management of her children.

So, as I said, while Mrs. Browne and Mary were sitting together, Mary was afraid that her godmother was not happy; and she thought truly; for Mrs. Browne had been thinking of Mrs. James' unkindness, and was tempted to be angry with her. She wished to forgive her enemy, but found that she had not power of herself to do it cheerfully. She wanted help from God to do this great thing. She sat therefore, for some time, without speaking; at length, seeing the child look at her, "Mary, my dear," she said, "you look hard at me—you think I don't appear happy. I will tell you the reason. There is a

person who has used me ill without a cause, and I am strongly tempted to indulge sinful anger against her. I can say, truly, with St. Paul, 'I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing ; for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do.' Rom. vii. 18, 19. The sin that is in me makes me very unhappy. Oh ! wretched creature ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?"

Mary got up and went close to her godmother, and said, " Dear godmother, I am sorry to see you unhappy ; but would not the Lord Jesus Christ give you grace to forgive that person, if you were to ask him ?"

Mrs. Browne. I have prayed to him, my dear child, many times on this very occasion ; not doubting but he will, in his good time, return an answer to my prayers, and deliver me from the power of this sin ; and, indeed, he has so far answered my prayer already as to withhold me from taking any vengeance, or even speaking an ill word, against the person who hurt me. But he sometimes hides the brightness of his countenance from us, and leaves us seemingly without comfort, that we may not forget to abhor ourselves, and to give him the glory whenever, by his holy help, we are enabled to do anything in the least well.

Then Mrs. Browne asked Mary if she understood those words in the Lord's Prayer : " Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ?" " What is it to trespass against anybody, my dear ?"

Mary. To trespass against anybody is to do them any harm.

Mrs. Browne. If I hurt anybody by thought, word or deed, I trespass against them. We are taught in the Lord's Prayer to ask that God will forgive us our trespasses against him, only just as far and as much as we forgive our enemies. Now, my dear child, it is very certain and true that without the grace of God we cannot forgive each other. It is quite out of our power. So we ought to pray to God to give us such a view of the love of Jesus Christ, in dying for us while we were yet enemies, that our hearts may feel as ready to love one another as we are by nature prone to bear hatred and malice against each other.

Mary. I never knew that we could not forgive without God's help. Do people never, by nature, forgive each other?

Mrs. Browne. People may forget a mischief done them, in the manner which I will show you. If a person affronts me, and I do not see that person for some time, the affront may go out my mind; but, without the grace of God, I shall be apt, on seeing that person again, to remember the affront, and grow angry again; and, if the affront is of such a kind as is hard to be borne, I shall naturally strive to revenge myself upon that person; or, at least, I shall be ready to rejoice in their downfall. But when we are led by the spirit of God, we put away "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, with all malice; and are kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us." Eph. iv. 31, 32.

Mary. And there are two more pretty verses about forgiveness, godmother, which you taught me once: "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Matt. v. 44, 45.

Mrs. Browne. God give us grace to forgive as we would be forgiven!

Soon after this discourse had passed between Mary and Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Browne reminded Mary that it was Wednesday evening, and bade her put on her bonnet; "For," said she, "I think it will do me good to have a little walk before church-time." It has been mentioned before that Mr. King was accustomed, on Wednesdays and Fridays, after parade-time, to deliver a discourse after prayers, in the church, to such as were inclined to attend; and Sergeant and Mrs. Browne were constant attendants.

Mrs. Browne and Mary then made themselves ready, and walked toward the church. It was a pleasant, cool evening; and they walked slowly along, amusing themselves with looking at one thing and another as they passed. Now, just as they came opposite the church-gate, a number of *coolies* overtook them, bearing, on their heads, chairs and tables, and other articles of household furniture, which they were carrying into a *bungalow* close by.

So Mrs. Browne said, "Those are Mr. James' things. I suppose they are moving into their new

house to-day." The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when a *palanquin* came up, in which were Mrs. James and her daughter Kitty. The bearers stopped to change just opposite Mrs. Browne; whereupon she, striving to look as pleasant as she could, stepped up to the *palanquin* and asked Mrs. James how she did; but Mrs. James tossed up her head, and gave her only a very short answer, bidding the bearers, at the same time, to make haste.

Poor Mrs. Browne coloured, but she said not one word, either at the time or afterward, to any person about Mrs. James' behaviour. But Mary remembered all that passed, and said to Mrs. Francis, the next time she saw her, that she thought it was very cruel of Mrs. James to use her godmother so ill, for she would scarcely speak to her when they met.

I think it was as much as three weeks after this happened that Mrs. Simpson called one afternoon upon Mrs. Browne. Mrs. Mills was that day come home to the barracks, and had stepped over to see Mrs. Browne, and to thank her for all her kindness to Mary. So they were sitting together when Mrs. Simpson came in, "Your servant, Mrs. Browne," said she. "And so, you are come back, Mrs. Mills? You have been a long time away. Well, and I am just come from Mrs. James'. I have been helping her to put the glasses away, and those things. There was only one glass broken, and she means to make the man pay for it."

"You begin at the wrong end of your story, Mrs. Simpson," said Mrs. Mills, smiling; "we don't understand what you are talking about."

Mrs. Simpson. Why, sure, you know that there

was a great dinner at Mr. James' yesterday ; and I went to help and make the custards. There were two-and-twenty sat down to dinner ; six ladies, and sixteen gentlemen. It was a capital dinner—everything so handsome and plenty. Sixteen *rupees* Mrs. James gave for the turkey ; and one of the ladies said she had not seen such a dinner since she came to Indy. There was a supper too, and cards. And you can't think how handsome the house is furnished—two beautiful sofas in the best parlour, and everything according. And Mrs. James had a new lace cap on, and worked gown. It's the cap that was at *Soudagur* Dawson's for sale—you saw it, Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mills. No ; I cannot say I did.

Mrs. Simpson. Oh ! it's all lace and ribbon, and an artificial flower on one side, exceedingly handsome ; and Mrs. James looked vastly well in it. And Miss Charlotte, she had on a frock trimmed all round with pink ribbon ; and Miss Kitty's frock was worked in scollops. And all the company were in very high spirits. I could hear them laugh quite at the other end of the house. Thinks I, "Mrs. James has got her wish now."

"What's that?" says Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Simpson. Why, I have often heard her say, and that years ago, that she hoped she should live to be a lady, and entertain ladies and gentlemen at her house.

"But," said Mrs. Mills, "how will all this agree with an ensign's pay?"

Mrs. Simpson. Oh ! it's only, you know, once in a way that they mean to give a dinner ; and they

have saved a sight of money. Then Mrs. James looks to everything herself; she will see that she has her pennyworth for her penny. She won't let any of those black fellows cheat her, not she. Why, yesterday she was at the end of everything herself; and this morning she and I have put everything by with our own hands. I have but just left her; and, poor body, she is almost run off her legs. She said she would go to bed very early, and try to get a good night's rest.

"I hope," said Mrs. Mills, for Mrs. Browne did not say much—"I hope that poor Mrs. James may not find all this but lost labour, as the Scripture saith, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.'" Isaiah lv. 1, 2.

"What, at the Scripture again, Mrs. Mills!" said Mrs. Simpson: "well, I'll leave you to it." So she took her departure; and, as my story is somewhat long, I will break it off here, and give you the rest another day.





STORY XXVII.

“Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.”

MARY returned that night, with her mother, to her *berth*. The next morning it was said in the barracks that Mrs. James was very ill; and Sergeant Browne, when he came in from parade in the evening, told Mrs. Browne that he heard she had a strong fever.

“Poor body!” said Mrs. Browne, “I once loved that woman. God give me the heart freely and fully to pardon her all her offences against us.”

“My dear,” answered the sergeant, “it was, I know, partly through her, that we lost the sergeant-major’s place; at least, I know that she did all she could to hinder us from having it; but, even this matter, I am very sure, has been ordered, through God’s mercy, for our good. As folks get higher in the world, they do not get happier, that I am sure of—nor better, neither, as I found when I was made sergeant; for I was so set up when I got my sash and stripes that, if we had not lost our dear little lad about that time, I should have turned my back, I fear, altogether on the kingdom of heaven. . But

God was faithful, who would not suffer us to be tempted above that we were able ; but did, with the temptation, make a way to escape, that we might be able to bear it. 1 Cor. x. 13."

Mrs. Browne. What you say is very true, my dear. I remember all this, and "know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Rom. viii. 28. And I wish, my dear, that I could do anything for Mrs. James in her sickness. She used to love to have me about her when she was ill.

Sergeant Browne. If you can do anything for her, wife, I shall not be the man to put any hindrance in your way ; but we shall hear how she is to-morrow.

The next day, early, Mrs. Browne stepped over to Mrs. Simpson's *berth*, to ask if she knew anything of Mrs. James.

"She is very bad," says Mrs. Simpson. "I was with her all night ; but I have no mind to go any more. If her fever should be catching, I have no notion of putting myself in harm's way, neither."

Mrs. Browne. Would she like to see *me*, do you think?

Mrs. Simpson. Why, you would not go to her, sure, would you? Why, she would not speak the last time you met.

Mrs. Browne. Who told you that?

Mrs. Simpson. Oh ! I knew it, for all you kept it so close.

Mrs. Browne. I never spoke of it, even to my husband : how could you know it?

Mrs. Simpson. Why, I was told by John Roberts, who heard Mary Mills speaking of it to Mrs. Francis. And I think, Mrs. Browne, that if you do go and see her, after such behaviour, it will be a very great shame; for what is she better than you or I? Was not she a private's wife when we came to Indy? And don't I remember, in Hilsea barracks—

“Well, Mrs. Simpson,” said Mrs. Browne, interrupting her, “I must be going to get my husband's breakfast; and, after that, I think I shall just step up and inquire after poor Mrs. James, come what will of it.”

“Well, take your own way,” said Mrs. Simpson: “I know you will never take the way of the rest of the world.”

After breakfast, Mrs. Browne, having her husband's consent, set off for Mr. James' *bungalow*. On the road she met Mr. James himself, coming toward the barracks. He accosted Mrs. Browne very civilly, told her his wife was very ill, and said he was sadly troubled to get a white woman to nurse her; “For,” said he, “Mrs. Simpson has set it abroad that her fever is catching.”

“Sir,” said Mrs. Browne, “if you will accept of my services, I have no fear; for I know my life is in the hands of God, to spare or take away, as he pleases. I will come and nurse Mrs. James.”

“Mrs. Browne, that is very good,” said Mr. James—“very good indeed.” And he turned back and walked to his *bungalow* with her, talking very civilly to her all the way. He told her that his wife was very ill, and had been so ever since the

day on which they had entertained a party at dinner.

When Mrs. Browne came into the *compound* of Mr. James' *bungalow*, she could not help observing how neat it was. Everything, too, within the *bungalow* was very handsome, she observed, and in great order.

Mr. James took her into his wife's room, where Mrs. Browne was shocked to see how ill Mrs. James appeared. She was lying upon her bed in a burning fever, and did not know Mrs. Browne when she spoke to her. No friend was with her; but a black woman was standing by her, beating away the flies with a *choury*; for her children were amusing themselves in the *verandah*, just on the outside of the room—neither caring for their mother, nor taking any notice of Mrs. Browne when she came in.

"My dear," said Mr. James, "here is Mrs. Browne come to see you."

"Mrs. Browne!" said the poor sick woman; "no, I am sure she won't come to see me. I have offended her, and spoken ill of her."

"But I am here, dear Mrs. James," said Mrs. Browne, taking her hand, "and you and I are friends now. I am come to take care of you while you are sick."

Mrs. James then recollected her, and said, "This is very good, Mrs. Browne. I wished for you, but I thought you would not come. See what an end I am come to. I had just got all I wished for in this world, and now I must go and leave everything."

"My dear," said Mr. James, "how you talk! Pray don't speak in such a manner." And the poor

man walked out of the room, for he was surprised and frightened at his wife's discourse.

When Mrs. Browne was left with Mrs. James, she spoke to her again; but Mrs. James seemed to have forgotten her, and taking her for Mrs. Simpson, she began to talk of the dinner and the company, but in a very wild way. Now Mrs. Browne could do nothing for her till the doctor came in and gave directions how she was to be managed.

On the doctor's arrival, he looked very grave at Mrs. James, but gave no opinion about her state; only he said, "Mrs. Browne, I am glad you are here. You will do as you are desired, and that is a great thing."

Mrs. James lay till evening, without taking the least notice of any one. By the doctor's orders the room was washed with vinegar and the children sent out of the house; so that Mrs. Browne began to suspect that the fever was of an infectious sort; but her trust in God was firm, and knowing that she was in the way of her duty, she had no fears for herself. However, she had many sad thoughts about Mrs. James—that the poor woman might, perhaps, be cut off in the midst of her pride and love of the world, without any time being given her for reflection or repentance, or any opportunity of turning to her Saviour and saying, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy child." Luke xv. 21. These were dreadful thoughts to Mrs. Browne. She watched therefore for some occasion of speaking to her patient about the salvation of her soul, but could find none. Mrs. James was continually either

quite stupid or rambling and delirious. Toward night, her fever grew stronger, and the doctor ordered two blisters to be put on her.

Mrs. Browne sat by her all night, bathing her hands and face with vinegar, but Mrs. James never once seemed to know her. In the morning, she changed again, becoming stupid and inclined to doze; so that it was still quite impossible to speak to her about anything serious, since she could not understand the commonest thing that was said to her. Mrs. Browne stayed with her all that day and the next night; and many and many were the prayers she put up to God for her, as she sat bathing her head with vinegar.

But, not to make my story too long, on the ninth morning, I think it was, after her first being taken ill, Mrs. James changed for death. Mrs. Browne, during that time, had never left her, excepting to change her clothes; and all the sleep she got was in her chair by the bedside.

On the ninth morning, as I said, just at sunrise, Mrs. James opened her eyes, looked about her, and recollected Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Mills, who had come up to relieve Mrs. Browne. She looked first at one, then at the other; afterward, speaking to Mrs. Browne with the voice of a dying person, she said, "Mrs. Browne, are you here? Do you know how I spoke ill of you, and did you all the mischief I could? How could you forgive me?"

"I forgave you," said Mrs. Browne, "my dear friend, by the grace of God; and that grace was obtained for me by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ—that dear Saviour, who will, if we trust in him,

enable us to do greater things than these, and deliver us from the power even of death itself."

"Death!" said the poor woman; "why do you talk of death?"

Mrs. Browne. Because I wish you to apply, without loss of time, to Him who alone can save you in the hour of death.

Mrs. James made no answer, but Mrs. Mills asked her if they should pray with her. To this also she made no answer; so they knelt by her bedside, and Mrs. Browne prayed, aloud, most earnestly to God to have mercy upon this poor sinner; to send his Spirit into her heart, to convince her of sin, and bring her in deep humility to the foot of the cross. She prayed that through the precious blood of Christ she might be washed from her sins, reconciled to God and received into glory. While they prayed she seemed attentive, and began to shed tears when they got up and stood by her.

"Oh! that I had loved the world and all its vanities less," said Mrs. James, "and loved my Saviour more! I knew what was right—sinful wretch!—but would not follow it; and now, now am I undone. Oh! if I could but live another year—one other year—how differently would I behave! I would lay by all my finery—I would go constantly to church—I would live close up to the Bible."

"Do not make vain resolutions, dear Mrs. James," said Mrs. Browne, "but throw yourself on the mercy of Christ—throw yourself on his mercy without condition. He died for you—claim, therefore, his promises; he will not cast out any that come unto him."

Mrs. James made no answer to this, but complained of her head, and presently again lost all recollection ; for she was seized with a kind of fit, from which she never recovered so far as to speak. She died very hard, and although nobody should judge in such cases, she certainly left little comfortable hope of the welfare of her soul.

There was no person in all the regiment, excepting her own husband, who grieved for her so much as Mrs. Browne ; for God had heard her prayers, and had not only given her grace to forgive the poor woman her trespasses against her but had filled her heart with such charity toward her, that she never was heard to speak a disrespectful word of Mrs. James ; and had it been in her power to serve any of her family, she would, according to the old proverbial expression, “have gone through fire and water to do so.” Thus we see the mighty power of God in changing the heart of man ; and by this we should be encouraged, when we feel ill-will toward a neighbour, to apply to God, through Christ our Mediator, to take away the malice of our hearts, giving us grace to forgive the offender his trespasses against us, as we would be forgiven our trespasses against God. And let us bear this always in mind, that, as we cannot ourselves be forgiven without the blood of Christ, neither can we forgive our brother his offences against us, unless we do it in the strength and through the power of Christ ; for it is written : “Without me ye can do nothing.” John xv. 5.

But to return to poor Mrs. James. She was buried in the officers’ burying-ground in this place ; and I was told, by a person who saw it, that her husband

put a handsome tombstone over her grave, with her name and age upon it; but there was not a word from Scripture upon the stone, though Mrs. Browne much desired it. Her children lived with their father in the *bungalow* where their mother died, as long as the regiment remained in that place.





STORY XXVII.

“And lead us not into temptation.”

A FEW days after the funeral of poor Mrs. James, Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Francis were going a-walking in the afternoon, with Mary and little Thomas ; and as they passed by Mrs. Browne’s barrack, they stepped in to ask if she would bear them company. Mrs. Browne immediately put on her bonnet, and they went out toward the great bazar.

As they walked along, they began to talk about poor Mrs. James, and how she had been cut off by sudden death, just when she had gained those very things for which she had been striving all her life.

“I have been taught in many ways,” said Mrs. Mills, “since I came to this regiment, that there is nothing worth seeking for with any earnestness but the kingdom of God and his righteousness ; for poor Mrs. James is not the first, by any means, that I have known who, just upon reaching the summit of their good fortune, have been carried away to another world by death.”

Mrs. Browne then said, “Well, I will own the truth. I was, at the time, mortified, when my hus-

band lost the sergeant-major's place; but God has given me grace, since then, to see my folly and wickedness. Do we not pray, every day, 'Lord, lead us not into temptation?' and yet we would rush into those very circumstances which are calculated, in a more than ordinary degree, to draw us into temptation."

"What you say, is very true," replied Mrs. Francis. "We are very apt to set our hearts upon the great and pleasant things of this world, although they are, perhaps, the very things which most threaten to work our ruin. Very few of us, I think, take these words in the Lord's Prayer rightly—'Lead us not into temptation'—or we should not, while we repeat that petition every day, be anxiously running after the riches and honours, the pomps and vanities of the present life."

"What is temptation, mother?" said little Mary, who had hold of her mother's hand.

"You must ask your godmother, my dear," said Mrs. Mills; "she has a better way than I have of making little folks understand these things. Do, Mrs. Browne, explain this to Mary."

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, do you remember one day last year you and I went to the *bazar* to buy a silver thimble?

Mary. Yes, I do. I have got the thimble now.

Mrs. Browne. Do you also recollect, Mary, that same day, that your father desired you might have no fruit?

Mary. Oh! I remember it well.

Mrs. Browne. Suppose, then, that I had taken you that day to a fruit-shop, and stood a long while

before it, and eaten some fruit myself, and offered you some; then I should have brought you into temptation—I should have been your tempter.

Mary. Oh! now I understand. But does God ever tempt people to be naughty?

Mrs. Browne. Never, for says Scripture, “Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.” James i. 13–15.

Mary. Then, godmother, what does that mean which we say in the Lord’s Prayer: “Lead us not into temptation,” if God never does tempt people?

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, I take this to be the meaning—that when we say, “Lead us not into temptation,” we beg of God, who is the director and ruler of all things in this world, not to put us in any situation, or way of living, which may tempt us to be wicked. It is as much as if I were to say in my prayers, Lord God, if being rich would make me wicked, permit me never to possess riches; if being handsome would make me wicked, let my appearance be of the most ordinary kind; if fine clothes would make we wicked, keep them for ever from me; if I cannot stand against the attractions of intoxicating liquor, hide it for ever from my eyes—and so on.

Mary. Oh! now I understand what is meant when we say, “Lead us not into temptation.”

Mrs. Browne. There are some things which

tempt all persons to sin ; and those things every man who wishes to do well should resolutely avoid. Again, some things tempt one person, and some another ; fruit, and sweetmeats, and playthings tempt children to sin ; liquor tempts some men, and money others ; find clothes tempt many women to sin ; and bad company is a snare to all, both young and old, men and women ; therefore, every person should shun the company of such as do not fear God.

Mary. Should we never speak to bad people ?

Mrs. Browne. Speaking civilly to people when we meet with them, and doing them a kind turn when we can, is quite a different thing from bearing them company, sitting down to their tables, and holding needless discourse with them. Your mother was displeased with you the other day, I remember, for not answering Nelly Price civilly when you met her, and yet she would not have you to go and play with her.

Mrs. Mills. But if Nelly Price was sick, and Mary could do her any good, I would have her to do it, assuredly.

Just as Mrs. Mills spoke these words, they saw two women stepping over the way toward them. These were Mrs. Simpson and the new sergeant-major's wife, Mrs. Dawson, who were just returning from the great *bazar*.

"Your servant, Mrs. Simpson ; good-afternoon, Mrs. Dawson," said Mrs. Browne, who was walking first.

"The same to you, Mrs. Browne," replied Mrs. Dawson ; "and to you, Mrs. Mills ; and to you, Mrs. Francis. Mrs. Simpson and I have been over

at the big *bazar* to buy some cheese and some cakes, and two or three more little things which we could not get in our *bazar*; for the day after to-morrow will be my lad, John Dawson's, birth-day, and we are to have the *putully-nautch* in the evening. I have asked Mr. James' children, and Nelly Price, and Sally Smith, and Hicks' little lass, and two or three more, to see the puppets. Did you ever see them, Mrs. Mills? But I suppose not; you are not for such things as these, I know. But, now I think of it, you would make no objection to Mary coming, would you, Mrs. Mills? Do let her come over the day after to-morrow, at six o'clock, just as parade is over. And, Mrs. Francis, do you let Tom come over too; I shall be glad to see him."

Mrs. Francis thanked Mrs. Dawson, but said that Thomas had a bad cold, and could not go out at night; and Mrs. Mills made a civil excuse, too, for Mary; I don't know what it was. So they parted; Mrs. Mills and her company going one way, and Mrs. Dawson and hers the other.

"Oh! mother," said Mary, as soon as she was out of hearing of Mrs. Dawson, "why would you not let me go?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Mills, "I had many reasons for it; and one of these was, my fear of your doing something wrong on such an occasion, as you have never yet been out without me or Mrs. Browne."

Mary. Oh! I would have been very good.

Then said little Thomas, "So would I too, mother, if you would have let me go. My cold is not bad."

Mrs. Francis. As to your being good, my dear

children, that is what you cannot be without God's help; and how can you expect God's help when you desire to do what your parents do not approve?

"But, Mrs. Francis," said Mary, "what harm can there be in going to see the puppets?"

Now Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Mills did not choose to tell all their reasons why they did not like the children to go, lest the children should occasion some mischief by carelessly repeating their words. But the truth was, that Mrs. Dawson was not the most steady woman in the regiment. She was much for liquor, and not choice in her company; and the houses of such people, in general, are not very suitable for decent people to go to. So, in answer to Mary's question—What harm could there be in going to see the puppets?—Mrs. Francis answered, "Fathers and mothers have often reasons for what they do which children cannot understand; but good children, on these occasions, obey without asking questions; and we should obey God's word without saying, 'Why did God order this?' or, 'Why did he say that?'"

Now, I am sorry to say that Mary gave way to her naughty feelings; and, instead of subjecting herself, as she ought to have done, to her mother's commands, she began crying and sobbing, and continued doing so all the way home. And when she got home, she went to her father, and told him what had happened, begging him to put in a word for her to her mother, that she might go to the *putully-nautch* at Mrs. Dawson's.

When Mrs. Mills saw how Mary was set upon going, she gave her consent; for she had a mind

that she should learn wisdom, for once, from her own experience ; but she said to her, at the same time, "I give you leave to go, child ; but I had much rather you should stay at home. Remember Balaam, whom God gave up to his own way in great displeasure. You are putting yourself into the way of temptation ; you are going among a set of people who have not the fear of God before them : how, then, can you expect to do what is right ? In your prayers, twice a day, you say to God, 'Lead me not into temptation ;' and, at the same time, you run yourself into it, and that contrary to my wish ; is not this mocking God ?"

Mary. Oh ! but, mother, I will be good ; only let me go.

"Well," says Mrs. Mills, "I have given you my consent ; and Mrs. Francis has given hers to Thomas, as you both seem so much set upon it."

Little Dawson's birth-day was on the Friday, and all the Thursday, Mary was busy in looking out her things to put on the next evening. Mrs. Mills did not intermeddle with her in this matter ; so she chose the smartest things that she could find. To be sure, she had not much finery to choose out of, for her mother knew that the love of vain ornaments was sinful ; but there was a frock which had been sent as a present to Mary from the lady Mrs. Mills had been attending, which Mary had never worn. Her mother, though poor, was not vulgar, and never dressed her child in anything too showy for a little girl in Mary's station.

This frock Mary took out of her box to put on ; and on Friday evening, when the men were gone to

parade, Mrs. Mills, to be as good as her word, allowed Mary to dress in it, after which, she put on her a clean bonnet and tippet, kissed her, and said, "Now, Mary, it is time for you to go to Mrs. Dawson's. Call for Tommy Francis by the way; and, a little before gun-fire, Mrs. Francis and I will come toward the sergeant-major's *bungalow*, to meet you and bring you safe home."

When Mrs. Mills kissed Mary, and set her off to go to the *putully-nautch* at Mrs. Dawson's, you would think, perhaps, that the child was very happy: but it was not so. Her mother's kindness, after her ill-behaviour, cut her to the heart; and, as she went down the *verandah* steps, she had almost a mind to turn back and say, "Mother, I won't go—I will stay with you, according to your desire." But shame prevented this; and so she went on. Now it seems a very odd thing that anybody should be ashamed of doing what is right; but, alas! so it is, as we must all have found by sad experience. When, however, we feel this wicked shame, we should remember these remarkable words: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." Mark viii. 38.

When Mary got to Mrs. Francis' *berth*, she found Tommy ready, in his best jacket; and they set out together from the barracks, as proud as you can think, for, by this time, Mary had put aside all the thoughts that troubled her. And here I would observe that although it is an easy matter to put aside

good thoughts, yet is it a very sinful thing so to do. This was, in part, the sin of Balaam; and it is called in the Bible resisting the Spirit of God; because every good thought that comes into our mind is inspired by the Holy Spirit; for we cannot, of ourselves, even think a good thought; every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts being, as it is written, evil from our youth.

But to return to Mary. She and little Francis went over to the sergeant-major's *bungalow*; and you would have laughed, or rather, I should say, you would have been grieved to see them, how proud they were—Mary in her smart frock, and Tommy in his best jacket. Now the men were still on parade; but such of the women and children as Mrs. Dawson had invited were already gathered together when Thomas and Mary arrived.

There was Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Freeman, (Corporal Freeman's wife, in the same company with Francis), and Mrs. Burton (the late Peggy Thomson that was now married to Sergeant Burton), and Mrs. Dawson herself. These were all sitting by a large table, on which were three case-bottles of liquor, a fine Europe cheese, a cold salted round of beef, a large cake for the children, with plums, and oranges, and sweetmeats, together with limes and sugar for punch, and all in great abundance: for Mrs. Dawson, although she was not so tasteful a body as poor Mrs. James had been, was a mighty woman for having plenty both of victuals and drink. She was indeed a woman exactly to the mind of such as "make a god of their belly."

In the further room the man was getting his

puppets ready to show off by the time parade was over.

As soon as Mary and Thomas came in, Mrs. Dawson said, "And so your mothers have given you leave to come, at last! Well, I am glad of it; but it is more than I expected. I should like to know, Mrs. Freeman, what harm there can be in a parcel of little puppets dancing? But some folks are so particular!"

"I like religion well enough," said Mrs. Freeman, "in its place; but there may be too much of anything. Have you left your mother reading the Bible, Tommy?"

Mrs. Burton. Well, I never heard so much of the Bible as I did when I was in the hospital with my first husband, poor Thomson. There was Mrs. Browne, and Mrs. Francis, and James Law—they were always at it.

"Religion is a very good thing at church," says Mrs. Dawson; "that's my way of thinking; or among sick and dying folk. But I never had much relish for it myself—I can't say as I had."

All this time Mrs. Simpson was examining Mary's frock. "Why, that's the fellow-frock," said she—"the very fellow, I am sure—to one that I saw at the Europe shop last week; and they asked fourteen *rupees* for it, and would take no less—not a *courie*, for I cheapened it myself, thinking, as I am but short, that, with a broad flounce, it would have made me a handsome gown. Where did your mother get it, Mary?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Dawson, "it's the fellow to Nelly Price's frock, I am sure."

"Nay," says Mrs. Simpson, "it's a deal finer,

and the work more delicate. To my mind, Mary's is far the finest."

At the sound of her name, Nelly Price, who was in the next room, came running out, with John Dawson, the three young Jameses, Kitty Hicks, Sally Smith, and several more little ones belonging to the regiment. "What's that you are saying about my frock, Mrs. Simpson?" said she.

"Oh! I was saying that it is not half so handsome as Mary Mills'," replied Mrs. Simpson.

"But I am sure it is," said Nelly Price.

"You are a saucy hussy," said Mrs. Simpson, "to contradict your betters in that way. But every one knows your good manners."

Nelly Price had her answer ready; and I know not how high words would have run between her and Mrs. Simpson, if they had not been interrupted by the sergeant-major's coming in; and with him came Sergeant Burton and Corporal Freeman, and one Tim Greene, a young lad of the regiment, who was much at the sergeant-major's, and who would go anywhere for liquor, and would do anything for the value of a glass of spirits.

"Well," says the sergeant-major, "are your puppets, as they call them in my country, ready, wife? But, first, let us have a glass a-piece."

"Mrs. Simpson says she is for punch," answered Mrs. Dawson.

"And what are you for, Mrs. Burton?" says the sergeant-major. "Punch, too, I'll warrant—you know what's good. Well, we will go and see the puppets, and Tim Greene will make the punch and send it in—won't you, my lad?"

"I wish I may never have a worse job," said the young man.

"Mind you don't drink it all yourself," says Mrs. Simpson.

"He'll take his share, I reckon," said Mrs. Freeman.

"Put in plenty of the stuff," said Sergeant Burton, pretending to whisper, "or you won't please the ladies."

Now all the company went in to see the *putully-nautch*, leaving Timothy Greene to make the punch. Mary and little Thomas went in with the rest of the company to see the *nautch*; and the man set his puppets to work, and all things went on very quietly till Timothy Greene's punch came in, with a plate of cake for the children. Each of the company then took some punch; and Mary and Thomas, seeing the other children helping themselves, thought they would do the same. So they contrived to drink up a good large tumbler full between them; for the liquor was very sweet, and the sugar disguised its strength.

Shortly after Thomas had swallowed his punch, "Oh! Mary, Mary," said he, "see! see! the puppets are dancing upon their heads!"

"No, no," said Mary, "*they* are right enough, but the room is turning upside down."

Not, however, to lengthen my story too much—Thomas and Mary having made so good a beginning, did not stop where they were; but after drinking their glass, they helped themselves to some cake. Then Thomas fetched a handful of sugar-plums for himself and Mary, with another glass of the punch,

which was very agreeable to their taste ; and so they went on, till, by the time the *nautch* was over, they could scarcely see. It was now near evening gun-fire, and time for every one to be at home ; for the sergeant-major would have no late doings at his house, for fear of mischief.

When the company arose to go home, Mary and Thomas made shift to stagger to the door. But when they came to the steps of the *verandah*, Nelly Price came behind Mary, and setting her foot upon her frock, down tumbled Mary, leaving a great piece of her frock behind her, and pulling little Thomas with her into a drain, which carried the water off from the *bungalow* ; and there they were when Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Mills came up, followed by Tommy's father and Sergeant Mills.

"Why, here are Mary and Tommy, I declare," said Mrs. Mills, "both in the ditch."

As Sergeant Mills lifted Mary out of the ditch, he said, "Wife, I will never meddle between you and Mary again."

"Well," said Mrs. Mills, "never mind what is past now, my dear ; let us make haste, and have the children home, and put them to bed ; and God grant that no worse harm may come of this business than what we now see."

So Francis taking up little Tommy, and the sergeant his daughter, they carried them home and put them to bed, for they were so stupid with the liquor, that they did not know what they were about. And poor Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Francis got very little sleep that night, so troubled were they about what had happened.

When Sergeant Browne came in from parade the next morning, "My dear," said he to his wife, "one hears odd things, to be sure, now and then; but I have heard something to-day which, I think, can hardly be true."

"What's that?" says Mrs. Browne.

"Why," says the sergeant, "I was told that little Tommy Francis and our little Mary were at the new sergeant-major's last night, seeing a *putully-nautch*; where they both got drunk, and rolled into the ditch which is by the sergeant-major's *bungalow*."

Mrs. Browne then recollecting the invitation which Mrs. Dawson had given to Mary and Tommy, replied, "I don't know what to say. Mrs. Dawson did certainly ask the children, but I thought their mothers had refused to let them go. It is a sad tale, which I should like to contradict, and so after breakfast, when I have righted the room, I will take my knitting and run over to Mrs. Mills': no doubt she will inform me what is the truth of the matter."

Accordingly, Mrs. Browne went over, after breakfast, to Captain Smith's company's barracks; and the first thing she saw when she came to the door of Sergeant Mills' room was Mary lying upon her cot, with her clothes on, and her mother bathing her forehead with vinegar.

"What is the matter with Mary?" said Mrs. Browne. "I hope she is not ill."

"She has been very sick, Mrs. Browne," says Mrs. Mills; "and now she complains of her head, so I am bathing it with vinegar; but I hope there is not much the matter, neither."

When Mary saw Mrs. Browne, she began to cry,

and put her hands before her face. "Poor Mary is ashamed," said Mrs. Mills. "She has been a very foolish girl, and she is afraid, when you know all, that you will never forgive her."

"What have I to do, not to forgive people?" said Mrs. Browne—"I, that am but a miserable sinner myself. Why should Mary think I would not forgive her?"

"But I have been more naughty, godmother," said Mary, sobbing, "than I ever was before; even than I was that Sunday when I rode upon a stick."

"What have you done, my dear?" asked Mrs. Browne.

Mary could not answer for crying; upon which Mrs. Mills, thinking Mary would be easier when her godmother knew all, told her the whole history of what had passed, and how Mary had drank too much at Mrs. Dawson's. Mrs. Mills was very much ashamed while she was telling this story.

Mrs. Browne was greatly grieved and looked very grave when she heard what a sin Mary had been guilty of; and this hurt Mary more than if her godmother had scolded her ever so much; so that she began to cry more violently. "My dear child," said Mrs. Browne, seeing how agitated she was, "do not cry, but strive to be the better in time to come; and pray to God to forgive you what is past, for his dear Son's sake. Kiss me and your mother; and though you have done what is very sinful, yet be well assured that God will pardon you if you are truly sorry, according to that which is written: 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and

he will have mercy upon him : and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' Isaiah lv. 7."

"I am very sorry," said Mary—"very, very sorry."

"Then lay your head down on your pillow," said Mrs. Browne—"lay your head down, my poor child. God forgive you, and bless you."

So Mrs. Browne drew a chair near to Mary's cot and sat down ; and as she wiped Mary's eyes with her own handkerchief, and kissed her, she said, "My dear child, you may, with God's grace, turn what is past to good account, and from the trouble you are now in reap great advantage. Whenever you repeat these words in the Lord's Prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' remember, that when you run yourself into temptation, as you did yesterday, you cannot expect that God will support you through it ; and if God leaves us, we can do nothing good ; but if we fall into temptation in the way of our duty, then we may rest assured that God will help us."

"Godmother, I don't quite understand you," said Mary.

Mrs. Browne. I will try to make you, then, my dear. Mrs. Francis is obliged to live in the middle of a barrack-room, where she hears and sees much of what is very bad ; now, if she prays to God, through his dear Son, that he will keep her from being tempted to sin by the evil company about her, she feels assured that God will hear her prayer and deliver her from temptation. But suppose our good friend, Mrs. Grove, were to leave her pretty house in the country and come to this place, and choose to spend her time in the barrack-room ; would she have

any right to expect that God would keep her in the moment of temptation?

"No, to be sure," said Mary; "for what business could she have in barracks?"

"In like manner, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "if we, who have decent and kind friends, will leave them and run into bad company, can we expect that God will hear our prayers and deliver us from temptation?"

Mary said, "No."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "I have spoken enough for the present. Dear child, take a little sleep, if you can, and I will call in again to see you in the evening." So Mrs. Browne kissed Mary again, and went home.





STORY XXIX.

“Deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

AFTER parade in the evening, Mrs. Browne and the sergeant walked over to Sergeant Mills’ *berth*, according to Mrs. Browne’s promise to Mary. They found the sergeant and Mrs. Mills sitting at the door to enjoy the evening air; and Mary, who was much better, was sitting upon her father’s knee. So Sergeant and Mrs. Browne stepped up into the *verandah*, and sat down by them; and Sergeant Mills insisted upon their partaking, with them, of some biscuit and Europe cheese.

“Well, my lass,” said Sergeant Browne, as soon as he was seated, “how are you this afternoon? What was that which I heard about you and Thomas this morning?”

Mary made no answer, but hid her face against her father’s shoulder; for she was much ashamed.

“Come, come, my dear,” said Mrs. Browne to her husband, “Mary is sorry for what is past; let us all forget it.”

“Forget it!” said Sergeant Browne; “what would be the use of that? So far from forgetting it, I’

would have Mary call to mind and consider what happened yesterday every day until her death, that she may henceforward know that she cannot of herself stand temptation, and that she may say, from her heart, 'Lord, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.'"

"Very true, Sergeant Browne," says Mrs. Mills. "Out of false tenderness we are apt to make too light of our children's faults; ay, and of our own too, for the matter of that; not considering that there is One above who takes account of them all."

Sergeant Browne. Had we but a reasonable fear of our children's falling under the sentence of eternal death, we should grieve more for their sinful nature than for any sickness or trouble of body to which they may be liable; but while we are, most of us, over-careful and nice about our children's bodies, we leave their immortal souls to perish for ever, not even giving ourselves the trouble to pray for them. But all these mischiefs proceed from the want of faith. If we really feel what we believe, that there is a place of torment prepared for the wicked, it must necessarily excite our fears, and we should count nothing truly evil but that which tends to bring us thither.

"I have often thought," says Mrs. Browne, "how I should feel, supposing I could see on the one hand hell open before me, with all its flames, and torments, and devils, and on the other hand, heaven, with all its glories. If I had such views as these ever before me, how little should I prize this world—meat, drink, clothes, or anything else! and nothing would be a trouble to me but sin."

Sergeant Browne. And in this frame of mind, with heaven and hell before your eyes, what, think you, would be your thoughts on every repetition of that request in your daily prayers, "Deliver us from evil"?

Mrs. Browne. Why, I should think of nothing but to be saved from the evil one, from sin and from hell.

Sergeant Browne. Now observe, wife, it is the work of faith to present these things (heaven, hell, eternity, God and the Redeemer) in such a manner to the mind that the believer may be as fully assured of their truth as if he saw them with the eyes of his body. For faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Mrs. Mills. When I hear of those holy persons, who suffered in so many various ways for the love they bore their Lord, my heart burns within me, and I am ashamed of my own little faith, who can hardly stand the jests of the women of the regiment, but am sometimes ready, through false shame, to turn my back upon heaven itself.

"Here, then, is an occasion to cry, 'Lord, deliver us from evil,' Mrs. Mills," replied Sergeant Browne; "for bodily pain, loss, grief, reproach, death of friends, all may, with God's blessing, be turned to profit, and work together for our good both here and hereafter; while sin always tends to the ruin both of soul and body in hell."

"What we are speaking of," said Mrs. Browne, "brings to my mind a story which I have often heard you repeat, Sergeant Browne."

"What, the story of the poor family on Bleak-

field Moor, in Yorkshire?" answered the sergeant. "Mrs. Mills has heard me tell it many a time."

"But I have not, godfather," said little Mary; "pray tell it now."

THE STORY OF BLEAKFIELD MOOR.

Sergeant Browne. It is now, child, as much as two-and-twenty years ago since poor old Sergeant Cooper and I, with a lad (one Sam Waters), were ordered to go over the country, from a town in Yorkshire, where we then lay, to Derby; I forget what was our business. The first night of our journey we slept at a small inn, or post-house, just on the borders of a great common, or what the people in this country call a *wieraun*. The name of this common, as Sam Waters told us, was Bleakfield Moor; and he undertook the next day to lead us over it by a short cut toward Derby. Accordingly, we started the next day at dawn; but we were scarcely three miles from the house where we had slept, when there came on so heavy a shower of rain that we began to look about us for a place of shelter; but the country was so wild, and bare of inhabitants, that we were drenched through and through with the rain before we came up to a pretty kind of little cottage, standing in a garden. We had no need to stand knocking at the door, for we had scarcely come up to the garden-gate when a comely, middle-aged woman opened the house-door and invited us in.

I remember her words now. "Come in, my good men," said she, "and dry yourselves by the fire. You are heartily welcome." So she brought us in, and,

stirring up the fire, she made us to dry our clothes; setting before us, in the mean time, some bread and cheese, and some good beer. Her house was small; but so clean that, as the saying is, one might have eaten off the floor. She had a son and daughter grown up, two as handsome young creatures as ever I saw in all my travels; only the youth looked somewhat too fair and delicate, methought, for a man.

But the best of all this was, that, as we sat eating our bread and cheese, we found, by the discourse of the woman, that she was one who lived in the fear of God, and had taught her children to do the same. She told us that she had been a widow some years, but that her husband had died in faith, and on his account she was full of joy, being well assured of seeing him again in a blessed world to come.

"God has always been wonderfully kind to me and mine," added she, "in delivering us from all evil, and bringing blessings out of every affliction. My husband was long sick and unable to work; but sickness, pain and poverty brought him, through divine grace, to the knowledge of his Saviour; and, by these means, he was delivered from evil."

"You have well spoken, my good woman," answered Sergeant Cooper.

"I loved my husband more than my God," continued the poor woman; "but when I lost him, I was brought, by sorrow, to seek higher comfort. My idol being taken from me, I was led to look from the creature to the Creator, and I found rest to my soul. So God has always, hitherto, delivered me and mine from evil; and I trust he will continue so to do."

"*Evil!*" said Sam Waters; "what is it you

mean by *evil*, my good woman? Is not the loss of a husband—are not poverty, sickness, and pain—*evils*? To my mind, they are great evils.”

“My young man,” answered the woman, “I have lived some years longer in the world than you have, and have been taught by experience, as well as by Scripture, that these light afflictions, which endure but for a moment, cannot be called evil in the true sense of the word, since they often lead to an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Nothing can be called evil but Satan and sin; and it is in that sense that I have always used the word when I have said in my prayers, night and morning, ‘Deliver us from evil.’”

Poor old Sergeant Cooper was much pleased when he heard the woman speak in this manner. I remember he put out his hand to her over the table, and said, “God Almighty hear your prayer, my good woman, and deliver you and yours from evil, or the Evil One, as I have heard it explained.”

By this time the rain had ceased, and we wished to be going; but, before we set off, we all knelt together and prayed, and so took our leave. As we passed through the garden, the handsome youth I spoke of brought us his hat-crown full of apples; and his sister presented each of us with a posy of fine flowers, which were still wet with the rain. She was a very fair young creature; I fancy I see her now. So we went on our way to Derby.

Four years after this, or more, Sam Waters and I were walking through York streets, and not far from the cathedral or great church there, when some one came behind me and took hold of my arm; and who

should it be but the good woman who had entertained us so kindly on Bleakfield Moor?

She looked very much aged, and pale and sickly. "Have you forgotten me, Sir?" said she: "to be sure, I am much changed since I saw you last; but the Lord has been good to me, and delivered me, hitherto, from all evil, and I trust he will so do unto the end, and that I shall, through a joyful eternity, sing the praises of my Deliverer."

I was glad to see her, and put half a dozen questions to her, as it were, in a breath; as, Why she had left the house? why she was come to York? what had made her to look so pale? and where her present dwelling-place was? And Sam Waters, I remember, put the question where the pretty damsel was who had given him the posy.

To the last question she answered, with a sigh, "My sweet daughter is happy in the presence of her God, and my son is with her. All tears are for ever wiped from their eyes. They are delivered from all evil, having died in faith. But come," added she, "step across the way to yonder alms-houses, and I will tell you all the dealings of the Lord with his handmaiden."

So we followed her, and she brought us to a poor little room in an alms-house, where she lived; and there she made us sit down.

"Alms-house, godfather!" said Mary; "what is that?"

Sergeant Browne. Why, alms-houses are small houses built by charitable people for the reception of poor old persons who have no dwellings of their own. There are many alms-houses in England.

They are often very comfortable places, and generally built near a church, that poor old people who live in them may have opportunity of attending public worship.

So this poor woman took us to her room, and made us sit by her fire, while she told us what had befallen her. Her story was short, but the afflictions with which it had pleased God to try her were so mixed and sweetened with mercies that she, through faith, had far more reason to rejoice than to grieve. Her two children had died—the daughter the first year, and the son the second, after we first saw her; both of them in a decline. But, like their father, they had departed in a state of mind so blessed that their mother had a sweet assurance of their removal to a state of happiness. The sickness of her children had wasted her little property so much, and so spent her health and strength, that she had been forced to leave her cottage on Bleakfield Moor and come to York, which was her birth-place, and where she had some friends left. “And here the almighty Deliverer from all evil,” said she, “has provided me this comfortable, warm room, whence I have daily opportunity of going to serve him in his own holy house; I am kept in perfect peace, and trust I shall be so preserved until my change shall come; and I look to be delivered at the door of death, through faith in my Redeemer, from all sin and sorrow, and from every other evil, for ever and ever.”

When she had finished her story, she would needs have us join with her in prayer and praise to God for all his mercies.

We were ordered from York the next day, and sent to Hull, where we embarked on board ship for Portsmouth, and I never saw her more ; but I doubt not that she is now rejoicing with them that “ walk in white.”

When the sergeant had ceased to speak, “ You see, my dear Mary,” said Mrs. Browne, “ how all our feelings and views are changed by faith ; without it what an unhappy creature would this poor woman have been, when parted from her beloved husband, her dear children, and her pleasant cottage, and reduced to an alms-house ; but, through faith, she was enabled to rejoice in all these little troubles, knowing that God was her Friend, and the Friend and Saviour of her family.”

Mrs. Mills. Do you remember the verse in Habakkuk which Mrs. Francis used so often to repeat in the days of her trouble ?

Mrs. Browne. Was it not this ?—“ Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

When Sergeant Browne had finished his story, and they had all eaten as much as they wished, Sergeant Mills proposed that they should go out on the parade, to take a little air and exercise. It was as fine a night as you could see in India ; and some of the nights in that country are charming. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, but the moon and stars shone in all their glory. There was a pleasant

breeze, which, blowing over the jessamine and orange blossoms, for there were many orange trees in the gardens near the barracks, brought with it a most agreeable and refreshing smell. The river, too, as the moon shone upon it, was seen at a distance; and the country beyond, as far as the eye could reach, scattered over with *topes* of trees, was distinctly visible in the moonlight.

Now Sergeant Browne and Sergeant Mills and their families were not like many people I know, who would travel round the world, and pass through the finest countries of it, taking no thought about anything but victuals, and drink, and clothes, and such-like mean concerns. Sergeant Browne, in particular, was a great observer of the works of God, such as the moon and the stars, the herbs and the flowers, the fields and the woods, the rivers and the seas; and when he saw these things, he used, through them, to praise their Almighty Maker. And now, as he was walking, he took occasion to teach Mary that all those shining bodies which she saw in the heavens above were so many suns and worlds, all made by the Almighty Power of God; that God governed and ruled them by his infinite wisdom; and that in all their motions they obeyed his commands, never turning out of the course in which he had appointed them to move; and thus he led her to understand that God would not suffer anything to continue in disobedience to him, to disturb the beauty and order of his kingdom; but that all creatures, be they men, or be they devils, who should choose to continue in opposition to him, would, in the course of time, be cast out into outer darkness, where there

will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, for ever and ever; "for thine, O Lord," said the sergeant, "is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, and will be so for ever and ever. Amen."

"What is *Amen*, godfather?" asked Mary.

"*Amen*," answered the sergeant, "is as much as to say, So be it, Let it be so. *Amen*, in that place, means, Let God's kingdom be for ever."

At that moment the gun fired, and the tattoo began to beat; so it was time for all to be in their beds.





STORY XXX.

“Q. How many sacraments has Christ ordained in his Church?

“A. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation—that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.”



ONE Sunday Mr. King's sermon was upon the First of Corinthians, the eleventh chapter, from the twentieth verse to the end. “When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's Supper. For in eating, every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken.—What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? shall I praise you in this? I praise you not. For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you. That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it,

in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world. Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come to eat, tarry one for another. And if any man hunger, let him eat at home ; that ye come not together unto condemnation. And the rest will I set in order when I come."

When Mr. King had delivered the above verses from the pulpit, he enlarged upon such parts of them as were to his present purpose ; showing how the Corinthians had profaned the Lord's table, by making it a place if not of drunkenness, still of common refreshment ; bringing upon themselves, thereby, weakness both spiritual and temporal ; and, finally, death. Thence Mr. King took occasion to point out the dreadful nature of the sin those men were guilty of—namely, the profanation of a sacrament ; and he concluded his discourse by exhorting the congregation to beware of being guilty of the like sin in any wise, lest they should become liable to the same dreadful punishment.

.That same Sunday evening, Sergeant Browne was on the main-guard, with Corporal Freeman, Timothy Greene and some others, and there they fell into discourse upon the sermon.

"Mr. King," said Corporal Freeman, "is a fine, comely man in the pulpit, and speaks his words well. I can't say but I like to hear him, though he is so hard on our wicked ways."

"His sermon to-day," said Sergeant Browne, "was a very excellent one, and touched us all."

"It might be a good one," said Corporal Freeman, "but I don't see how it touched us, neither. It was about the Corinthians who got drunk at the Lord's table."

"They must have been a queer kind of chaps," added Timothy Green, "to do such a thing as that. I myself love a drop of liquor as well as any man, yet I should never think for to do such a daring thing as that, neither."

"But suppose I could prove to you, Greene," said Sergeant Browne, "that, to all intents and purposes, you have done the very same thing, and that many times too."

Upon this some of the men began to laugh, and Corporal Freeman said, "I know that you are an old soldier, Browne, and could almost make a body believe black is white; but as to proving that Tim Greene ever got drunk at the Lord's table, I say you can't prove it. I'll lay you eight *rupees*, to be paid before Christmas, that you can't prove it; and this company to be the judge. So give me your hand upon it."

"Fair and softly," answered Sergeant Browne;

"I have two objections to make to your proposal. The first is, that you have taken my words up wrongly; I did not say that Tim Green had got drunk at the Lord's table, but that he had, to all intents and purposes, been guilty of the same sin as those Corinthians—namely, that he had often profaned one of the sacraments. And the second objection is, that I never make any bets."

"To say that I have profaned the sacraments, Sergeant Browne," said Tim Greene, getting up from his guard-cot, "is quite out of reason. You will say, next, that I am Prince of Wales, I suppose. Why, in all my life, I never was at the sacrament—no, never."

"Well," said one of the young men, whose name was Henry Bill, "I should like to hear how Sergeant Browne makes out this matter, for I have generally found the sergeant's words right enough."

With that some of the men got up and sauntered to the other side of the guard-room, but Tim Greene and Corporal Freeman remained.

"I maintained, from the first," said Sergeant Browne, "that I knew Tim Greene had profaned a sacrament. Now, if Tim Greene had but considered the Church Catechism (for I suppose he has learned it), he would have recollected that there are two sacraments ordained in the Church of Christ—to wit, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord."

"Why, to be sure it is so in the Catechism," said Harry Bill; "but I do not know that I ever considered the matter before. The time was, when I could have said the whole Catechism from end to end."

"I can't say," added Tim Greene, "that I was ever very ready at my Catechism ; and if I did not learn it when a lad, I don't see why I am to be plagued about it now." So saying, he turned away, and left the sergeant to talk quietly with Harry Bill.

"The Church Catechism," said the sergeant, "is in some parts hard to be understood by children : but still, it is good for them to commit the words of it to memory, that they may be able to turn back to them at a maturer age."

"True, sergeant," said Harry.

Sergeant Browne. The Catechism teaches us, that Christ has ordained two sacraments in his church—Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. Do you know, Bill, what the word sacrament means?

"Sacrament—sacrament," said Harry ; "no, sergeant, I cannot say that I rightly do."

Sergeant Browne. I remember once hearing that the word sacrament originally signified the oath by which the Roman soldiers bound themselves to their general. With us, however, a sacrament is explained to be "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof."

"Why, sergeant," said Harry, "I am now as much in the dark as ever. Those words are from the Catechism, to be sure ; but, as I before said, I never did understand the Catechism."

"Then," said the sergeant, "I will endeavour to make you understand this part of it. Before our Lord Jesus Christ ascended into heaven, he directed his servants, from thenceforward, till he should re-

turn again, to do two things, as signs and means of certain benefits which they were to receive from him. First, they were at certain times to receive, at the Holy Table, bread and wine, as a means of accepting his body broken and his blood shed for their salvation; and he has promised us that, if we do this in faith, our souls shall be strengthened and refreshed by his death and sacrifice, in the same manner as our bodies are strengthened by bread and wine. This is one of the sacraments ordained by Christ, and it is called the Lord's Supper. The other is Baptism. Christ, when on earth, commanded his apostles to go and baptize all nations, washing them with water, as a sign and pledge that the blood of Christ washes them from their sins. If therefore we receive the sacrament of Baptism aright, the Holy Spirit gives us a new nature—we die unto sin, and live unto righteousness."

"Then," said Harry Bill, "I am to understand that the Lord's Supper is one of the sacraments ordained by Christ our Lord, and Baptism the other."

"Yes," said the sergeant, "and both of these are outward signs or tokens, ordained by Christ himself: by which signs, if received in faith, inward and spiritual blessings are conveyed to us. Thus, when we eat the bread and drink the wine in humility and faith, the body and blood of Christ are communicated to us for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls; and when our bodies are washed with the water of Baptism, the Holy Spirit cleanses our filthy and sinful souls, imparting to them a new nature—provided we have faith."

"Then why," said Harry Bill, "do they baptize little children? They may need a new nature, but how can they understand anything about faith, and such things?"

Sergeant Browne. Why, here again the Church Catechism will help you out: "Because they promise them by their sureties; which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform." While they have no power to do right or wrong God requires nothing of them, but as soon as they are old enough to sin, they are old enough to have faith, and then he does require faith and repentance too.

Harry Bill. Ah! that's why there are godfathers and godmothers who are to answer for the child, and promise that it shall be brought up a Christian.

"And now," said the sergeant, having explained the nature of the two sacraments, I will explain to you how Tim Greene was guilty of the same sin with the Corinthians. It was but last Sunday was a fortnight that he stood for Private Hawes' child. He was hardly sober when he came into the church; and when he answered for the child, before God and in the face of the congregation, to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh—to believe all the articles of the Christian faith, and to keep God's holy will and commandments—I'll be bound to say he did not consider one word of what Mr. King said. Well, and after having passed his word for these things, he went home, and with the father and mother, and the other gossips, got so beastly drunk that not one of them

could walk to their beds. Now if that is not profaning a sacrament, and much the same sin as the Corinthians were guilty of, I never was more mistaken about anything in my life."

"To my mind," said Harry Bill, "you have made your words good, sergeant; and, what's more, you have let me quite into a new light concerning these things. I think I must rub up my Catechism a little, for there is a deal more in it than I thought of."

"Do, my lad," said the sergeant, "and I shall always be glad, in my poor way, to explain any part of it to you: so come, now and then, and take a quiet cup of tea with me and my wife."

Harry Bill thanked the sergeant; and thus the discourse dropped, Harry being called for sentry.





STORY XXXI.

Continuation on the Sacraments.

WHEN Sergeant Browne came off duty on the Monday morning, he related to his wife the conversation that had taken place between him and his comrades concerning the sacraments; lamenting, at the same time, the gross ignorance of these solemn subjects in which many professed Christians were brought up.

Mrs. Browne, bearing this story in her mind, resolved to question Mary upon the same subject as soon as an opportunity should be afforded her.

It happened, the following Wednesday evening, that Mrs. Mills sent Mary to go with Mrs. Browne to church. Mrs. Browne arrived at the church door at the usual time, but found the church empty, the men having been kept on parade longer than usual. It was a very sultry evening, and the blossoms of the jessamine in the adjacent gardens filled the air with a faint sweet. Mrs. Browne asked the *chockedaur* to give her a chair at the door of the church; and while she sat waiting for the congregation, she took that opportunity of examining her little god-daughter respecting her acquaintance with the second part of the Catechism.

“I think, Mary,” said Mrs. Browne, “that there is no portion of the first part of the Catechism which we have not gone over together many and many a time. You are now come to an age, in which you should be taught to understand the second part; that is, the part relating to the sacraments. I know that you can repeat all the answers perfectly well. What is the first question in the second part of the Church Catechism?”

Mary. “How many sacraments hath Christ ordained in his Church?”

Mrs. Browne. What do you mean by the Church of Christ?

Mary. I remember almost the very words which Mr. King spoke about it once when he was catechising us: “The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered.”

Mrs. Browne. You are right, my dear. And now tell me how many sacraments the Lord Jesus Christ has appointed in his Church.

Mary. May I answer from the Catechism?

Mrs. Browne. To be sure you may.

Mary. “Two, only, as generally necessary to salvation; that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.”

Mrs. Browne. You say that there are two sacraments *only*, namely, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord; and that these are generally necessary to salvation—what do you mean by their being “generally necessary to salvation?”

Mary considered a little while, and then said that she did not know what those words meant.

“Why, my dear,” replied Mrs. Browne, “the plain meaning is this: That those who would be saved ought to partake of these sacraments when it is in their power so to do; but should it not be in their power, or in the power of their friends for them, as in the case of a baby dying as soon as it is born, before it can be baptized; or in the case of people living where they have no opportunity of receiving the Lord’s Supper, we do not suppose that such persons are condemned to eternal misery because they were unable to partake of the sacraments; therefore, we do not say that they are *always* necessary to salvation, but only *generally* necessary.”

Mary. I understand now, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Can you tell me where, and in what manner, our Saviour appointed the sacraments? And first, can you inform me concerning the Lord’s Supper—at what time and on what occasion did our Lord ordain that we should eat the Bread and drink of the cup in remembrance of him?

Mary. The same evening when he was going to be betrayed, he gave this command to his disciples. I have often read the account of it in different places of the New Testament.

Mrs. Browne. You have your Bible with you; can you turn to one of these passages now?

Mary. Yes: in Matt. xxvi. 26–28: “And, as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the New

Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

Mrs. Browne. And where do we find the sacrament of Baptism ordained by Christ?

Mary. I think that our Lord appointed this sacrament just as he was about to ascend into heaven. Stop, I have found the place, in Matt. xxviii. 19: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Mrs. Browne. Our next question, Mary, is, What meanest thou by this word sacrament?

Mary considered, and then said, "I know the words of the Catechism in answer to that question; but I do not know what the words mean."

"Well," said Mrs. Browne, "as there is nobody come yet, and I still hear the drum on parade, we shall, perhaps, have time to consider the meaning of these words; therefore let me hear you repeat them."

Mary. "I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof."

Mrs. Browne. Our Lord Jesus Christ, by his death, procured for us certain favours and privileges, to which we had no right or title whatever before he had suffered the punishment of our sins; of which privileges the outward ordinances of these sacraments are to be considered as signs.

Mary. I do not understand this, godmother. How did our Lord obtain privileges for us by his death?

“I think,” said Mrs. Browne, “that I can tell you a story which may, perhaps, make you understand this better. When I was very young, I went to a school where there were a great many children, and, among the rest, two brothers, the eldest of whom was a fine healthy noble boy, and the youngest a very sickly, and also a very naughty one. This bad boy was very prone to stealing, and had often been found robbing his master’s garden. He had, also, taught several others in the school to follow his example; till the sin of stealing was become so common among the scholars that the master, being anxious to check it any rate, promised certain rewards of books and fruit, with admission into a new and pleasant play-ground, to such children as kept themselves clear from this great sin; threatening, at the same time, to inflict a punishment of twenty strokes of the whip and a week’s confinement on every child that was guilty of it.

“Some days after these promises and threats had been held out, another robbery was committed in the master’s garden; and, after examination, it was traced up to the younger of the two brothers, of whom I before spoke—this same naughty boy who had been the beginning of all the mischief in the school.

“He was accordingly brought before the master, his back was stripped, and the horsewhip held over him, in the presence of all his school-fellows; when his brother stepped forward and addressed the master to this effect: ‘Sir, I am not come to defend my brother. He is a naughty boy, and well deserves the punishment you are going to inflict upon him;

but, at the same time, I well know, from the weakness of his body and his very bad health, that he cannot bear without danger what he deserves to suffer. I beg, therefore, your permission to stand in his place, to bear his punishment, and in all things to be treated as he ought to be; and, at the same time, I request that he, in my place, may be permitted to partake of the books, and pleasant fruit, and other favours which I enjoy, Sir, through your goodness; and I have great hope, if this request is granted to me, that my brother will see and lament his faults, and will, with God's blessing, never again be guilty of the like.'

"The master could not but admire this noble boy, and was ready to have remitted the punishment altogether; nevertheless, to show that his laws must not be broken, he suffered him to be punished on his brother's account. So this generous boy received the twenty strokes, and was confined for a week; while his brother partook of the pleasures which he had procured for him by undergoing his punishment."

Mary. But the naughty boy could not be happy when he thought what his kind brother was suffering for him.

"No," answered Mrs. Browne, "he was not happy till his brother's troubles were over, and then he rejoiced with him; and, for the love he bore him, never was again guilty of the same sin. But to return to what I want to make you understand by this story. As the good boy, by standing in his brother's place, procured for him the favour of being allowed to share in the plays and rewards of the

good children, so our Lord Jesus Christ, by bearing our punishment, procured for us certain favours and blessings ; which favours and blessings are conveyed to us by his sacraments if we receive them in faith. Thus, every sacrament has an outward and visible part—a part which we see and understand by our senses ; and an inward or hidden part, which we can only comprehend by faith.”

Mary. I do not quite understand this, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Perhaps you may understand it better when we have gone on a little farther with our questions. What is the outward visible sign, or form, in Baptism ?

Mary. “ Water ; wherein the person is baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

Mrs. Browne. Water is made the sign, or outward form, in baptism, because it is the means of common washing and cleansing : thus, the water of baptism is the sign of the cleansing and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, which is the inward and spiritual grace.

Mary. Do people, when they are washed with the water of baptism, always receive the Holy Spirit in their hearts, godmother ?

Mrs. Browne. We know, for a surety, that when, as in the case of infants and true penitents, this sacrament is rightly received, God works in it according to his promises. It is not well to ask questions as to those who receive baptism with imperfect faith ; but they may afterward, by God’s grace, be true penitents and believers.

Mary. Pray explain this a little more, godmother ?

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, we are commanded, in Heb. x. 25, not to forsake the assembling ourselves together in prayer; but if we go to church merely to show our fine clothes and to observe the dress of our neighbours, we cannot expect the blessing of God to be poured upon this ordinance; neither can we expect God's blessings and graces to accompany the outward sign of the sacraments, unless those sacraments are received in faith and with a right spirit.

Mary. If a person is baptized in faith, what blessing will he receive, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. "A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace."

Mary. "A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness!" that is, having a new heart. So, when people are baptized in faith, they have new hearts given to them! I now begin to understand it. They are washed outwardly with water, which is the outward and visible sign, or form, in baptism; and their hearts are made clean, which is the inward and spiritual grace.

Mrs. Browne. I believe we may venture to say that baptism, when accompanied with repentance and faith, is always thus blessed. But the *new birth* often proceeds so slowly and gradually that we can hardly be sensible that it is begun or how it advances.

Mary. But when people have new hearts, we may know it by their behaviour; may not we, godmother?

Mrs. Browne. Yes, my dear ; it is written in the Bible : “ Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin : for his seed remaineth in him ; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.” 1 John iii. 9. “ For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world ; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” 1 John v. 4. But, then, this excellence of conduct marks the advance of the new nature toward a state of maturity. Babies in Christ are weak, liable to frequent falls, and requiring the constant support of their Father’s hand. They who are more advanced in the heavenly course are indeed equally dependent upon God for strength and assistance ; but they know whence their help comes, and are enabled to employ it in proportion to its extent ; never suffering their lamps to go out for want of oil, as the foolish virgins did. Matt. xxv. Can you tell me, Mary, what is required of persons to be baptized ?

Mary. “ Repentance, whereby they forsake sin ; and faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament.”

Mrs. Browne. That is, they must be so sorry as to turn away from their sins ; and must steadfastly believe the promises which God has made to those who are baptized.

Mary. But, godmother, if it is so necessary to repent and to have faith before we are baptized, why do people baptize little babies ? They cannot repent or believe.

Mrs. Browne. Why, my dear, little babies certainly cannot understand these things ; but neither can they commit sins, and Christ has said, Of such

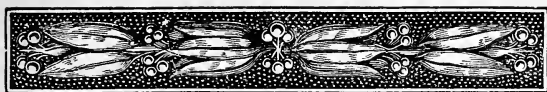
is the kingdom of heaven. They are objects of Christ's love and mercy, therefore, and they receive baptism as the seal of their redemption, because Christ says, Suffer the little children to come unto me. Their sponsors represent them in making this covenant, and Christ accepts their faith (Matt. ix. 2), and gives the seal of his redemption to the little one, whose sinful nature (inherited from Adam) requires this as really as actual transgression. Now, when the child is old enough to have faith, God requires it of him personally; and it is only by believing that he can be saved, or get any further good from his covenant. But this is also true of older persons: all that has been done for me heretofore is of no power to save me unless I renew my faith and repentance to-day.

Mary. Why, yes, godmother! When I was a baby, I was as little of a sinner as a child of Adam can be; and now I know why it is written: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xviii. 3.

Mrs. Browne. Right, my child! And, now that you are older, God requires of you that faith and repentance which alone can make you as a little child again. You see, then, why your sponsors were made to acknowledge this as your duty, at the time of your baptism. I have long since been confirmed, as well as baptized; but in this you and I are alike before God. Neither of us can be saved unless we renew our faith and repentance to-day, and every day, that so, by his mercy, he may daily renew his covenant with us.

When Mrs. Browne had said this, they heard the band playing. "Come," said she to Mary, "parade is over, and here comes James Law and the other men, so we must go into the church. I hope, however, that we shall have an opportunity of talking a little more upon these matters another day."





STORY XXXII.

ON THE NEW BIRTH.

*“A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness :
for being by nature born in sin, and the children of
wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.”*

SOON after this conversation had passed between Mrs. Browne and Mary, an order came for the men to march against a certain fort, which was said to be of great strength. It was a grievous thing to many of the poor women to part with their husbands; but it was the will of God, and what could be done? Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Francis were full of trouble upon the occasion, but they trusted their husbands with God, and so found comfort.

When the men marched, the women were all put in two ranges of the barracks; and in each of the little rooms appointed for the sergeants there were placed two sergeants' wives. As Mrs. Browne was already in one of the ranges set apart for the women, she was not obliged to move, but she was ordered to receive another woman into her room. She begged hard to have Mrs. Francis, but as Mrs. Francis was not a sergeant's wife, it was not al-

lowed, and Mrs. Mills was gone out to nurse some lady.

So, as Mrs. Browne could not have the company of either of her friends, she determined to be satisfied with what companion Providence might send her. Accordingly, toward the evening, after the men were gone, while she was sitting in her little room with Mary, who was to be left with her while her mother was out, one Mrs. Barnes, a sergeant's wife of the regiment, came up to the door with half a dozen or more *coolies*, conveying her cot and other things.

Mrs. Barnes looked in at the door, and, seeing Mrs. Browne, said, "Come, Mrs. Browne, you must move some of those things, or else where am I to put my cot, my table and my big chest?"

"What! are you coming here, Mrs. Barnes?" said Mrs. Browne.

"To be sure I am," said Mrs. Barnes. "Where else am I to go?—all the other rooms are full. I should have been here three hours ago, but I could not get *coolies*. Here," said she, calling to the *coolies* without, "set down those things, and come in and lift that cot." So saying, she directed them to move Mrs. Browne's cot to that side of the room next the *verandah*. Then, setting her back against the wall, "Here my cot will stand very well," said she, "and there I shall put my table." Upon which she directed the *coolies* accordingly.

"But," said Mrs. Browne, meekly, "you will take up all the room, Mrs. Barnes! Remember, that I have a child with me, and you are alone."

To this Mrs. Barnes made no answer, but kept bustling and settling her things to her own liking;

and Mrs. Browne, thinking it best to let her have her way, placed her own things on the side that was left her as well as she could, and sat down with Mary again at her little table.

“Is that girl to be with you all the time the men are out?” said Mrs. Barnes, while she sat rubbing her chest.

Mrs. Browne did not answer till Mrs. Barnes put the question again: “Is Mills’ girl to be with you, Mrs. Browne, all the time the men are out? Where’s her mother? Can’t she go to her?”

“Mrs. Mills is gone to attend a lady,” said Mrs. Browne quietly.

“She had better stay at home and mind her own affairs,” answered Mrs. Barnes. Mrs. Browne coloured, but made no reply.

By the time Mrs. Barnes had settled herself, and taken the best and largest half of the room, Mrs. Browne having set her tea-things, the cook brought in the tea-kettle and a little cake which she had made for herself and Mary.

“I wonder where my cook-boy is?” said Mrs. Barnes, looking at Mrs. Browne’s tea-table. “I told him where to come, but I don’t see him. I fear I shall not get any tea to-night.”

Mrs. Browne did not seem to hear her, but gave Mary her tea, and told the child that she should have some cake when she had eaten a slice of bread.

Mrs. Barnes then came and stood so near Mrs. Browne, while she pretended to be looking out for her cook-boy, that Mrs. Browne could not, in common civility, avoid asking her to sit with them and partake of what they had.

"I am not hungry," she answered, "but I have been stirring till I am quite dry ; I'll take a cup of tea with you, if you please." So saying, she sat down, and fell to so heartily that, in a very little time, she had eaten up the best part of the cake. Mrs. Browne, who had been pouring out the tea, was a little surprised when she saw the plate nearly empty ; however, she took what was left, and gave it to the child.

After tea, Mrs. Browne said, "It is our custom, Mrs. Barnes, to read a chapter or two in the Bible, and pray together, before we go to bed ; you have no objection, I suppose. Mary, get your Bible."

In answer to this, Mrs. Barnes yawned aloud, saying, "I was up so early, that I am half dead with sleep." Then looking through the door into the great barrack-room, she saw there two or three of her acquaintance, and went out to them, leaving Mrs. Browne and Mary to themselves. But Mary had scarcely gone through half her chapter, when Mrs. Barnes came back again, with Mrs. Simpson, Sally Hicks, and two or three more women. They sat themselves down at the side of Mrs. Barnes' cot and on her chest, talking over all the news of the regiment, and telling such tales as Mrs. Browne was grieved Mary should hear.

Mrs. Browne told Mary to go on reading ; but finding that the child's voice could not be heard among the louder voices of the women, she bade her shut the book, and took her with her to bed ; and there the poor woman, what with being parted from her husband, and what with the disagreeable ways of her companion, felt so sad at heart that she

could not help watering her couch with her tears till she fell asleep.

The next morning Mrs. Barnes was up early, brushing and cleaning; and when Mrs. Browne's breakfast was ready, she begged permission to partake of it with her. After breakfast, she made a proposal that they should eat together, Mrs. Browne being the manager.

Mrs. Browne consented to this, willing to please every one as far as lay in her power. Mrs. Barnes had heard that Mrs. Browne was an excellent manager, and her honesty was known through all the regiment; so Mrs. Barnes seemed well satisfied; and as Mrs. Browne was forced to remain in the same room with Mrs. Barnes, it signified little to her whether they ate together or not.

While they sat at their meals, Mrs. Barnes used to talk almost without ceasing, and that, for the most part, either of herself and her own concerns, or of her only son by a former husband, whom she had left in Europe with her friends. If she mentioned any of her neighbours, it was always to find fault with them; for she seemed to think well of no one but of herself and her son.

It was in vain for Mrs. Browne to say a word about religious matters; Mrs. Barnes constantly put by the subject, and that not always in the civilest manner. And while Mary was reading her Bible in an evening she would interrupt her, sometimes by talking aloud to some one in the next room, sometimes by singing scraps of songs, and at other times by rattling the keys in the locks. Mrs. Browne for peace' sake, bore with much interruption of this

sort; however, she thought it her duty to speak her mind when Mrs. Barnes did anything very wrong.

One day a woman of the regiment came in haste, and said there was a black fellow selling some rum, very cheap, in a small house behind the barrack. "By the manner of him," said the woman, "I think he has stolen the liquor."

"Where is he?" said Mrs. Barnes.

"Lend me half a *rupee*," said the woman, "and I'll show you."

"Don't go," said Mrs. Browne: "have nothing to do with their stolen goods. Pray be advised by me."

"But, indeed, I shall not be advised by you," said Mrs. Barnes, as she bustled away. "I am not such a fool as you, neither." So she went and bought two bottles of rum, very cheap; and as long as it lasted she went to bed every night, if not quite intoxicated, not above half sober.

Another day, Black John called and brought Mrs. Browne a present of a very nice little ham, part of which Mrs. Browne grilled every day for herself and Mrs. Barnes till it was gone. At the same time, a friend sent Mrs. Barnes a few pounds of sugar-candy, and half a *seer* of Europe cheese, which Mrs. Barnes carefully locked up in her chest, without saying a word of it to Mrs. Browne. This Mrs. Browne passed by; but soon after Mrs. Barnes did a thing which she thought it quite her duty to notice.

Sergeant Barnes, in receiving the company's pay some time back, had, by chance, received a bad *rupee*, which had lain by for a long time. Just before he marched he gave it to his wife, bidding

her to make as much of it as she could. She once endeavoured to pass it to Mrs. Browne, when paying her share of the table expenses; but Mrs. Browne, perceiving that it was a bad one, refused to take it, without, however, saying anything further at that time to Mrs. Barnes.

Shortly after, one cool and very pleasant afternoon, Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "I must give Black John's wife something; for though he desires no return, yet I would not take the poor man's ham and give him nothing. We will go over this evening to the great *bazar*, and see if we can meet with a pretty bit of chintz, to make the poor woman a petticoat."

"Oh! I should like to go, godmother," said Mary.

When Mrs. Barnes heard where they were going, she proposed to accompany them; accordingly, they all went. When they came to the *copra-wauller's* shop, Mrs. Browne chose a piece of chintz for Black John's wife, and paid for it. Mrs. Barnes also chose a piece for herself, and laying down the price, which amounted to four *rupees*, she was bustling away, when the *copra-wauller* called after her, and said that one of the *rupees* which she had given him was bad. At first, Mrs. Barnes pretended not to hear, but the man called so loud that she was forced to stop. "What's that you are talking about?" said she.

"Why, you have given me a bad *rupee*," said the man.

"Not I, I am sure. It must be this *beebee*," said Mrs. Barnes, pointing to Mrs. Browne.

"No, no," said the *copra-wauller*, "it was you. That *beebee* gave me very good money. I have known her long. She never wrongs a poor man."

"Nor I, neither, you saucy fellow!" said Mrs. Barnes.

"But here is the *rupee*," said the *copra-wauller*, holding it up. "It is scarcely worth an *anna*."

"You have changed it then," said Mrs. Barnes: "there is no end of the roguery of you black fellows."

Mrs. Browne knew the *rupee* again, as the *copra-wauller* held it up, and she said, "Oh! Mrs. Barnes, change the *rupee*, and say no more."

"Why should I change it?" said Mrs. Barnes. "It is a common trick of these fellows, to put bad money for good."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Browne; "but that *rupee* is yours. I have seen you with it, and I once refused to take it from you."

Upon this Mrs. Barnes lost all temper; and the dispute between her and the *copra-wauller* became so noisy and violent that Mrs. Browne got off with Mary as quick as she could; only begging Mrs. Barnes to change the *rupee*; "For," said she, "if the *copra-wauller* should complain of you to the officers or the judge, I must be witness against you."

Mrs. Browne and Mary walked so quick that they were shortly out of hearing of the contention: and they got home to Mrs. Browne's room half an hour before Mrs. Barnes appeared. At length she came in, puffing and blowing as if she had been walking through the hot winds; and flying at Mrs. Browne, she called her every vile name she could

think of, telling her that she had been the means of losing her a *rupee*.

"What! you were obliged to give the matter up?" said Mrs. Browne; "I am glad of it. I really feared we should be called before the officers. And now sit down and cool yourself; tea will be ready presently; and, pray, pray, for shame's sake, if not through fear of God, let this matter drop."

Mrs. Barnes sat a few moments, to recover her breath; but upon Mrs. Browne offering her a dish of tea, she broke out afresh, so that the barrack-room rung again, and all the women came gathering round the door to see what was the matter.

Mrs. Browne looked up for divine help, and God gave her grace to keep silent and undisturbed till she saw that Mrs. Barnes had spent her rage and her strength, when she thus addressed her, in a very solemn manner: "Do you suppose that you are to live for ever in this world, Mrs. Barnes, or that there is no God to take account of your actions, that you thus attempt to defraud your neighbours, and that you dare thus to abuse a person who would prevent your accomplishment of such a purpose? Do you imagine that money, thus unjustly obtained, will yield you any profit? Or do you suppose that your son will reap any advantage from it? for I have often heard you say that you are more especially careful on his account."

Mrs. Barnes made no answer, and Mrs. Browne proceeded to tell her, and that in very plain language, that if she continued in her present habits, and did not turn unto God by repentance, and seek for pardon through Christ, she would be utterly lost,

and that for ever. "You may call me a Methodist, Mrs. Barnes," added Mrs. Browne, "but that matters little: what I tell you is not from my own head, but from the Book of God; and I hope you may not find my words true to your cost."

When Mrs. Browne had done speaking, she took Mary by the hand, and stepped over into the next barrack to see Mrs. Francis, leaving Mrs. Barnes to recover herself. And on her return she found the poor woman in bed.

The next morning, Mrs. Barnes was very sullen, so Mrs. Browne spent but an uncomfortable day. Soon after dinner, however, she and Mary dressed themselves, and set out to take the chintz to Black John's wife. It was a pleasant evening, and the way, for the most part, lay under the garden-walls of the gentlemen's *bungalows*, where the road was sheltered from the beams of the afternoon sun by the tall trees within the walls.

"Oh! godmother," said Mary, as soon as she thought herself quite out of hearing of any person belonging to the barracks, "what a shocking bad woman Mrs. Barnes is! I would give the world not to have her in our room. And then she is so stingy, and so cheating, and such a liar, and uses such bad words!"

"Well, well, poor body!" says Mrs. Browne; "that may be true enough, my dear, yet I don't wish to be talking about it. We ought to be sorry for her; since, bad as she is, she is no worse than we all are by nature, and such as every person must necessarily be who is not changed by the Spirit of God."

“Why, surely, all people cannot be, by nature, so bad as Mrs. Barnes?” said Mary.

“Let us consider what the Bible says on this subject,” answered Mrs. Browne. “I have often taught you these texts: ‘There is none good, no, not one; There is not a just man on earth that doeth good, and sinneth not.’ What do you think is meant by these words?”

“Oh!” said Mary, “that there is nobody good; that we all do bad things very often; but then Mrs. Barnes never does anything good. She seems, to me, to think of nothing but herself, and how to please herself.”

“You have not yet, I see, a right notion of the very great sinfulness of our nature, Mary,” answered Mrs. Browne. “The people in the world may be divided into two sorts; those who live after the flesh, and those who live after the Spirit. Every man, by nature, lives after the flesh and is a child of wrath. He thinks of nothing but pleasing and serving his own flesh, and following the lusts of it. ‘Now the works of the flesh are manifest; which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.’ Gal. v. 19, 21. But when the heart of man is sanctified by the Spirit of God, he becomes quite a new creature; abhorring that which is evil, and cleaving to that which is good.”

Mary. Do people never sin after the Spirit of God enters into them?

Mrs. Browne. While man remains in the body,

his old sinful nature will not be entirely overcome. The body must be first laid in the grave, and there be dissolved, before it can be changed into the likeness of Christ. But the difference between the saints and the men of the world is this, that the saints hate their sins and groan under them ; while the men of the world glory and delight in them, never resisting their sinful inclinations, except occasionally from the fear of punishment. Now it seems to us that poor Mrs. Barnes is one of those who live altogether after the flesh ; but she is no worse than any other person who has not the fear of God dwelling in him. When you see more of the world, my dear child—although some people may have smoother tongues and gentler manners than Mrs. Barnes, and although some may be under greater fear of punishment, while others may appear outwardly good-humoured and decent in their behaviour in order to please their fellow-creatures—yet you will find, that there is no real love, no real joy, nor peace, nor long-suffering, nor gentleness, nor goodness, nor meekness, nor temperance, but among those who are led by the Spirit of God. Gal. v. 22, 23.

Then Mrs. Browne explained to Mary how the great change which passes upon the saints is compared, first, to death ; and, secondly, to a new birth, or being born again. “The Spirit of God,” said she, “slays or destroys our own sinful nature, and makes us new again, in the glorious likeness of Christ. Thus, people are said, in baptism, to die unto sin, and to be born again unto righteousness, because the Holy Ghost is promised and received in Christian baptism.”

“But all people who are baptized,” said Mary, “do not receive the Holy Ghost, godmother; or else why are there so many wicked persons among us white people, for we have all been baptized?”

“You have put a hard question, Mary,” said Mrs. Browne; “but I have always thought, that when the sacrament of baptism is treated as a mere ceremony, we need not wonder that it seems to do no good. Consider, Mary, how dreadfully it is profaned by high and low, rich and poor. With us, in the barracks, a christening is often a drunken and profane meeting; and it is not a much holier one among our betters. Your mother has been at many a christening among the gentry, in the way of her business; and what account does she give of them? Some do not even carry their children to the house of God, but hurry over the ceremony at home, sometimes finishing the day in feasting, drinking, card-playing, and perhaps in dancing. Can we wonder, Mary, if such profanation of the outward and visible signs of the sacrament of baptism is not attended by lively tokens of the inward and spiritual grace?”

Mary. No, indeed, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Still, we need not deny that God’s grace is mercifully given to the poor infants; but the sins of parents are visited on their children. If they are not taken away in infancy, they grow up without the knowledge of their duty, and so for a time, at least, they lose the blessings of the covenant. St. Paul says: “See that ye receive not the grace of God in vain” (2 Cor. vi. 1); and again, “Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed.” Eph. iv. 30.

By this time, Mrs. Browne and Mary were come in view of Black John's *mindy-hedge*, over which the *chopper* of his house just peeped. As the sergeant was not with them, Black John's wife would have Mrs. Browne and Mary to come in ; where she made them stay till she baked an Hindoostaunee cake, which she served up to them hot, with a *lota* of goat's milk.





STORY XXXIII.

Continuation on the New Birth.

THE moon was up when Mrs. Browne and Mary reached the barracks. On entering their room, they were surprised to see it all in bustle and confusion. Mrs. Barnes was stretched on her face upon the cot, across the feet; and Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Burton, Sally Hicks and Mrs. Dawson were gathered round her. Mrs. Simpson had just poured out a glass of liquor from a bottle which stood on a chest, and was holding it to Mrs. Barnes as Mrs. Browne came in.

“What are you doing, Mrs. Simpson?” said Mrs. Browne. “If Mrs. Barnes is ill, don’t give her that liquor, pray; you may be the death of her.”

“The death of her, woman!” said Mrs. Simpson; “I warrant I shall not hurt her. Is she to lie here, think you, and fret herself to death?” Then turning to Mrs. Barnes, “Do try to sup a little, pray—”

Mrs. Barnes lifted up her face, which was all in tears, and with a deep groan swallowed down the liquor.

“What is the matter?” said Mrs. Browne. “Is Mrs. Barnes ill? I left her very well three hours ago.”

Mrs. Browne then learned that Mrs. Barnes had received a letter from Europe, giving an account of the death of her son, upon which she had fallen into fits. Mrs. Browne was grieved to hear this news, and went to the candle to read the letter, which one of the women had put into her hand. The letter was from the clergyman of the parish in which the young man had died, who had frequently visited him in his illness; and it gave a very comfortable account of his death. Mrs. Browne, with tears of joy, put the letter carefully by, hoping that a time might come when the afflicted mother would be enabled to receive comfort from it. Then going to Mrs. Barnes' bedside, she endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Simpson and the other women to leave the sufferer to her care, for they were buzzing and talking about the poor woman to such a degree that even had she been inclined to do it she could have got no rest. But Mrs. Simpson, on opening Mrs. Barnes' chest to get out the liquor, had taken with it some of the sugar-candy I before spoke of; and having sent for her own tea-kettle, she was now helping all her companions to a little hot toddy. Over it they all sat, sometimes laughing, sometimes condoling with Mrs. Barnes, sometimes pressing her to drink, and sometimes telling dismal stories of the like afflictions which other persons had met with; till the sergeant who was left in the care of the barracks came round and ordered them all to their rooms.

When they were gone, Mrs. Browne went again to Mrs. Barnes, and spoke to her, but she was shocked to find her quite intoxicated. She then

strove to move her from the feet of the cot, over which she was lying on her face, but she had not strength to accomplish this, and was not inclined to call in help for fear of causing a disturbance. So she put up the remains of the liquor and sugar, and, locking the box, she sat down at the foot of the bed, from time to time speaking to Mrs. Barnes, from whom, however, she got no answer. At length Mrs. Browne, being tired with her long walk, fell asleep in her chair. How long she had slept she did not know, when she was awakened by a dreadful noise. She started up and found that Mrs. Barnes had fallen from her bed, and struck her head against the corner of the chest; so that she lay bruised, bleeding and groaning on the floor.

Mrs. Browne was now forced to call in help. So they put Mrs. Barnes into bed, bound up the wound in her head and kept her quiet till morning; when she was placed in a *doolie* and carried down to the hospital, for by this time she was in a high fever. And as the doctor seemed to say that it might be long before she would be better, Mrs. Browne settled her affairs in the barracks, and leaving Mary in her room with Mrs. Francis, removed to the hospital; where the doctor, being willing to oblige her, gave her and Mrs. Barnes an empty ward to themselves.

Poor Mrs. Barnes' fever lasted long and was very violent; it being hard to say whether she suffered most in body or mind; though I believe it is generally allowed that horrors of mind are less easy to be endured than the most grievous torments of body. Thus the holy martyrs were known to sing and rejoice even while their bodies were consuming in

the flames; but who can bear the terrors of the Almighty?

Mrs. Barnes at length became so very ill that Mrs. Browne was glad to accept the offer of Sally Hicks, who said she would come and help to nurse Mrs. Barnes, provided she might be well paid for it; and for several days it was as much as both Mrs. Browne and Sally Hicks could do, with the help of the *coolie*, to manage Mrs. Barnes; for she seemed to be quite out of her senses, and would jump up in her bed, screaming and looking about her, as if she saw something very terrible. She would often cry, "Oh! I cannot die. I will not die. I shall go to hell." And then again she would scream, shudder and roll her eyes, as if something very shocking passed before them.

One afternoon, when the doctor came to look at her, he shook his head and seemed very serious. "I fear, sir," said Mrs. Browne, "you have not much hope."

"Indeed, Mrs. Browne," said the doctor, "she is in great danger; yet, if she can get through the next twelve hours, there will be hope. You must watch her carefully to-night."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Browne; "I will sit up with her the first half of the night, and Sally Hicks the other half."

Accordingly, Sally Hicks went to bed the first part of the night, and Mrs. Browne sat by Mrs. Barnes' bed. It was dismal enough for poor Mrs. Browne. Mrs. Barnes had not spoken since morning, but lay with her eyes half closed. She was now so fallen away that she seemed like a corpse

lying on the bed, only that sometimes she groaned dreadfully. As there was but one candle burning, the farthest end of the ward was quite dark; and there was no sound to be heard but the dismal cries of the *chokedaurs* at a distance, and sometimes the howlings of the jackals as they came foraging under the hospital wall.

Mrs. Browne sat wetting Mrs. Barnes' lips with a little wine, and bathing her head and the palms of her hands with vinegar, till near one o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Hicks had been asleep ever since gun-fire, but Mrs. Browne would not disturb her.

All of a sudden the sick woman sprung up in her bed, and seizing Mrs. Browne's arm and staring wildly at her, "How can I die?" she said. "How can I appear before God with all these my sins? No; I will not die. I cannot bear the torments of hell. Then, to behold Him whom I have mocked, whom I would not love, though you so often would have persuaded me! To behold that bleeding Lamb! He would have saved me. Oh! Mrs. Browne! Mrs. Browne! I cannot die—I will not die! But I am dead already. Oh! this fire! this raging fire!"

The poor woman then became so furious (beating herself with her hands, tearing her cap, and her hair, and the linen of her bed) that Mrs. Browne, in haste and terror, called for Mrs. Hicks; and it was as much as they could both do to keep her in her bed till day-dawn, about which time she fainted away, as they thought, when both of them supposed that her dying hour was at hand. On the return of daylight, however, they found that she had

not fainted, but was asleep. Then they knew not what to think, but Mrs. Browne had hope.

When the doctor came, he felt her pulse and found the fever had left her, and that she was fallen into a gentle perspiration. He stepped from the bedside on tip-toe, and calling Mrs. Browne into the *verandah*, "The goodness of God," said he, "can only be equalled by his power. Your patient, Mrs. Browne, is better. Her fever has left her, but her weakness will be so great as to require all the care of the best nurse to keep her alive. I can trust you, Mrs. Browne. She must be kept very quiet, and have nourishment given to her every half hour."

Tears of gladness came into Mrs. Browne's eyes on hearing the doctor's words.

When Mrs. Barnes awoke it was really very touching. She appeared, as it were, a new creature, both in mind and body. She was, indeed, as weak as a child newly born, but then she was free from pain, and in her look and manner she was gentle as a lamb. She smiled at Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Hicks, and held out her hand to each of them, taking everything they offered with thankful looks, and often melting into tears when Mrs. Browne spoke kindly to her.

Mrs. Barnes had several short sleeps during the day; and Mrs. Browne was so careful of her that the doctor was quite surprised to find her in so hopeful a state on the repetition of his visit in the evening.

She had a charming sleep the next night; and when she awoke at day-dawn, after having drank a little spiced sago and wine, she was able to speak to

Mrs. Browne. "Kind, good Mrs. Browne," she said, "thou true servant of my heavenly Master." And before Mrs. Browne could answer, she added, "You don't know—you never can know—what God has done for me, for you never owed him so much, you never was such a sinner as I have been. I seemed to be in hell, Mrs. Browne; for three days I was there. I felt all its raging fires; and I should have remained there for ever had not that bleeding Lamb preserved me. He is all fair, Mrs. Browne—you know not how fair; there is no spot in him. Oh! I shall love him for ever—for ever—for ever."

She said no more at that time, for her strength was exhausted; but lifted up her eyes to heaven with such a look of holy love that Mrs. Browne stood looking at her all amazement.

Mrs. Browne well knew that no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven unless he be born again and his nature altogether changed; yet she had, in general, observed this change to be a slow and gradual work; while in the case of Mrs. Barnes she had reason to hope it had been effected, by the mighty power of God, in a very few days.

She stood, therefore, for some minutes glorifying God, and looking on Mrs. Barnes, who, from having been a coarse, haughty, sour-looking woman, had now a countenance rendered even amiable with the expression of holy love and peace.

As Mrs. Barnes recovered, Mrs. Browne became every day more and more assured that, by the grace of God, she was a renewed creature. But she felt a kind of impatience till Mrs. Barnes should be strong enough to give her some account of herself. Ac-

cordingly, one afternoon, as Mrs. Browne sat by Mrs. Barnes' bed, she thus spoke to her ; " By the blessing of God, Mrs. Barnes, a great change has taken place in you since we first lived together. Religion was then a disagreeable subject to you, and now it is your delight. The world was then all in all to you, and now you have left caring for the things of it. Are you able to give any account of this change?"

" Dear Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. Barnes, " if you have not a right to the knowledge of my religion, I know not who has. I was brought up with very little religion, for none of my father's family were religious persons ; and since I came to this regiment, which is fourteen years ago, I have lived so entirely without any thoughts of God that I have sometimes been three or four years together without setting foot in a church or taking the name of God in my mouth, excepting in the way of an oath. I have always been in the habit of mocking at godly people, and calling them names, and spiting them when I could ; yet, in my heart, all the time, I knew that they were right and I was wrong.

" When I first came to you, and heard you talk about our sinful nature and the mercies of our Redeemer, though I pretended to despise your words, they sunk like lead into my heart. I often went into company and took a glass to put away the thought of them, and laughed, and talked, and bustled, and scolded ; but still they would return upon me, and make me very uneasy at times, though no one knew it. Still, however, I set my heart against religion, and clung fast to the world, hoarding and gathering

all I could, making my poor son an excuse to my conscience for this covetous temper.

“In this manner I went on, till by God’s grace, one or two things began to startle and awaken me from my sleep of death. First, I was ashamed of being detected by you in my attempt to cheat the *copra-wauller*; and when, after I had raged and stormed against you all the evening, you laid before me the wickedness of my conduct in so calm and quiet a way as you did, I began to despise myself for all my odious behaviour; after which, the death of my poor son overwhelmed me with distress. But perhaps I should have got over all these things, had not God, in mercy, followed them up with this most dreadful sickness that I ever suffered. No words can tell what horrors of mind, what fearful sights, what anguish, what burning torments I have endured in this bed. The Almighty opened all my sins before me in fearful array; your words also came fresh into my mind; and, to seal my condemnation, I seemed, for a while, to be already in hell, the only place of which I deemed myself worthy.

“But of all the sins that oppressed me, my contempt of the redemption offered me through my bleeding, dying Saviour was that which cut me most to the heart; in comparison of this sin, all my other sins appeared, and are, indeed, as nothing.

“Oh! Mrs. Browne,” added Mrs. Barnes, “you, who have led a comparatively innocent life, who have never been guilty of the blasphemy and profaneness into which I have fallen, can have no idea what it is to endure the terrors of the Almighty! Oh! my God, my Saviour, grant that I may never again

experience them ; for who can endure such fearful things? or who can strive with his Maker?" Mrs. Barnes then went on to relate how the Almighty God, having brought her down thus low and broken her heart of stone, was pleased at length by his Holy Spirit to comfort her with the remembrance of the promise, that although her sins were red as scarlet, yet, through Christ the Mediator, they should be made white as wool : " for he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25.

" And it was during your sickness," said Mrs. Browne, " when we thought you incapable of reflection, that God dealt thus wonderfully with you ! ' Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out ! For who hath known the mind of the Lord ? or who hath been his counsellor ? ' Romans xi. 33, 34."

Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Browne finished this conversation by offering a prayer from the *Visitation of the Sick*, slightly altered for the occasion, in which Mrs. Browne gave humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God for his merciful dealings with her poor neighbour.

During Mrs. Barnes' progressive recovery she was silent and thoughtful, but her mind was continually running upon the past sinfulness of her life, the wickedness of her heart, and the mercy of God in giving his Son to die for sinful men. Her love of Christ was so warm that she could not speak of him but with streaming eyes ; and, as she gathered

strength, she was casting about all manner of ways for contrivances to serve and please her heavenly Master.

Her chest had been brought down from the barracks when she was first taken ill. In past times this chest and its contents had been all her glory and delight; yea, her treasure and her heart were in it; but now, as soon as she had gathered strength sufficient to look into it, she began to scatter her hoards abroad with a liberal hand. The piece of chintz that she had bought at the *bazar* she presented to Mrs. Hicks, with four *rupees*; and a gold *mohur*, which she had hoarded up for years, she offered as a present to Mrs. Browne; who, however, could not be persuaded to receive it by Mrs. Barnes' most urgent entreaties.

"Well, if you will not have it for yourself, Mrs. Browne," said Mrs. Barnes, "take it next Sunday and slip it into Mr. King's poor-box; but do not tell any one. It is but a poor thank-offering to my God for his late mercies to me. I now am wholly his, and all I have is his. He has bought me with a precious price."

To this proposal Mrs. Browne gladly consented, and the gold *mohur* was put into Mr. King's box the next Sunday.

The Europe cheese was the next thing that came out of the box; and when it was thought safe for Mary to come to Mrs. Browne, she got all that was left of the sugar-candy.

About that time died poor Sally Jones, who had been for many years a sickly body, leaving behind her a little girl of five years old by a former hus-

band. Upon this occasion, Mrs. Barnes got a friend to write to her husband in camp for leave to take the child.

The sergeant sent her word that she might do as she liked, at the same time saying to one of the men, "What's come to my wife now? She will soon be tired of the child." But Sergeant Barnes was mistaken, for Mrs. Barnes never parted with her till she married, and brought her up exceedingly well too.

Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Barnes were able to return to barracks before the men came back from the field; when Mrs. Barnes went with Mrs. Browne to church three or four times a week, bought herself a Bible and prayer-book, and sung psalms and prayed; refusing at the same time to drink and play at cards with the sergeants' wives, as in former days; so that the women of the regiment soon gave her the name of a Methodist, and shunned her company as much as they did Mrs. Browne's, Mrs. Mills', or Mrs. Francis'. The news also soon reached the camp that Sergeant Barnes' wife was turned "Methodist."

"Well," said the sergeant, when they were bantering him upon it, "she will be a gainer, no doubt, by the change; and as for me, I cannot be much of a loser by it; since, come what will, I cannot possibly have a worse life with her than I have had."

I should not forget to say, that when Mrs. Barnes read the letter again which brought the account of her son's death, and understood that he had died in faith, she could not refrain from shedding tears of joy. "Oh! Mrs. Browne," said she, "when I first read this letter I was dead in sin—a stranger to God and a lover of the world. All I desired for my child

was, that he might get forward in the world. I had then no regard for his immortal soul; but now I prize the soul of my child above all the silver and gold in the world, and can thank God, with all my heart, for the holy death of my beloved son."

"How truly doth the Scripture say," remarked Mrs. Browne, on hearing Mrs. Barnes' words, "'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.'" 2 Cor. v. 17. And not long afterward, Mrs. Browne said to Mary, "You see, my child, tokens of God's grace in this woman now, but there is reason to believe that his Spirit was striving with her, even when you saw nothing in her but wickedness. He had not yet deserted her, and what is at last bringing forth fruit was planted, no doubt, when she was baptized into Christ. She has only, by a sincere repentance, become once more as a little child."





STORY XXXIV.

Continuation on the New Birth.

ONE fine afternoon in the latter end of February, immediately after Mrs. Barnes' joyful recovery, Mrs. Browne and Mary took a walk into the same beautiful garden of which mention was before made. This garden belonged to a very rich native, and in the centre of it was a house built after the fashion of the country. This house, which was but seldom inhabited, was shaded from the ardent sun by many beautiful trees which grew thickly around it. There the fragrant baubool, in the cold season, shed its odours from blossoms resembling golden balls. Mingled with the baubool was the parkinsonia, spreading abroad its feathered branches; and there, also, was the pomegranate, of which we so often read in the Holy Scriptures, the Persian jessamine, and the rose bush.

Among these trees were many birds. The dove, whose sad, yet sweet note reminds the European of the cuckoo, constraining many a wanderer from Europe to sigh in the remembrance of his native country. Here, too, were abundance of nightingales, with a very beautiful bird called in this country the bearer-bird, having a tufted head of various-

coloured feathers. Multitudes also of green parrots fluttered and chattered among the trees, being hardly distinguishable by their plumage from the leaves among which they harboured; while the chele, or brahminee kite, soared aloft in the air, from time to time uttering its shrill cry.

Mrs. Browne and Mary seated themselves on two *moras* made of cane, which they found in the garden, and began to talk of Mrs. Barnes; for indeed Mrs. Browne could hardly think of anything else but of the wonderful and merciful dealings of God toward that favoured woman; and Mary put this question to Mrs. Browne: "Is it common, godmother, for people to be changed so suddenly as Mrs. Barnes has been? What a very bad woman she was when we first lived together! and now she is almost as good as you and Mrs. Francis are."

Mrs. Browne. As to being good, my dear, that we have none of us any pretensions to; but, certainly, a very great and happy change has passed upon Mrs. Barnes; and this change has taken place in a very surprising manner, and shows the wonderful power of God.

"But is it common, godmother, for people to be so suddenly changed?" asked Mary again.

Mrs. Browne. No, my dear, it is not common; neither are these sudden changes so desirable or so much to be depended upon as those of a more slow and gradual kind. When people have turned to good so quickly as Mrs. Barnes, there is a danger that they may turn back again to their evil ways as suddenly; nevertheless, if the work is of God, it is a blessed work.

"But I heard a person yesterday," said Mary, "laughing at Mrs. Barnes, and saying she had no opinion of such sudden conversions. That was the word the person used."

"I fear, Mary, that you were in very bad company yesterday," replied Mrs. Browne. "How came you to hear such discourse?"

Mary. As I was sitting at work in the *berth*, I heard two of our women talking about Mrs. Barnes on the *verandah*.

Mrs. Browne. It would be as well, Mary, if you were to stop your ears against such profane discourse. The cleansing of man's evil heart is the work of God; and cannot God do his work at what time and in what way he pleases? Do you remember the account which is given in the second chapter of the Acts, of three thousand souls who were suddenly turned to God on the day of Pentecost by the power of the Holy Spirit? But, at the same time, these events are not common; the work of God is generally more slow, and is usually brought about in a less extraordinary way than in the case of Mrs. Barnes.

Mary. Can people always tell the time when their hearts begin to be changed?

Mrs. Browne. We know that every person's heart must be changed before they can enter the kingdom of God, as our Lord Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus. John iii. 5, 6. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is borne of the Spirit." John iii. 8. Again we know that in baptism we receive "that which by nature we cannot have;"

but, further, we can only know that the Spirit of God continues his glorious work of cleansing the heart by the fruits which it produces. Yet, as I said before, the work may be begun long before these fruits appear in perfection. Do you know, Mary, what the fruits of the Spirit are?

Mary. Yes, godmother, they are these: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Gal. v. 22-24.

Mrs. Browne. You understand, my dear child, that the heart of man cannot be cleansed or renewed but by the influence of the Holy Spirit of God. We are taught, also, that man may resist the Spirit: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye." Acts vii. 51. Parents, however, though they cannot actually change the hearts of their children, may do much toward facilitating the growth of their new and heavenly nature, after its first communication, by removing impediments out of the way of its progress.

While Mrs. Browne was speaking, the gardener came to a bed of flowers just before where they sat, and taking up a little frame of jaffrey-work, covered with matting, Mrs. Browne and Mary found that it had been put there to shelter a small shrub, whose delicate green leaves and flowers of a spotless and glossy white were exceedingly beautiful. The gardener, having looked carefully at this little shrub, began gently to loosen the mould about it and to add a little round the stem. He then picked from

some of the leaves certain insects which were harbouring among them, lopping off with his knife, here and there, a dead leaf or unkindly branch; after which, by opening a small channel, he admitted, from a well in the middle of the garden, as much water as he thought might be needful for the plant; and being now about to depart, Mrs. Browne thus accosted him, "I suppose you have something there very valuable, my good man, by the great care you seem to take of it?"

The gardener bowed, and answered, "This little tree comes from a distant country; and as it is not a native of these parts, it would not grow here without the greatest care. It is a tree highly valued by my master; and on that account I am very anxious for its preservation."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Browne; "you do what is perfectly right."

When the gardener was gone, Mrs. Browne turned to Mary, and said, "We might learn a very pretty lesson from what we have just seen and heard. Can you tell me what it is?"

Mary considered a few minutes. "No, godmother," she said, "I don't know what this lesson is."

Mrs. Browne smiled, and said, "Do you remember, Mary, what we were talking of when the gardener came to look at the little tree?"

Mary. Yes, godmother; you were saying that fathers and mothers cannot give their children a new nature, but that they may do much toward its progress, when God has once imparted that nature to their children.

“Well,” said Mrs. Browne, “and cannot you see how the new nature, or new and heavenly life, planted in Baptism, in the heart of a child, may be compared to this little fair tree, brought from a distant country and transplanted into a foreign soil? Our Lord delights in this new life which he has planted. For his sake, therefore, we ought to cultivate it—we ought to protect it from evil—we ought to lop off the unkindly branches—we ought to seek for it the refreshments of the Holy Spirit, as the gardener opened the channels for the water to pour in upon this little tree. In a word, we ought to cultivate it by every means in our power, because our Lord loves it.”

Mary. Godmother, I understand a great deal now of what you mean; and I know, now, what we are to learn from the gardener.

Mrs. Browne. I am glad of it, my dear. Try to explain what you understand.

Mary. Why, godmother, it is this; first, that by birth we are very wicked; and that, before we can go to heaven, we must have a new nature imparted to us. This new nature is given at Baptism, and it comes from a far country, as this beautiful little tree did; and it is lovely in the eyes of God, as this pretty tree is in the eyes of the gardener’s master. Parents cannot make this new nature any more than the gardener could have made this little tree; but they may keep hurtful things from coming near to it, and use many things of forwarding its growth; just as the gardener here does everything he thinks necessary toward the well-being of this delicate plant.

Mrs. Browne. I am glad to see that you under-

stand so much of this matter, my child. One question more I must ask you : Could the gardener make the tree grow ?

“ Oh no, godmother,” said Mary, smiling.

“ Not the least in the world ?” said Mrs. Browne.

“ No, not the least—not even the breadth of a hair,” said Mary. “ Surely, godmother, you must be joking to ask such a question. God only can make trees to grow.”

Mrs. Browne. No, Mary, I am not joking ; I only want to make you understand that, as the most careful gardener cannot make a tree to grow even the breadth of a single hair, so the most careful parent cannot make grace to grow in the heart. The advancement of man’s new nature is the work of God, and of God only. Therefore good parents, after labouring in proportion to their ability, must leave the rest to God.

Mrs. Browne then taught Mary these verses : “ Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man ? I have planted, Apollos watered ; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth ; but God that giveth the increase.” 1 Cor. iii. 5-7.

Mrs. Browne then got up to walk home, and, as they went along she talked with Mary concerning the means which had been used by her parents, Sergeant and Mrs. Mills, to obtain for her the blessings of the Holy Spirit ; but as our chapter has already run to an unusual length, we will break off here, and relate the rest of the conversation at another time.



STORY XXXV.

Continuation on the New Birth.

AS Mrs. Browne and Mary were walking from the garden toward the barracks, Mrs. Browne took occasion to speak with Mary of the very great care that had been taken of her by both her parents even from her infancy. "You are now coming to an age, Mary," she said, "in which you should begin to know the value of pious parents: I shall, therefore, enter upon this subject with you. When your father and mother understood it to be the will of God that they should have a little one, they were earnest and frequent in prayer that the expected infant might be a child of God. This I perfectly know, for I was at that time in the same room with your mother; and I well remember your father coming, one Sunday evening in particular, into our *berth*, with his Bible in his hand, pointing to these words of King David: 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Psalm xxxvii. 25. And he put this question to my husband, respecting the real intent and meaning of that verse: 'Is it common bread only, or the bread of eternal

life, which is promised to the seed of the righteous?' To which my husband replied, that he took the word bread in both senses; and that he believed firmly there was a particular blessing promised to the children of those who are made righteous through Christ.

"Sergeant Mills answered, 'Then it appears that the child of a righteous man has a better inheritance than that of a king.' And he added, 'O my God! give me thy righteousness.'

"Thus, Mary, you became the subject of your parents' pious thoughts and prayers even before you were born; and, immediately after your birth they felt an anxious desire to choose such sponsors for you as they thought best fitted to fulfil the duties of that holy office.

"Your godfather and second godmother were holy people; and no doubt you are the better for their prayers. They are, as you well know, dead, and have been so for some years,

"In the afternoon of your christening-day we all met in your father's *berth*, and prayed, with one accord, I may truly say, for your spiritual welfare.

"Every care that could be taken of a baby was afterward taken of you. Your mother gave up her own pleasures and comforts, I might almost say entirely, for your sake, till you were able to walk; leaving nothing undone that could have a tendency to promote your health and growth. But, though she was so exceedingly careful of your little body, her care of your soul was certainly more uncommon. I cannot say that she much corrected you under a year and a half or two years of age; but she taught

you, before that time, to bear a denial with good-humour, freely to part with any little thing you possessed, and also to come and go at the word of command. When you began to talk, then her greater difficulties began; because she lived, at that time, in an open barrack-room, where you were likely to hear and see everything that was evil. She prayed earnestly and frequently for you—ay, and wept often over you, as I myself have seen—when she considered what you were exposed to in that place. In these circumstances she besought the guidance of God, and he, I trust, heard her prayer!

“It was impossible to hide sin from you; she therefore, as early as possible, made you acquainted with the commandments of God and our obligations to obey them. She showed you, also, where to seek assistance, to enable you to keep those commandments; determining firmly and resolutely to punish you, and that with considerable severity, whenever you should imitate any of the bad patterns set before you. No false tenderness ever held her hand back from chastising you when you were in fault, while on every other occasion she conducted herself toward you as the tenderest of mothers.

“She never allowed you to play with other children, as you well know, excepting with Thomas Francis; and for this reason, because there are no other children in the regiment brought up in the fear of God. Nor would she suffer you to go into anybody’s *berth* but mine and Mrs. Francis.’

“There is nothing which ruins young people like evil company, lounging and idling about, as many children do, and wasting their time in sinful gossip-

ping. Your mother never would allow of such things, but contrived that every part of your time should be taken up, and that either in her sight or mine. Not that she kept you always at your book or your work, because that is not good for young people nor, indeed, improving; but she had a way of making you useful in cleaning the *berth* and doing many little jobs which a rightly-taught child may do as well as a grown person, and which gives health and exercise at the same time. But what I have always most admired in your parents is the constant care which they have taken, and still take, to supply the spiritual part of their child with heavenly nourishment. While other parents are taking thought for the bodies only of their children, Sergeant and Mrs. Mills are chiefly anxious to procure the bread of life for theirs."

Mary. I remember, godmother, how Mr. Grove's children asked for their daily bread in the morning, before breakfast; and that I did not understand what they meant till Mr. Grove explained it to me, and showed me that our new nature can no more be sustained without the daily help of our Saviour than our body can be nourished without food.

"I am glad that you remember this," said Mrs. Browne. "Your parents have always had it in mind that they must apply to God for your eternal welfare; and as I, for some years past, have been the only person living who promised for you at your baptism, I have endeavoured to fulfil some part of my duty toward you. But the time is now coming when you must answer for yourself—you are no longer an infant. You know the answer to this question: 'Why

are infants baptized when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?"

"I have told you now, Mary," added Mrs. Browne, "what has been done for you—everything that can be done by others. The only question now is, What have you done for yourself? The time will soon come, and perhaps is now come, when your god-fathers and godmothers will no longer be required to answer for you, but you must answer for yourself. Look, therefore, into your own bosom and ask yourself whether your heart has been changed: whether you love God and hate sin: loathing yourself for being a sinner, and glorying only in the cross of Christ?"

Mary made no answer, but looked grave; secretly feeling that she was very far from being all that she ought to be.

Mrs. Browne then taught Mary the following verses; advising her, at the same time, earnestly to pray for that which is promised in them: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new Spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my commandments, and do them." Ezek. xxxvi, 26, 27.

By this time Mrs. Browne and Mary were come in sight of the barracks, whence two or three women came running out to say that letters were arrived, giving notice of the return of the regiment; for which Mrs. Browne thanked God, and went joyfully to her room.



STORY XXXVI.

On the Sacrament of Baptism.

IN the beginning of the month of March the regiment returned to the barracks, and all, with God's blessing, in fine health and spirits.

"When you first went," said Mrs. Browne to her husband, "I was tempted to think it doubly hard to be parted from you, my dear, and to have such a person as Mrs. Barnes thrust into your place; but God has proved to my unbelieving heart that I was dissatisfied without reason." She then told her husband all that had happened relating to Mrs. Barnes while he was absent.

You may be sure that the sergeant was well pleased with this account, and, having heard it, he expressed an earnest wish that Mrs. Barnes might continue to do well unto the end. "For," said he, "it had been better for her not to have known the way to righteousness than, after she hath known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto her." 2 Pet. ii. 21.

The Sunday after the return of the men proved a very rainy one, it being the time of the March showers: therefore, as Sergeant and Mrs. Browne could

not go so far as the church, they stepped over to Mrs. Francis' *berth* to drink tea with her, and to enjoy a little Christian conversation.

They found Mrs. Francis very glad to see them, and Mrs. Mills and Mary already in the *berth*. While Mrs. Francis was setting the tea-things, Mrs. Mills said to Mrs. Browne, "We are pretty thick, methinks, in this *berth*, but we are nothing to the company at yonder end of the barracks, where that screen is. Why, they are going in and out like bees in a bee-hive! and there's Mrs. Simpson in the midst of them as busy as the queen bee. What can be the matter?"

"That is Corporal Freeman's *berth*," said Mrs. Francis.

"Well," said Mrs. Mills, "and what are they all about!"

Mrs. Francis smiled, and said, "Did not you hear that Mrs. Freeman had a little boy this morning during church-time?"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Browne; "I did not hear it."

"And those good folks," said Sergeant Browne, "are so kind as to bustle about the *berth*, for fear the poor woman and her child should sleep themselves to death. What would my poor mother have said if she had seen such doings?"

At that moment Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Burton came out from behind the screen, wiping their mouths as if they had been just drinking, and talking so loud that they were heard quite to the other end of the barrack.

"Ho! ho!" said Sergeant Browne, smiling, "I

see what's the attraction now : Corporal Freeman has provided a case-bottle or two of liquor to be drunk to the little boy's health."

"Why, Sergeant Browne," said Mrs. Mills, "I thought you had been a soldier long enough not to wonder at these things."

Mrs. Browne did not quite like this discourse ; so, seeing the sergeant about to answer, and fearing, by his manner, that he was about to say something which might give offence, she laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Come, my dear, Mrs. Francis' tea is ready ; let us leave these folks to themselves, and mind our own matters. What have we to do with our neighbors' business?" So they drank tea, and afterward read several chapters in the Bible ; when they parted for the night.

In the mean time, Mrs. Simpson, who was in attendance on Mrs. Freeman, and who dealt out the liquor to all the visitors, did not fail, although she was so busy, to watch the company in Francis' *berth*. Afterward, on being left alone with Mrs. Freeman, she spoke to her as follows : "And so all the Methodists were in Francis' *berth* to-night drinking tea. Not a drop of liquor appeared on the occasion, but the Bible, you may be sure, was brought forward. And there was that little conceited thing, Mary Mills, among them. Mrs. Browne spoils that girl altogether. What does that girl stand in need of, I should like to know ? but because she is her god-child she loads her with presents." Then Mrs. Simpson went on to describe all the presents which Mrs. Browne had lately made to Mary Mills, adding

many things out of her own head and magnifying the rest.

Mrs. Freeman said nothing at the time, but the next morning, while she and her husband were alone together in the *berth*, said she, "Well, who do you mean to ask to stand for the boy?"

"Who have *you* thought of?" answered the corporal. "I leave such things to you."

"Why," said she, "I should like Sergeant Browne as well as any one."

"Sergeant Browne!" said the corporal; "why, I never knew that you had any liking to that family. If I have heard you once laugh at him and his wife for being Methodists, I have heard you do it a hundred times. What is come over you now, that you want him to stand for our little lad?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Freeman, "if you have any objection, take your own way."

"I have no objection in the world," answered the corporal. "I don't think there is a better man than Sergeant Browne in our regiment, be the other who he will; and I will go this evening, after parade, and ask him to answer for the child."

Accordingly, in the evening, while the Sergeant and Mrs. Browne were drinking their tea, Corporal Freeman came in; and, after having sat a while, he asked the sergeant if he would be so kind as to stand for his little lad.

Sergeant Browne was somewhat surprised to be asked such a favour by a man with whom he had very little acquaintance. "Freeman," said he, "it is not very often that I have been asked to stand for a child, for I am of a sort, I believe, that few folks much

like. However, as you have done me the favour to ask me, I would upon no account refuse you; only, before I take upon me to be godfather to your child, it is necessary that you and your wife should understand what you are to expect from me, and also what I shall expect from you."

"Certainly, sergeant," said the corporal.

"I consider the duty of a sponsor," added Sergeant Browne, "as a very serious one. I am to stand up in the house of God, and in the presence of God, and in the name of your child I am to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh. In your child's name, also, I am to profess my belief in all the articles of the Christian faith, and my resolution to obey the holy commandments of God. It then becomes my duty—and a solemn duty it is—to see that the child is brought up in a manner answerable to his baptismal vow. Accordingly, I shall be very apt, if I observe anything not agreeable to Christianity in the management of your child, to be speaking my mind more freely perhaps than you and your wife will like; moreover, as long as we are together, I shall be for catechising him, and seeing that he minds his Bible and keeps good company."

"Well, well," said the corporal, "I am sure we shall not disagree about these things, sergeant. We shall always, as in duty bound, thank you for all that you may do for your godson."

"So far well, corporal," said the sergeant; "but I have not quite said all I have to say yet. Do you

remember some talk that passed about five months back on the main-guard? You, and I, and Tim Greene, and Harry Bill were present."

"What, upon the occasion of Mr. King's sermon? To be sure, I do," said the corporal.

"I was then," said the sergeant, "explaining to Greene that Baptism is a sacrament; and showing to him that he who riots, and drinks, and talks lightly at a christening is guilty of the same sin as the Corinthians who profaned the Lord's Supper."

"Ay, I remember all this," said the corporal.

"The Corinthians, it seems," added Sergeant Browne, "brought upon themselves weakness, sickness, and even death, by their profanation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

"So Mr. King said in his sermon," answered the corporal.

"In like manner," added the sergeant, "we bring sickness and death on our families, very frequently, by profaning the sacrament of Baptism."

"How is that?" said the corporal.

"How common among us it is," replied Sergeant Browne, "for the mother and child to do very well till the christening! and how often do we see them, as soon as the bustle, and noise, and intemperance of the christening is over, taken sick and die! I could not count the number of infants whom I have known, since I came to the regiment, destroyed through these intemperate meetings. The mother at such a season is generally weak; she heats and hurries herself, before the time comes, in making great preparations; and at the time, perhaps, is persuaded to take a glass or two more than common; she

is fatigued with the noise and talk of the company ; she becomes feverish, and her heated milk gives the poor baby complaints in the bowels, fevers and convulsions, not seldom ending in death ; while she herself probably brings on some sickness from which she never perfectly recovers. And all this from the profanation of the sacrament of Baptism ; not to speak of the waste of a man's substance which it occasions at a time when he wants all he can raise for the support of his wife and child."

"Well, sergeant?" said the corporal.

"Well," repeated the sergeant, "you want to know what's to be the end of this long preamble. It is this ; that you don't mean to make a drinking-bout of your little boy's christening, I hope. Let us meet at church in the morning, and when your wife is quite well, I and mine will come and take a comfortable dish of tea with her."

"If we do not as others do, sergeant," said the corporal, "what will folks say?"

"It matters little, to my thinking, what folks say," answered the sergeant. "But, to be quite plain with you, corporal, I cannot have anything to do as to answering for your little lad unless you resolve that the afternoon of the christening-day shall be spent in a sober, pious manner."

The corporal looked serious, and answered that he must consult his wife upon it. So he took his leave.

Sergeant Browne heard no more of Corporal Freeman or of his boy till the Sunday three weeks after the birth of the child. When morning service at the church was over, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs.

Simpson, with Sergeant Burton and Tim Greene, came up to the clergyman, bringing the infant to be christened. So we may suppose that Mrs. Freeman did not approve of Sergeant Browne's proposal.

As Mrs. Browne passed them to go out of the church, she stopped to look at the baby. It was a very fine little boy; and she could not help being sorry in her heart that its parents had given up the thought of having her husband for its godfather. That same evening, as Mrs. Browne was going to church, Mrs. Francis overtook her. "Oh! Mrs. Browne," she said, "what an uproar there is in our barracks! Corporal Freeman's *berth*, and Sergeant Burton's room, which you know, is next to it, are both full. Such doings! Poor Mrs. Freeman has been bustling all day to get things together. It will be well if she is not ill after it."

"Who are the company?" said Mrs. Browne.

"I saw the sergeant-major and his wife," answered Mrs. Francis, "Sergeant and Mrs. Burton, Sergeant and Mrs. Simpson, and Timothy Greene; but the rest of the company I saw not."

On Mrs. Francis' return from church the company were still in the corporal's *berth*; and they continued, by favour of Sergeant Burton, drinking and singing till near eleven, at which time the sergeant dispersed them. But the barrack was scarcely quiet, when Mrs. Francis, who had just dropped asleep, was awakened by Mrs. Freeman's child crying as if it would go into fits. Mrs. Francis got up, and, putting her clothes on in haste, ran to the *berth* to see what was the matter.

"I cannot think, Mrs. Francis," said Mrs. Free-

man, who was sitting up in bed trying to hush the child, "what ails the boy. He was quite well this morning, but about eight o'clock this evening he began to be uneasy, appearing to be griped, and breaking out into a burning heat. Mrs. Simpson, however, gave him a sup of gin and water, and that quieted him till now."

The poor child screamed so that Mrs. Francis could hear no more of what Mrs. Freeman said. She took the poor baby in her arms and found that his stomach was burning hot. "I have about a table-spoonful of castor oil," said Mrs. Francis. "Shall I fetch it? The child's bowels are greatly disordered."

"Castor oil, woman!" said Mrs. Burton, coming out of her room at that instant; "what's that to do? Where's the gin bottle, Mrs. Freeman? Give him a sup in water with sugar."

It was in vain that Mrs. Francis begged they would not give the child any more strong liquor. Mrs. Burton took the child from her and bade her go to her own *berth* and mind her own affairs. So Mrs. Francis, finding that she could do no good, went back to her *berth*.

The poor child soon ceased crying, being quite overcome with the gin which Mrs. Burton gave it. But the next morning he was seized with convulsion fits, and his mother also complained of great pain in her limbs, with other symptoms of such a nature that the doctor ordered her to the hospital.

Mrs. Freeman had heated herself very much the day before, and while she was hot had caught a violent cold, either by sitting opposite the door of

the sergeant's room, or by sitting up in the night with the child. Her fever continued to increase, till at night she grew quite delirious, and the poor child, having now no support from his mother, became worse and worse. The end of this sad story is, that in a few days the mother was a corpse, and the child so ill that Corporal Freeman ordered the mother's coffin to be made wide enough to receive the infant, who departed this life before the coffin was brought home.

All the women in the barracks who were able went down to the hospital to attend the funeral, as also did many of the sergeants, and among the rest Sergeant Browne.

Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Mills shed many tears when they saw the dear baby lying in the coffin on his mother's arm, the side of his sweet, pale face (for he was a very pretty baby) resting against his mother's breast.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Browne softly to her friends, "had my husband's advice been followed this had not happened."

"Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. Francis, "we know that, as far as this dear child is concerned at least, all is for the best. God loves these little ones, and takes many of them to himself in his tender mercy. Our beloved Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" Matt. xix. 14.

"And there is another sweet verse concerning little children," added Mrs. Mills: "'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold

the face of my Father which is in heaven.'” Matt. xviii. 10.

Poor Corporal Freeman was heartbroken for a while at the loss of his wife and child, and blamed himself greatly for not having followed the wise and pious counsel of Sergeant Browne. And I wish all those who read this story would consider the sinfulness of profaning the sacrament of Baptism, which is too common a thing among us ; for Mrs. Freeman is not the only woman, by many thousands, who has suffered the punishment due to this crime, nor is Corporal Freeman the only man who has lost a wife, a child, or both, in consequence of riotous doings at a christening.





STORY XXXVII.

On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

MRS. BROWNE was one of those who, by God's help, seldom lost sight of her duty. She had undertaken to answer for Mary Mills at her baptism, and had always in mind the exhortation made by the minister to godfathers and godmothers at the conclusion of the baptismal service; she, therefore, took every opportunity of giving instruction to her little goddaughter, so that there were few children so well acquainted with the sense of the Church Catechism as was Mary Mills.

One part only now remained to be gone over with Mary, and that was the part which relates especially to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Mrs. Browne, being mindful of this, waited only a proper opportunity for questioning Mary on this latter part of the Catechism, and it was not long before one offered itself much to the purpose.

Mary had come one morning to spend the day with her godmother, and they were sitting at work in a shady part of the *verandah*, in the front of Sergeant Browne's room, when a procession of sweeperwomen, or *matranays*, came up the road from the officers' *bungalows*, and passing in front of the bar-

racks went off toward the great *bazar*. These women had a goat which they were leading along, and as they passed they sung, or chanted, some words which Mrs. Browne and Mary could not understand.

The tune which they sang was slow and melancholy. Mary watched them till they were out of sight ; then turning to Mrs. Browne, she said, "What are those women about, godmother? Why do they take that goat with them, and go singing along in such a dismal manner?"

"Those women, Mary," answered Mrs. Browne, "are going to sacrifice that goat to some of their gods."

Mary. What, godmother, is it common for the people in this country to make sacrifices? I thought no people did so now.

"Nay, my dear," replied Mrs. Browne ; "surely, you, who have lived all your life in this country, among idolaters, could not think such a thing. All idolaters throughout the world offer sacrifices of some sort ; and by this they acknowledge their belief that, without shedding of blood, there is no remission of sin, Heb. ix. 22 ; though they have not come to the knowledge that it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin." Heb. x. 4.

Mary. I do not quite understand what you mean, godmother.

Mrs. Browne. Well, then, I will talk with you a little further on this subject, and see if I can make you understand it. And, first of all, in order to obtain a clear view of this matter, you are to bear in your mind that God is and always must be perfectly just, or he could not be a perfect being.

Mary. What is being just, godmother, in the way you speak of?

Mrs. Browne. A just person pays every one what is exactly due to them; neither more nor less. So God pays exactly what is due to every creature. He rewards those who behave well, and punishes those who behave ill, in the exact degree in which they have deserved rewards or punishments. Do you understand now, Mary, what I mean when I say that God is perfectly just?

Mary. Yes, I do, godmother; but I don't like to hear you talk in this manner.

Mrs. Browne. Why, Mary?

Mary. Because, if God is quite just, and punishes every man according to his faults, you know we must all go down to hell.

Mrs. Browne. My dear, you have said no more than what is true; and it was for this purpose—namely, to bring all the race of mankind thither—that the devil tempted our first parents to commit sin. But here we see the wonderful wisdom and goodness of God. When mankind had, by their disobedience, incurred everlasting punishment, God the Son, assuming the nature of man, and descending upon this earth, fulfilled all his Father's laws, but took upon him the sins of all mankind, and endured upon the cross our punishment. These words, in the Book of Psalms, are spoken in the person of this our beloved Saviour: "Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my

lips, O Lord, thou knowest." Psalm xl. 7-9. In this manner the justice of God was satisfied, that we might be saved; for the only-begotten Son of God suffered for us, the just for the unjust; his blood was poured out and shed for us upon the cross, and his life given up for ours. The promise that he should come to die for us was given to our first parents immediately after the fall; and, from that time, animal sacrifices were used in worship of God, by his own appointment, as signs and types of the great sacrifice of the death of Christ.

Mary. But Christians do not sacrifice animals now!

"Heathens continue to use such sacrifices," answered Mrs. Browne, "though they do not know why; but Christians, knowing that the great sacrifice of the death of Christ is past, have no longer any need of those lesser sacrifices which were but signs, or shadows, of the greater one."

Mary. But who taught these poor heathens to sacrifice animals?

Mrs. Browne. Why you know, my dear, that all the nations in the world are descended from Noah. You read of Noah making sacrifices; and he certainly knew the true intent and meaning of those solemn offerings. But while his descendants, in many parts of the world, still keep up that ancient custom, they are totally unacquainted with the nature of its original institution.

Mary. That is like people who take their children to be baptized because others do it, though they know no good reason why.

Mrs. Browne. There are many persons who

have not had the advantage of being taught their duty ; we should pity such persons. But to speak further on the subject of the sacrifice of the death of Christ : What do Christians now do in remembrance of that sacrifice ?

Mary considered a while, but seemed at a loss what to answer.

Mrs. Browne. We have often talked together about the sacrament of Baptism, and I hope that you are, in some degree, acquainted with the nature of it. Can you tell me wherefore the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was ordained ?

Mary. Oh ! godmother, now I know ; " For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

Mrs. Browne. You understand, then, that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was ordained for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and also of the benefits which we receive thereby. Now what do we gain by the death of Christ ?

Mary. Everything that is good, both in this world and the next.

Mrs. Browne. If you will take your Bible and turn to 1 Cor. xi. 23 and following verses, you will find a short account by St. Paul of the first institution of the Lord's Supper ; and I would advise you to get these verses by heart. What is the next question in your Catechism ?

Mary. " What is the outward part, or sign, of the Lord's Supper ?"

Mrs. Browne. You recollect, my dear, that each

sacrament has two parts—the outward part, which we may perceive by our senses; and the inward part, which can only be received by faith. What, then, is the outward part of the Lord's Supper?

Mary. “Bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.”

Mrs. Browne. What is the inward part, or thing signified?

Mary. “The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.”

Mrs. Browne. I must now recal to your mind, Mary, what Mr. Grove taught you about bread, and what I, also, have often repeated to you, that bread is a sign, or type of Christ, who supports the new and spiritual nature of the renewed man, in the same manner as bread supports the body. Wine also is the sign of the blood of Christ; for as our Lord, in the fifteenth chapter of St. John, calls himself the true vine, so his blood is signified by the juice of the grape. Thus, when persons, in the Lord's Supper, received the bread and wine in faith, they become partakers of the body and blood of Christ. Their sins are washed away by the Saviour's blood, and their new nature is strengthened by his body, which is the bread of life.

Mary. But still, godmother, I do not quite know what is meant by these words: “Verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.” Do people really eat the body and drink the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

Mrs. Browne. My dear, you now forget what I

have just told you, that each sacrament consists of two parts; the one outward, which every person may see and understand; the other inward, which can only be understood and received by faith, as it is written in 1 Cor. ii. 14: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Accordingly, the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper may be eaten and drunk by any person; but the body and blood of Christ can only be received by him that is made new in Christ, and *that* in a manner which the world cannot comprehend. By trying to explain this mystery, and how it takes place, much evil has been done.

Mary. Are not all these things rather hard to be understood by people so young as I am, god-mother?

Mrs. Browne. It is not merely your being young, my dear, that makes these things appear dark and difficult to you; since no person whatever can understand them, except such as are taught by the Spirit of God, as we find it written in St. John xvi. 13: "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come."

Mary. I will pray that I may be able to understand these things.

Mrs. Browne. After what we have been saying, you will not find it difficult to understand the answer to this question: What are the benefits whereof we are partakers by the Lord's Supper?

Mary. "The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine."

Mrs. Browne. What is the explanation of this answer?

Mary. That the body and blood of Christ, being received by faith, strengthen our souls, as much as bread and wine do our bodies.

Mrs. Browne. I took a great deal of pains, a little while ago, to explain to you the nature of the sacrament of Baptism; and to-day I have been trying to make you understand the nature of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Before I go any further, I should like to know if you understand the difference between these two sacraments. What is the sacrament of Baptism designed to give us, if received in faith?

"Have you not told me, godmother," answered Mary, "that it is designed to give us a new life?"

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Browne. "And what is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to do for us?"

Mary thought a little while, and then she said, "Is it not to strengthen the new life which we have received?"

Mrs. Browne, being satisfied with Mary's answer, proceeded to ask her the last question in the Catechism: "What is required of them who come to the Lord's Supper?"

Mary. "To examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly proposing to lead a new life, have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remem-

brance of his death, and be in charity with all men."

Mrs. Browne was going to ask Mary the explanation of this question, and to add a few words on the apostolic rite of confirmation, or laying on of hands, when they were interrupted by a visit from Mrs. Simpson.

NOTE.

In the American Catechism we read the words "*spiritually* taken," instead of the English "verily and indeed." Both expressions mean the same thing: that which is *spiritual* being more *real* than anything *carnal* or *corporal*.

EDITOR.





STORY XXXVIII.

Continuation on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

THE Sunday before Whit-Sunday, Mr. King gave notice to the congregation that it was his intention, God being willing, to administer the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ on the following Sunday. That same afternoon, there being no service in the church, as Mr. King was sent for elsewhere on duty, Mrs. Browne called for Mary to take a walk with her, and they took the way toward the soldiers' burying-ground.

It had been much talked of about that time that the regiment would soon leave Cawnpore, where it had been stationed now nearly five years; and Mrs. Browne, as she walked slowly with her goddaughter over the dry and sandy plain which lies between the barracks and the burying-ground, thought of the various events that had come to pass during the time in which the regiment had lain in that place. Many persons belonging to the regiment, who had come to Cawnpore in perfect health, were now dead. Some had risen in the world, and some had fallen; some had been blessed with promising children, and others had laid their babies in the dust; some had profited

by the blessed privilege of hearing the word of God from the mouth of Mr. King, and might hope to be the better for it both here and hereafter; but these were few. The greater part of the regiment, both high and low, were seeking only to please themselves, and to enjoy the present moment, heedless of all that might happen in future.

Mrs. Browne's mind being full of these things, she walked silently on, and Mary did not disturb her godmother's thoughtful state by talking to her. They passed near several *bungalows* standing in gardens and by the corner of the great *bazar*; and drawing near the burying-ground, they walked for a certain distance under its mud wall, above which appeared many tall trees, together with the pointed tops of a few of the highest tombs. Mrs. Browne and Mary then entered by a narrow door in the wall, near which sat the *chokedaur* of the burying-ground.

As Mrs. Browne stepped in, she turned to Mary and said, "How many are here, who, five years ago, came to this place with our regiment in better health than myself! Many younger than you, Mary, now lie here. Oh! that by considering these things we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The graveyard was full of tombs; those nearest the gate were for the most part so old, that many of them had fallen into a state of great decay; while others had become so black from the rain and dust that the inscriptions they bore could not be made out.

"When I come into this kind of place," said Mary, "death appears to be very shocking; and I think that for the future I will be so good that I will

do nothing but read, and pray, and serve God ; but when I get back into company, I forget all my good resolutions."

"It would be well for us, my dear," answered Mrs. Browne, "if we could keep our good resolutions ; but the nature of man is so bad and so depraved that neither the thought of death, nor even the fear of hell, can keep him from sin. Those who see death oftenest, and have most to do among the dead, are frequently the most irreligious among men. Neither would the place of torment itself, if thrown open before them, produce any change in their character. None but Christ—none but our dying Saviour—nothing but a believing view of the bleeding Lamb can break our stubborn hearts. It is the truest wisdom, my child, to seek Christ ; he is that bread of life which came down from heaven, which if a man eat, he shall live for ever." John vi. 33, 50, 58.

"It was our Lord Jesus Christ," answered Mary, "that changed Mrs. Barnes' heart, and made her good."

"Look round, my dear," said Mrs. Browne, "on all these tombs. I cannot count them ; they are without number. Some of the persons now lying in these graves were rich, that is, for their station ; some were handsome ; some had much worldly wisdom and cunning ; and many of them, no doubt, were admired for their several qualifications and attainments ; but if they lived and died in a state of estrangement from the Saviour, all their best properties were unprofitable and vain. We were at first made, my dear child, in the image of God. By the

sin of our first parents we lost that beautiful image ; by uniting ourselves with our Redeemer while we are in the flesh, we have an assurance of recovering it ; but if we fail to do this in life, we lose the opportunity for ever."

Coming opposite a little white tomb just as Mrs. Browne ceased speaking, they stopped to read the inscription. It was to the memory of a little girl of ten years of age, of so heavenly and holy a frame of mind that, by her example, she had been the means, under God, of turning an irreligious parent to the Lord. On the bottom of the inscription were these words : "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Psalm xvii. 15.

"Ten years old!" said Mary ; "I am ten years old, and have had pious friends, yet I am not like this little girl." As she spoke, the tears came into her eyes, and ran down her cheeks ; but she tried to wipe them away unperceived ; so Mrs. Browne took no notice of them.

Close by this grave were the tombs of Dick Price and Fanny Bell. Mrs. Browne and Mary stood a while looking at them, but they did not speak ; for what could they say ? only they felt very sorrowful. So they passed on ; and turning round a high tomb, who should they see but Mrs. Barnes, sitting all alone upon a stone, and in a thoughtful mood.

Mrs. Barnes started at the sound of steps, but when she looked up and saw who was coming, "Oh ! Mrs. Browne," said she, "is it you ? I am glad to see you. I slipped out this evening for the sake of a little retirement, which a body cannot enjoy in the barracks ; and seeing the door of this

ground open, I came in ; and I have been blessing God that I was not numbered among those who lie here while I remained a stranger to Him who has taken out the sting of death. ‘O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’” 1 Cor. xv. 54-57.

As it was still early in the evening, Mrs. Browne and Mary sat down upon the stone by Mrs. Barnes ; and Mrs. Browne put this question to Mrs. Barnes : “In what state of mind is any one properly prepared for death?”

“You, Mrs. Browne,” replied Mrs. Barnes, “are the fitter person to answer this question, seeing that I am as yet but a child in Christ. But I take it that the proper state of a dying man is made up of a full persuasion of his sin and misery, mixed with an entire dependence on his Saviour for salvation.”

“To the best of my poor judgment you have answered right, Mrs. Barnes,” said Mrs. Browne ; “and I should suppose that this also is the state of mind requisite for a proper attendance on the Lord’s Supper.”

“I wish,” answered Mrs. Barnes, “that I were fit to attend the Lord’s Supper next Sunday. I was confirmed when quite a child, but I was ill prepared for what I undertook ; I never received this sacrament ; and I am so much afraid of receiving it unworthily that I hardly durst go now.”

“Hardly durst go !” said Mrs. Browne. “I would rather say I durst not stay away. If we consider

that it is the express command of our dear Lord, and, in a manner, his dying command, that we should do this in remembrance of him, how can we hesitate about whether we should do it or not? Suppose your son had made it a last request to you that you would do some certain thing in remembrance of him; would you fail to do it? And what is your son to you, dear as he is, when compared with your Lord and Saviour?"

"Oh! Mrs. Browne," answered Mrs. Barnes, "it is not that I am unwilling to go to the Lord's Supper, but that I know myself so utterly unworthy to appear there. I feel that I am a very great and helpless sinner."

Mrs. Browne. As to your knowing yourself to be a sinner, supposing that you sincerely hate your sins, and resolve, with God's help, to forsake them, these are the very things, which make you fit to partake of the body and blood of our Lord. It was for poor sinners that his precious body was broken and his blood shed. He came not to cure those who are whole, but those who are sick. Then what does our Lord himself say? "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." John vi. 53, 54.

"Still my unworthiness," said Mrs. Barnes, "seems to hold me back; though I know it is wrong."

"We are all unworthy—all sinners, Mrs. Barnes," said Mrs. Browne. "There is not a day, nor an hour of our lives, in which we do not fall into sin through the depravity and weakness of our nature;

but, if we do not allow ourselves in sin, our unworthiness should not hold us back from the Lord's table. For example: If I bear malice or ill-will in my heart against a neighbour; or if I live in any habit of intemperance, or dishonesty, or overreaching—I mock God by partaking of the holy sacrament until I have resolved to give up these things. But I hope this is not your case, Mrs. Barnes; I hope you do not allow yourself in any sin. For instance, your husband is pay-sergeant; I trust you do not suffer yourself to make any profit upon the poor men."

"I once did so," replied Mrs. Barnes, "and had many ways of doing it, particularly when I saw a man in liquor; but I thank God, since he has been pleased to touch my heart, I have been no longer tempted in this way."

"I thank God, too, for this, Mrs. Barnes," said Mrs. Browne; "for I once knew a sergeant's wife (poor woman! she lies buried not a stone's throw from hence) who was sadly hindered in her way to heaven, if not altogether lost at last, by giving way to temptations of this kind—by lending the men money, upon usury, for the purchase of drink; by paying them in bad *pice*; and by many other such contrivances. If you have nothing of this sort on your mind, Mrs. Barnes, bearing, as I said before, no ill-will to your neighbours, and living in soberness and chastity, I cannot see why you are to hold yourself back from the Lord's Supper. We are all sinners, as I said before; and as to our unworthiness, we must all confess it."

"There is much truth in what you say," said Mrs.

Barnes ; “I shall take a day or two to consider the matter, and to look into myself.”

“And God give you grace,” replied Mrs. Browne, “to search your heart ; and may he bestow the same favour upon me also, that we may know and utterly forsake our sins, be they ever so secret or hidden from the eye of man.”


By this time, it was proper for them to be going home ; and the next Sunday Mrs. Barnes went with Mrs. Browne to the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. Nor was it long before the bishop of Calcutta came to Cawnpore, and Mary Mills, having been duly examined and prepared by Mr. King, was confirmed, and in like manner became a partaker of the Holy Communion ; having, in conformity to our excellent Catechism, first examined herself whether she repented truly of her former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life, having a lively faith in God’s mercy, through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and being in charity with all men.





STORY XXXIX.

Conclusion.

 LITTLE after Mary's confirmation the regiment was ordered to England, and I could gain no information of any persons belonging to it till I was favoured with the sight of a letter written by James Law, dated from his own town, Brompton, in Cumberland, to his brother Thomas, private in the — regiment of foot, then stationed at Cawnpore, in the East Indies.

It seems that Thomas Law was in the same regiment with his brother ; but, upon its being ordered home, he had volunteered to go into that by which it was relieved. His wish to stay in India proceeded from the hope he entertained of doing some good among the poor natives of India. Thomas Law understood the Hindoostaunee language well, having been instructed by Mr. King ; and he used to devote all his spare hours to teach a few little *coolie* and cook-boys to read the Scripture in Hindoostaunee, and to repeat the Catechism in that tongue. In the prospect of still doing some little good in this way, he chose to continue in India, instead of going home, although he had served his time and was entitled to a pension. Some persons called him a

fool for his pains ; but whether he was so or not, will be seen at the last day. He was so good as to give me leave to take a copy of his brother's letter :

JAMES LAW'S LETTER, DATED FROM BRAMPTON, IN CUMBERLAND, NOVEMBER 8, 18—.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—A young gentleman from our parts, who is going out lieutenant to your regiment, is so obliging as to say that he will be the bearer of this, and put it into your own hands, God being willing. He takes leave of this place after Christmas, so that I shall have time to write you a long letter. And first, I will tell you how I found all friends here. Mother looks exceedingly well, God be thanked ! For the matter of that, she seems fresher and younger than I do, as all the neighbours say ; but then she has not been scorched and dried up as we have under the burning sun of India. She is a little dim-sighted ; otherwise, she is as fit for work as ever. We have taken one of the small houses opposite the little round hill where you and I used to clamber up the fir trees after the crossbills. It is a pleasant situation enough, having a prospect as far as to the borders of Scotland. Sister, as you know, is become a widow, and lives with us, with her little lad and two little lasses ; so that we are a snug party in the long dark evenings ; mother and sister working with their needles, and I reading to them and teaching the young ones. I find fault here with nothing but the cold ; mother, however, has made me some very warm clothing ; so, thank God ! I am now pretty well armed against that. Mother is quite

reconciled to your staying behind. "So as my dear children are employed in the service of their Redeemer," said she, "I care not where they be." So set your mind at ease on that matter.

Our old neighbours are many of them dead and gone; but Nurse Bell and old John Gray send their love. They come, with one or two more, on Sunday evenings to hear me read.

And now for our voyage, and about your old friends in the regiment. The first mischance which befel us after embarking in the boats to go down from Cawnpore to Calcutta was the loss of Mrs. Burton—Peggy Thompson that was. She took a dram extraordinary one afternoon, and fell overboard, and was never seen more. Poor soul! I thought of what you once had occasion to quote to me: Psalm xxxvii. 1-4: "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity: for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

At Patna, where we stopped as much as three days, Charlotte James went off with a young spark of a civilian, with whom she had some acquaintance before. Her father, poor man! took it much to heart, and would have taken her back, disgraced as she was; but the girl would not come. Oh! that parents would but bring up their children in the fear of the Lord, with singleness of heart!

Between Patna and Bar we had a terrible squall,

and the boat in which Hicks and his wife were, was upset. She, poor body! was dragged out of the water for dead; but the doctor recovered her from drowning only that she might fret herself to death; for her great chest, in which lay all that was dear to her heart, was lost. We could not find it. It was, I reckon, carried down by the stream. In this chest, besides all her clothes, were several bonds and securities for money—some from our paymaster, who assured her that as soon as they reached Calcutta, she should have all her due from him, notwithstanding. But some other folks in whose hands her money lay might not, perhaps, be so honest; and the fear of this fretted her so that she actually fell sick and died. We buried her on the river's bank, about two days' distance from Calcutta. I question whether, had she laid up her treasure in heaven, this would have happened: "for godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. iv. 8.

I fell into company with Kitty Spence at Calcutta. She had been sent there, you know, to be tried for the murder of Fanny Bell; but that she intended to murder that unfortunate young woman could not be proved against her. Nevertheless, though she escaped hanging, I never saw a more miserable creature. Her husband was kind to her, and would have had her to come on board ship with the regiment; but she had made acquaintance with some poor, low, wicked wretches of our countrymen living in Calcutta; and though we once or twice caught sight of her, yet she contrived to get away

again from us; and at the time of our embarking for Europe she was not to be found. She is a poor lost soul, I greatly fear; God help her!

Our regiment was shipped in two vessels, the Crown and the Bengal Merchant. All your particular friends were embarked in one of these ships, excepting myself and Corporal Freeman, who, thank God! is become as sober as any other person. We had such a set about us! many a time did my heart bleed to hear the light conversation, the loud curses, and the horrid blasphemies that were daily renewed among them. Mrs. Dawson; Price, his wife and daughter; Sergeant Burton; John Roberts; Bob Roe and Corporal Harris were with us. And, oh! how did they go on! But I need not describe to you how ungodly folks go on at sea.

What with the bad air, the stench of tobacco and liquor, the rolling of the ship, and the horrible language, I never passed through so miserable a season before. We lost poor Mrs. Dawson at sea, and I verily believe from nothing but hard drinking. I strove to put in a few words on religious subjects when I found her in danger, but was forbidden by the sergeant-major to come near her.

We parted from the Crown near the Land's End, and she reached home as much as three weeks before us. She went into Plymouth, and we into Portsmouth.

Although it was in the month of July that we reached Old England, it was rainy, drizzly weather, and we found it very cold.

I never saw such poor, miserable, dirty, helpless creatures as our women appeared to be, for the most

part, when set down at Portsmouth, with their white muslin gowns and coloured shoes, trailing and shivering along Portsmouth street, where many of them were without money, having spent all before them in India.

Poor Nelly Price, though but a child as it were, had taken to bad courses on board ship; and now, finding poverty and hardships staring in her face, she left her parents and took to a way of life followed by many poor wretches in Portsmouth.

Such of us as were entitled to our discharges received them at Portsmouth; upon which I was going to set out immediately for Brampton, and had written to my mother accordingly, when I was taken with a rheumatic fever, and laid up till winter in hospital. I was therefore obliged to defer my journey till the ensuing spring, when, being in sound health and spirits, God be praised! I began my journey on foot; and as pleasant a journey I had of it as man could have.

It was April, and the flowers were beginning to spring. The first violets that I saw in the hedge set my heart a-dancing, I cannot tell how; and the sweet smell of the primrose, though I thought it much pleasanter than the *mangoe tree* in blossom, reminded me of the *mangoe tope* near our camp, where you and I, and some others, used to go to pray and sing when we lay in Bahar.

When I came near to Staffordshire, I turned out of my direct road to pay a visit to Sergeant Browne. He, good man, knowing that I lay sick at Portsmouth, had sent me a letter, to inform me that he had left the regiment, with Sergeants Mills and

Francis, and that they were all settled comfortably in a village in Staffordshire. You would not know the place if I were to tell you the name.

I was mightily pleased with this visit. You cannot think how comfortably our old friends are disposed of. The village lies in a kind of bottom, on the sunny side of a copse. Mills' and Francis' houses are close together; Sergeant Browne's is nearer the copse; and indeed so near it that Mrs. Browne says she can hear the wood-pigeons, and see the squirrels play among the trees, as she sits at her work.

Sergeant Browne, as I still call him, though he is no sergeant now to be sure, picks up a little addition to his pension and what he has saved, by gardening. He has also a pretty garden of his own; and Mrs. Browne teaches about a dozen little ones to read and work—an employment of which she is very capable. Francis had taken up his old trade of shoemaker, or cobbler as he calls himself; for he can only do rough work at present, till his hand is more in; and Mrs. Francis takes in needlework. Sergeant Mills now and then does a little at the carpentering trade, which he followed for a few years in his youth. And as to his daughter, Mary, she is a fine, modest girl as ever I saw; no one, to look at her, would suppose that she had been brought up in barracks, but the fear of God is all-sufficient.

If it had not been that I so desired to see mother, I should have stayed longer with these good people. As it was, I stayed two Sundays over, and they were most edifying Sundays. The minister of the parish, one Mr. Nash, is a godly man. He reminded me

much of our dear Mr. King ; but there is a family likeness in all the children of God.

We went twice to the parish church ; and in the evening Mr. Nash himself came into Sergeant Browne's, where we were all drinking tea, with Madam Nash. Before he took his leave he read the lesson for the evening, and offered prayers with us, after which we sang a hymn.

When I took leave of these dear friends, I could not help being in much trouble, considering it as not very likely that we should ever meet again ; but Sergeant Browne comforted me with these words : " There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." John x. 16.

And with these words, beloved brother, I take leave of you. So may God bless you, and bless the works of your hands.

From your loving brother, till death,

JAMES LAW.



Stano, a 1990, p. 200, pp. 200-201.

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2. *Figure 10.10: A graph of the function $f(x) = \sin(x)$ on the interval $[-\pi, \pi]$. The function is periodic with period 2π . The graph shows the function oscillating between $y = -1$ and $y = 1$. The x-axis is labeled with $-\pi$, 0 , and π . The y-axis is labeled with -1 and 1 .*

5. *Chrysomelidae* (Colorado potato beetle)

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$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{1}{r^2} \right) = -\frac{2}{r^3} \frac{dr}{dt}$

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7. 10. 1964. 10. 10. 1964.

Table 2. Mean values of the variables measured in the 1000 m and 1500 m races.

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A GLOSSARY

EXPLAINING, CHIEFLY, THE

INDIAN WORDS

USED IN THE FOREGOING STORIES.

Adah, half.

Adjutant, a large bird which lives on carrion.

Anna, the sixteenth part of a *rupee*.

Arrack, an intoxicating liquor.

Bazar, a market.

Beebee, a lady.

Berth, the place appointed in a ship or barrack for any individual.

Brahman, one of the order of Hindoo priests.

Budgerow, an ornamented barge.

Bungalow, a house with a thatched roof.

Caste.—The natives of India are divided into various ranks, called castes ; each caste has its respective employments, which descend from father to son.

Chele, the Brahminee kite.

Cheroot, a preparation of tobacco rolled up, and used by the lower classes of Europeans in India for smoking.

Cherbi, fat or grease.

Chockedaur, a watchman.

Chopper-cot, a word commonly used by the soldiers in India for a tent-bed.

Chopper, a thatched roof.

Choury, a fan for driving away flies; commonly made of hair or feathers.

Chuttack, two ounces.

Compound, the enclosure round the house, generally walled.

Coolies, porters, generally very poor people.

Copra, cloth.

Copra-wauller, literally the cloth-fellow, a cloth-merchant.

Coss, two miles.

Couries, shells which pass current as money.

Cummerbund, the cloth with which the waist is girded.

Curry, a stew made with various spices, the common food of the natives of India.

Dirge, a tailor.

Dobie, a washerman.

Doolie, a kind of litter.

Fakeer, a religious mendicant.

Gilaries, a beautiful kind of small squirrel.

Guavas, a kind of fruit.

Hackery, a cart, generally drawn by bullocks.

Halting Morning, the morning where there is no parade.

Hookah, a peculiar apparatus for smoking, by which the smoke passes through water.

Hooley, a religious festival of the Hindoos.

Jalousies, Venetian windows.

Jungle, a wild place, or wilderness.

Khauna, food.

Lota, a drinking-vessel.

Mangoe-topes, groves of the mangoe tree.

Matraneys, low Hindoos, who do the most menial offices.

Mindy, a kind of myrtle.

Mistry, generally used for a carpenter, though the word is applied to other workmen.

Mohur, a gold coin of the value of sixteen *rupees*.

Mora, a footstool.

Mussulmaun, a Mohammedan.

Pagoda, a Hindoo temple.

Pucker, strong, complete; a word of various significations, and in constant use.

Pucker-pice, a double penny.

Punkah, a fan; large ones are often suspended from the ceilings, and moved over the head.

Putully-nautch, a puppet-show.

Rupee, a silver coin about the value of sixty cents.

Seer, two pound weight.

Soudagur, a merchant.

Tank, a pond.

Tiffin' or *Tiffing*, the luncheon.

Tum-tums, small drums.

Veranda or *Verandah*, a long covered porch.

Vishnou, the name of one of the primary gods of the Hindoos.

Wieraun, a wilderness.

NOTE.

It must be borne in mind that the word *Methodist*, as it occurs in the foregoing pages, does not refer to

a religious sect, but is used in its primitive sense. It was originally applied, in derision, to John Wesley, and other members of the Church, who undertook to live a godly life *by method*, as prescribed in the Prayer Book. It is greatly to be regretted that many of the disciples of Wesley subsequently abandoned the Church, in spite of his earnest remonstrances.





SPONSORS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOUGH the Baptism of Infants is not only part of a Divine system for the saving of souls, but also a great means of sanctifying households and perpetuating religion in families, it is an institution which demands of parents both zeal and piety to make it effectual. And forasmuch as infants may be deprived of their parents, provision is made that they may associate with themselves chosen Christian friends, so that, in any event, there may be the greatest assurance that the child shall be reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Parents are naturally accountable for the performance of this duty to their offspring, and they can neither increase nor diminish their obligations in this respect; so that in the Church of England parents are not allowed to be formally sponsors to their own children, lest, being led to regard their sponsorship as a voluntary thing, and assuming or declining it at will, they should imagine themselves in some degree absolved from natural responsibility. The Church in America allows parents to be the sponsors of their children, however, because she is here in a missionary position, and families have, very

often, no immediate friends who are in communion with the Church. Each course has ancient precedent, but nobody should be chosen as a sponsor except a communicant of the Church, and one living a sober, righteous and godly life. Any other choice defeats the very object for which sponsorship is instituted; and nobody should be willing to become a sponsor for others who has not answered for self in Confirmation, and sought grace and strength in the Holy Communion.

When a Christian man, or woman, is asked by a friend to stand sponsor for a child, the proposal should never be thoughtlessly accepted or refused. It may be a providential call from God, and an opportunity to do much good. Every Christian is bound to glorify God by ministering to the salvation of others; and as we may fail to convert souls to Christ in any other way, we should rejoice in a fair and hopeful occasion of doing any good, and so improving the talent committed to our care.

Nor should the office be declined simply because one may have little prospect of doing all that might be desirable. In such case the question is—Whether the child is likely to obtain a sponsor able to do more? or whether it be not one's duty to secure to the little one all that Providence allows in the case, if it be only the charitable prayer and profession of faith at the time of baptism? Even this is an important act of Christian love, and if God gives no opportunity for more, it may be a duty to one of those of whom Christ has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Where a child has pious parents, and other sponsors able to do everything that can be done for its soul, one may properly accept the place of a sponsor, if good reasons suggest themselves, even though his own portion of subsequent duty is likely to be small.

But cases are widely different. In some cases sponsors ought to stipulate for an active share in the spiritual education of a child; in others, it may be as lawful to stipulate for direct responsibility only in case of the death of parents or of sponsors more nearly related.

But sponsors should always remember their godchildren in frequent prayers, and in all such acts of influence and example as may serve to direct them to duty.

A male child requires a godmother for infant years, but more especially a godfather in advancing youth. So the Church requires, where it is convenient, that parents should supply him with two godfathers, to provide against the contingency of death or other accidents, and to multiply the reasonable expectation of his being reared to Christian manhood. For similar reasons, a female child is to have two godmothers, but only one godfather, it being all-important that in the critical period of early maidenhood a young girl should not lack an experienced female friend, fitted to be her guide and counsellor.

Where sponsorship is thus understood and made a reality, it is a precious bond between families and friends and makes a holy relationship between children and those who have stood for them at the font. It may be remarked that proxy sponsorship, though

not always to be discouraged, should never be allowed except by express agreement with the absent friend chosen as a sponsor. It does not answer to appoint a sponsor who has never actually undertaken the solemn obligation—"soberly, advisedly and in the fear of God."

Sponsors were an early institution of the Christian Church, answering, in some respects, to a similar institution under the Law. The parents of the man born blind probably alluded to the Jewish custom when they said, "He is of age, ask him, he shall speak for himself." The jailer at Philippi seems to have had all his household baptized, on his own sponsorship, "that same hour of the night" in which he himself had repented and believed. Other scriptural instances will suggest themselves where sponsorship is implied. Subsequently, when parents were likely to be martyred at any time, leaving their children among Jewish or Pagan relatives, it was found a very important arrangement for securing to them the blessings of a Christian education.

The principle of Intercessory prayer lies at the foundation of sponsorship. The faith and prayers of the righteous are of great avail when exercised in behalf of others. This appears from the history of the paralytic, who "was borne of four." St. Mark ii. 3. It is written, "When Jesus saw their faith, he saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Compare St. Luke v. 20 and St. Matt. ix. 2. Those who bore him were, virtually, his sponsors; and Christ blessed the sick man because of their faith. But unless the sick man also accepted this absolution by faith of his own, and by

sincere repentance, it cannot be doubted that it failed to secure him the blessing of eternal salvation.

It is to be considered, then, by parents and sponsors that no small benefit is secured to the child if earnest prayers and sincere profession of faith be made by sponsors at the time of Baptism. Thus the Jewish mothers who brought their children to Christ secured a blessing by their faith and supplication. Yet, it must not be supposed that the sponsors, as some say, "make promises instead of the child;" rather, the child makes promises by them. In this there is an important principle, which modern ideas of Baptism often keep out of view.

Some object that a child cannot make promises, before the use of reason, nor by the act of others. This at first seems true; yet a little reflection will show that a child can make a profitable contract by his representatives, involving obligations which he is bound to fulfil, if he claims the benefit of the contract, in mature years. Such a contract, or covenant, is Baptism; the sponsors acknowledge the obligations which it imposes on the child, and the child, if he claims the benefit of the covenant, is bound to fulfil his part of it. He can annul it, of course, as Esau sold his birth-right; but then he must answer to God for rejecting the blessing of eternal salvation. Heb. xii. 15, 16, 17.

Sometimes the guardians of an infant make contracts in his name, for the purpose of securing to the child an earthly estate. In after life he may refuse the obligations, and forfeit the estate; but the guardians did their duty, in securing it for him, so far as lay in their power. How much more do we owe it

to children to “suffer them” to come into a covenant with God for an eternal inheritance! If we instruct them in the preciousness of such an inheritance, they will not dare to reject it; and yet, if they cling to the hope of the inheritance, they must acknowledge themselves bound to do what the contract involves. Thus, as under the old Law, he who was circumcised in infancy “was a debtor to do the whole Law,” so under the new, he who is baptized is a debtor to obey the Gospel. Galatians v. 3, compared with Colossians ii. 11, 12.

Besides, as Baptism secures the young Christian many covenant blessings before he comes to years of discretion, he is laid under the greater responsibility by the means of grace and Christian training which he has enjoyed. So one who has been supported out of an estate during childhood, on the condition of taking the name of its original owner, is under obligations to do so, or to restore what he has used.

God deals with those who are born into his kingdom by Baptism, just as the State treats those who are born its citizens. It is of no use for the citizen to say “he was born under laws to which he never consented;” the State, which reared and protected him, rightfully exacts obedience and service, and so does God.

Such is the Divine system of accountability for the talents actually bestowed, whether improved or not, as is shown in the parable of the servants. St. Matt. xxv. 15.

Sponsors, therefore, sign and seal a covenant between their godchild and the Lord of the kingdom;

which covenant the child, when he comes of age, is bound to fulfil. To do otherwise is to renounce the covenant of salvation.

It is the duty of sponsors, by the use of the Catechism and by the Holy Scriptures, to teach their godchild the nature of these obligations. If the child be thus trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," there is every encouragement to believe that he will not depart from the way in which he should go.

Those who are sponsors for adult persons are rather *witnesses* than sponsors; and so they are called. But they help the catechumen by their faith and prayers, and enter into a near relation of Christian counsel and friendship with him.

Sponsors should especially enforce upon their godchildren the importance of Confirmation; and use their endeavours to lead them to an intelligent and pious reception of this apostolic rite at an early age.

After briefly enforcing the primary duties of sponsors to their godchild, the Church adds the injunction: "Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the Bishop, to be confirmed by him, as soon as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and is *sufficiently instructed* in the other parts of the Church Catechism."

But it must not be imagined that mere knowledge of duty, without an intelligent resolution to perform it, is accepted by the Church as enough to entitle a young Christian to Confirmation. The sponsors must inform their pastor that they have done their duty to their godchild, and then he is bound to make further inquiries as to faith and penitence; and the

Bishop confirms only those whom the pastor declares in writing, "with his hand subscribed thereunto," to be, in his judgment, *fit to be presented* for Confirmation. See rubric at end of the Catechism.

It appears, then, that the duties which gain for one the honourable name of a godfather or a godmother are those of Profession of Faith and Intercessory Prayer; with Attorneyship at the Font, Suretyship to the Church, Guardianship to the Child, and Monitorial responsibility until the Child's Confirmation, not excluding a spiritual relationship afterward.

Thus God may be glorified, and souls saved, by a faithful discharge of the duties of a Sponsor.











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